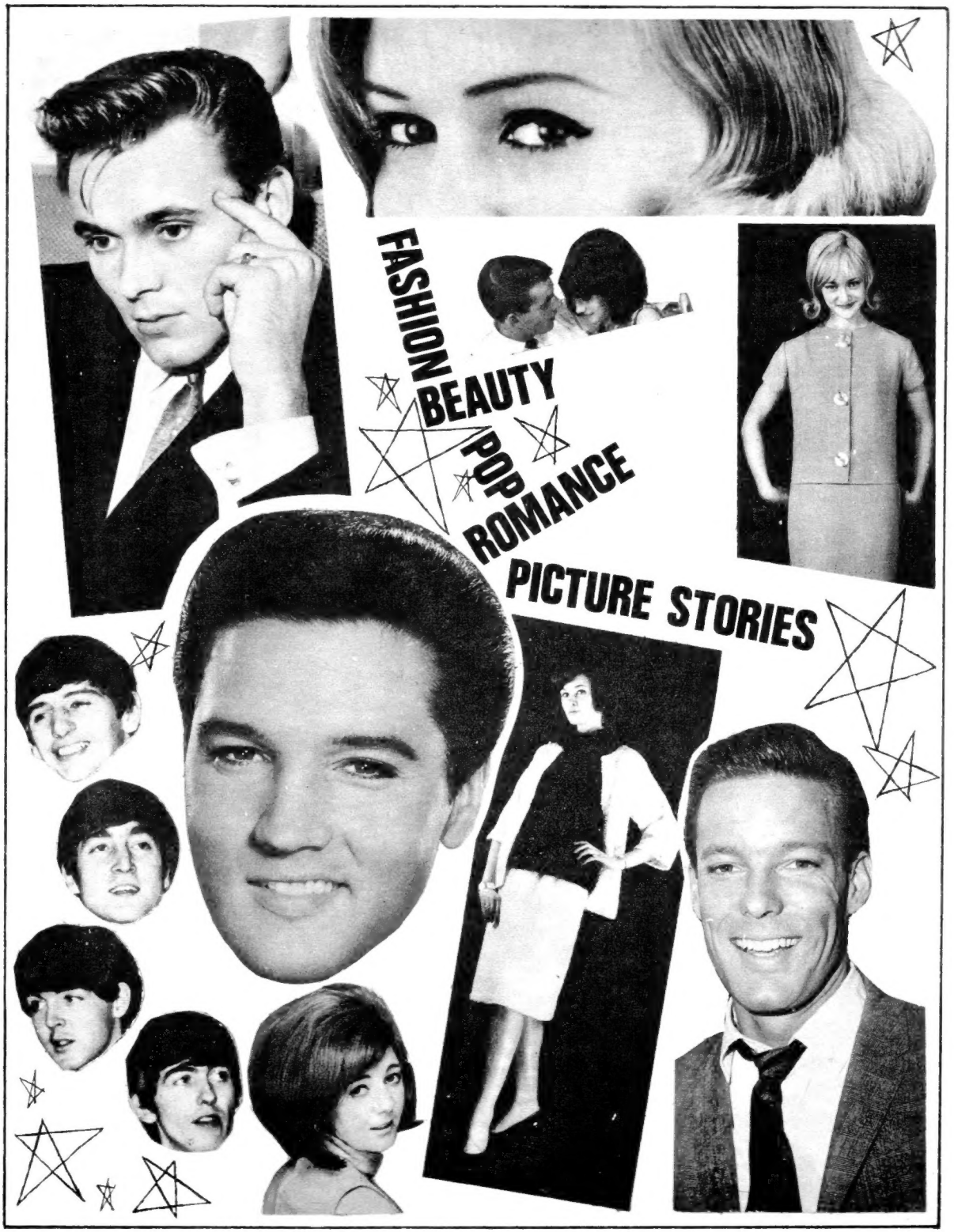
Boyfriend 65 BOOK

PACKED WITH POP FEATURES IN EXCITING COLOUR


FASHION
BEAUTY
POP
ROMANCE
PICTURE STORIES

CONTENTS

contents contents contents.....

SUPERB FULL COLOUR PORTRAITS

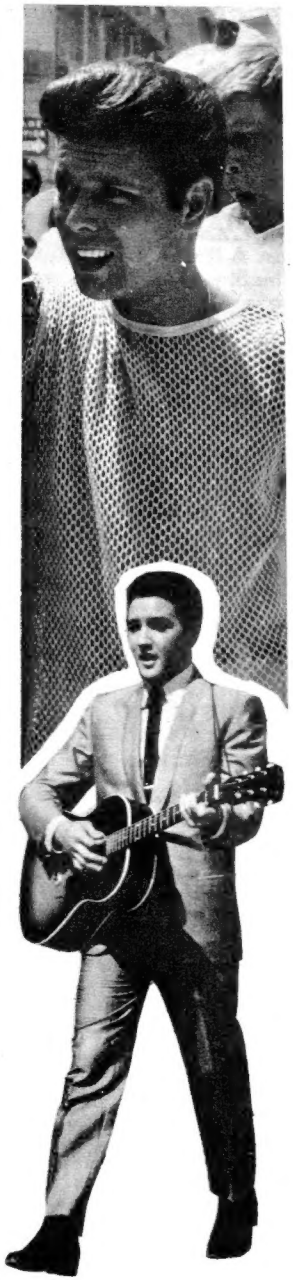
Rolling Stones 9
Searchers 10
Adam Faith 11
Billy J. Kramer and the Dakotas 12
Billy Fury 13
Cliff 14
Gerry and the Pacemakers 15
Beatles 16
Gene Pitney 81
Steve McQueen 82
Sean Connery 83
Richard Chamberlain 84
Roger Moore 85
Frank Ifield 86
Mark Wynter 87
Elvis 88

FASHION AND BEAUTY IN GLAMOROUS COLOUR

Beauty Is Where Beauty Is 45
The Right Clothes 49
A Day In The Life of A "Loo" 121
Knitting Fashion 125

SPECIAL INTEREST FEATURES

Things You Should Never Do 22
Glamour At The Top (Hair Styles) 36
Ten Boys To Love 53
What A Time For Terry 55
Dictionary Of Dating 67
Dancing To Romance 94
Clothes The Boys Like 102
Talbot Twins 106
Don't Shoot Your Parents—They're Doing Their Best 137



10s. 6d. net.

. . . contents contents contents contents

SPECIAL POP FEATURES

What Happens To The Groups When They Break Up? 5
Beatles All Over 60
No Turn-Up For The Stones 73
Is Elvis Going Highbrow? 117
Our Friend Dick Chamberlain 134
What If Cliff? 144

ROMANTIC PICTURE STORIES

Just A Rose—And A Token of Love 17
The Shy Way To Love 32
Love, Sailors And A Nice Girl 56
There's Always A Reason For Heartbreak 69
It Depends On How You Look At It 76
What Money Can't Buy 89
Two Kinds Of Love 111
From The Heart 139
You Can't Get Away From It All 147

EXCITING TEXT STORIES

The Days Are Filled With Music 26
Every Night A Party 40
Blank Cheque For Loving 63
Every Cinderella Can Have A Ball 96
A Square In Mod's Clothing 128

WHAT HAPPENS TO THE GROUPS WHEN THEY...

BREAK UP

THE SPRINGFIELDS

Imagine yourself as a member of a pop group, touring around England and the Continent, sometimes even further afield for many weeks of the year and having one big ball most of the time. Think of you and your group cutting a disc and eagerly watching the charts to see whether your title will break through. Anxious moments, happy moments and quiet moments, spent together in one of the most exciting and enviable careers. There is bound to arise a very strong bond and feeling of friendship amongst all of you. Surely it would have to be something really big to make you want to give up your way of life.

Let's just take a look at a few of the groups who for different reasons have found it best to make a change.

First off, the Springfields, a group that were really doing well together with a very nice sound in Country and Western style. Well, Dusty is way out on her own and cutting some great titles as a solo artiste. Mike Springfield, also turned solo vocalist and made a record which didn't really happen for him, but it was a nice try. Tom is writing songs and directing a full orchestra—a recent title of his has been recorded as a first number for a new group, The Clevelands.

In fact, they all seem to be doing very well, and their mutual decision to each branch out on their own has been a success.

The same can be said for Jet Harris and Tony Meehan. Each left to try song writing and solo recording with good results. Then

they joined together again as a duo, and knocked out some great discs. In the meantime, the Shadows still continue, after further changes with Brian Bennet and John Rostill, and give very much the same sort of sound on their discs. Licorice Locking left for religious reasons and became a Jehovah's Witness.

Of the Merseybeats, their bass player left for health reasons and then got married and opened a ladies hairdressing salon. His place was taken by Johnny Gustafson who was the only remaining member of the Big Three group.

You'd really have to have a touch of the James Bonds to keep track of the line-up of the Big Three. Originally there was Johnny "Gus" Gustafson, Griff and Hutch, the last two left and their place was taken by Paddy Roberts and Faron, both previ-

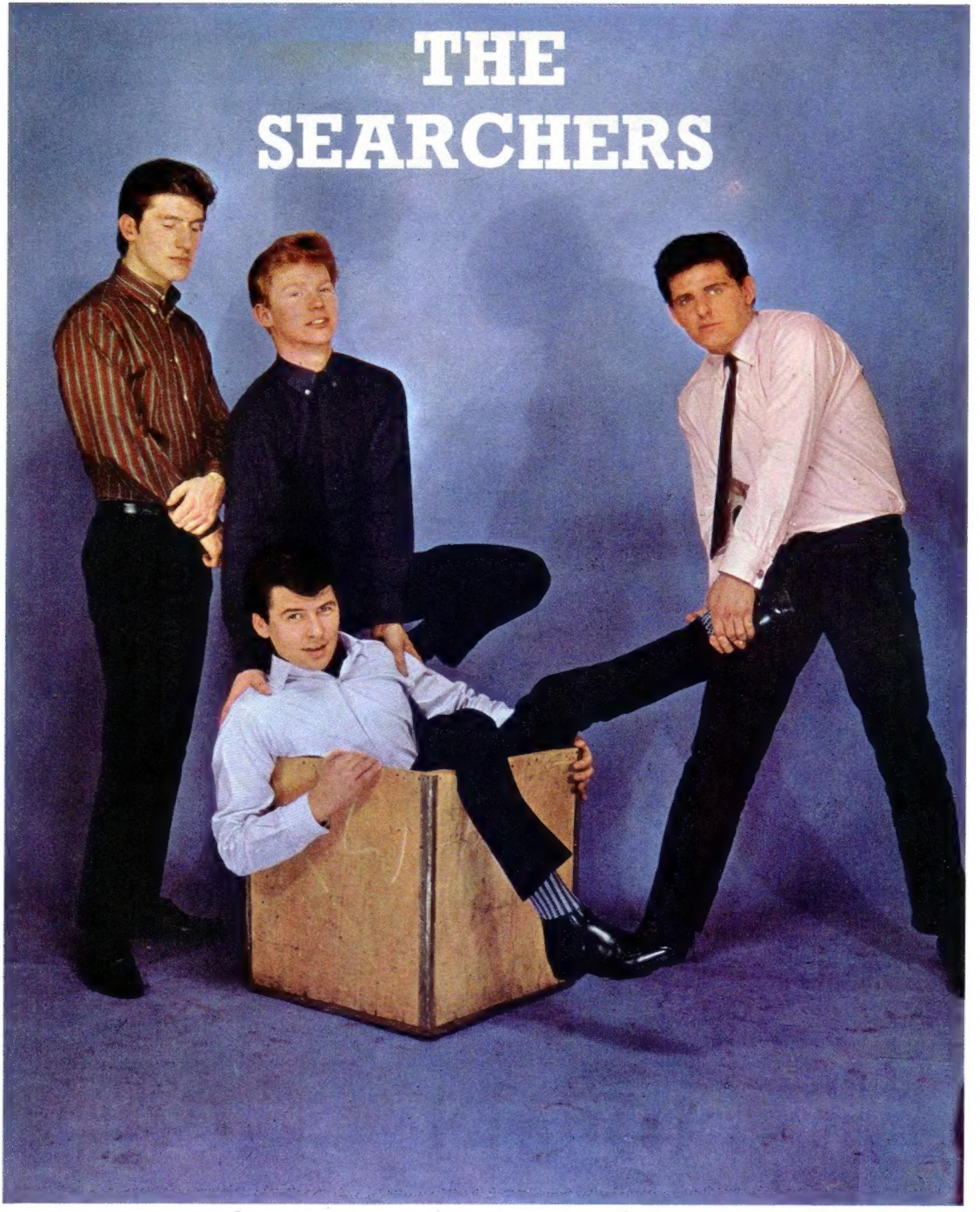
THE EX BIG THREE

ously with Faron's Flamingos, another group now disbanded. After Johnny left Paddy left to join the Mojos. Now, Faron is the only original member of the Big Three.

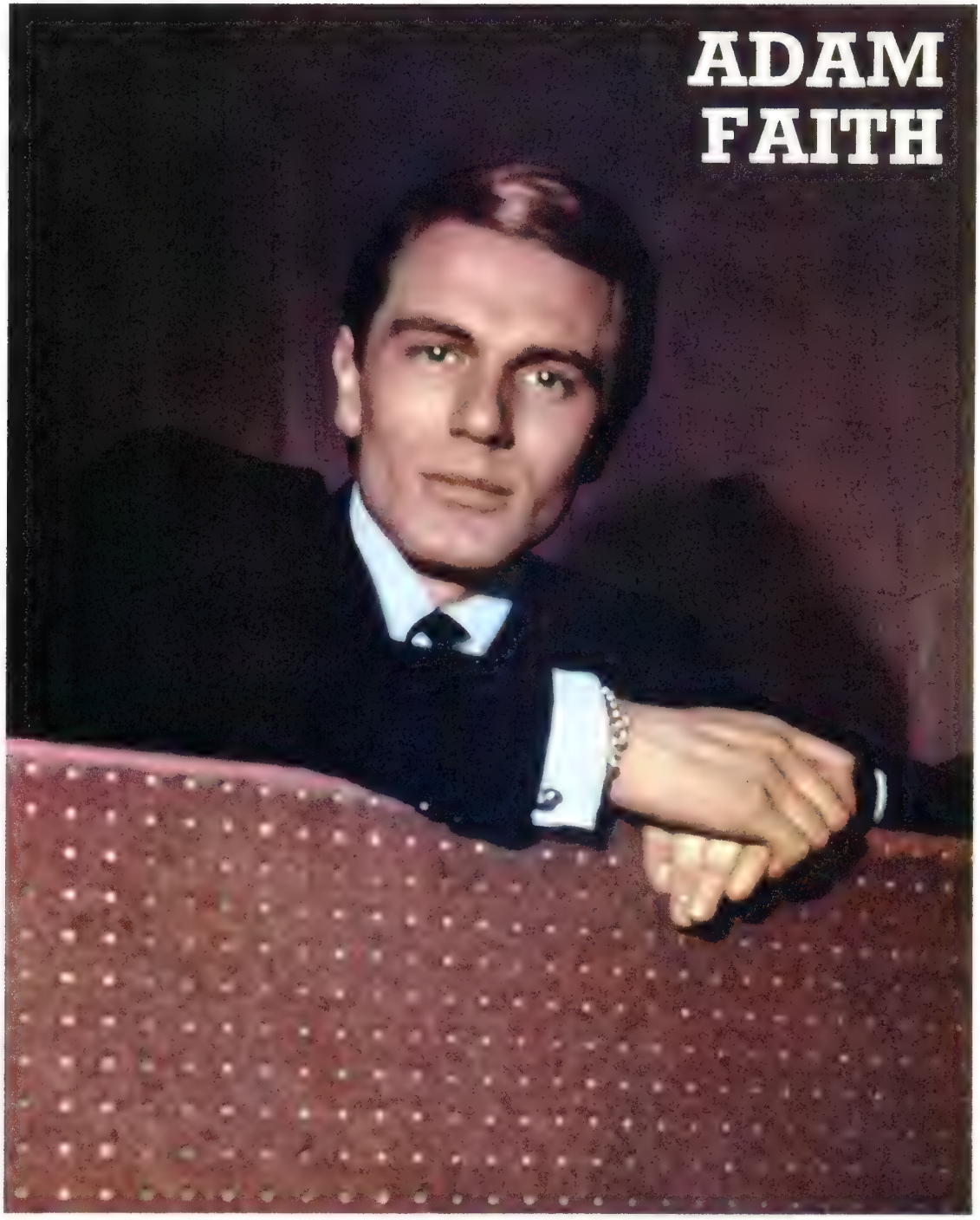
A top line group in their day, all but one of the Tornados have filtered away, led by former member, Heinz, who now makes records as a very successful vocalist. The only original member left is Clem Cattini. It seems rather as though the big beat has taken over from their kind of sound.

Billy Fury now has a very full line-up with the Gamblers, consisting of Andy Mac, "Legs" George, Ken Brady, "Blacks" Sanderson, Jim Crawford and "Spud" Damond. This versatile set-up covers everything from trumpet to organ and sax to guitar. Of this big six line-up, nobody is even thinking of leaving—they all get on too well with Billy!

The five stones who have rolled their way up the hit parade with their own special sound.

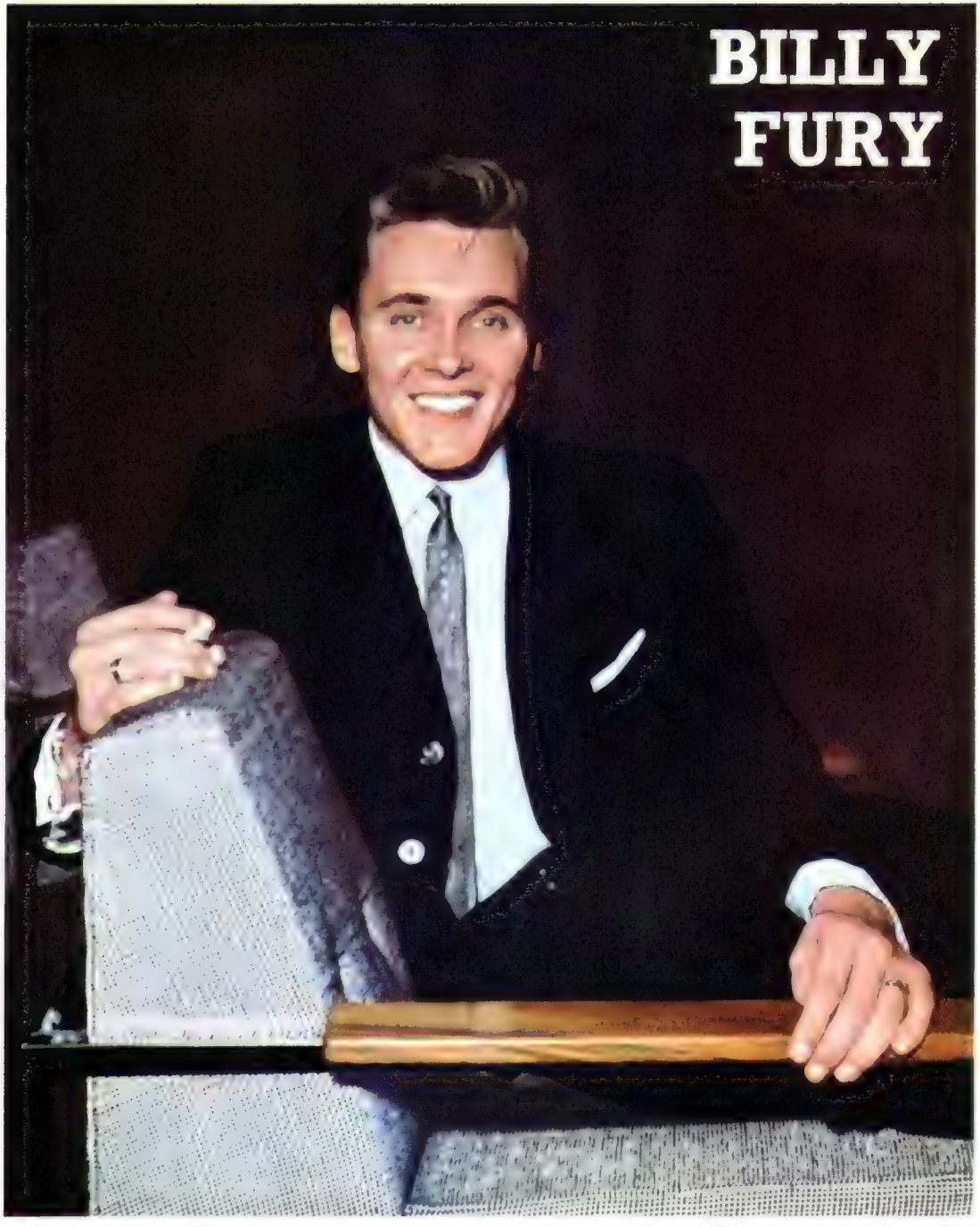


Now they've found what they were searching for—success !



We are in love—with Adam!

Five lads from Liverpool—and a top-pop team.



Fascinating, Fantastic, Fabulous—Fury Forever!

The boy who's always there—because of his loyal fans!

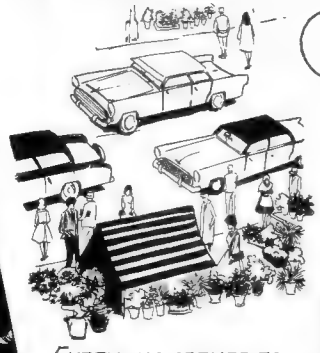
These boys will never walk alone—not if their millions of fans can help it!

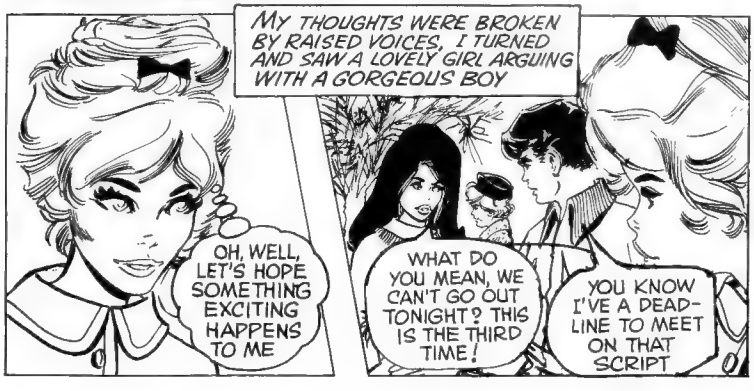
What is there to say? Except—definitely YEAH! YEAH! YEAH!

JUST A ROSE AND A TOKEN OF LOVE

She was just a little girl in a big city . . . but she found a true love.

AS NEW AS CAN BE. THIS IS THE FIRST TIME I'VE BEEN UP TO THE CITY. I'M THINKING OF GETTING A JOB HERE. MY SISTER'S HERE, YOU SEE
I CAME FROM SUCH A SMALL TOWN THAT THE NOISE AND BUSTLE OVERWHELMED ME, BUT I WANTED EXCITEMENT– AND THIS LOOKED THE RIGHT PLACE




MY THOUGHTS WERE BROKEN BY RAISED VOICES, I TURNED AND SAW A LOVELY GIRL ARGUING WITH A GORGEOUS BOY
OH, WELL, LET'S HOPE SOMETHING EXCITING HAPPENS TO ME
WHAT DO YOU MEAN, WE CAN'T GO OUT TONIGHT? THIS IS THE THIRD TIME!
YOU KNOW I'VE A DEAD-LINE TO MEET ON THAT SCRIPT

OH, NO? WELL, I'M NOT GOING TO... AND WHO DO YOU THINK YOU'RE STARING AT? ARE WE THAT FASCINATING?
HERE, YOU'RE SO INTERESTED, SHARE HIS GREAT NOVEL WITH HIM!
BARBARA!
OH, BUT...!
HERE- LET ME. I'M SO SORRY
OH, IT'S MY FAULT. I'M SORRY I LOOKED AS IF I WAS LISTENING
THEN A LOUD, ANGRY VOICE BROKE IN AGAIN. HERS!
LOOKED AS IF SHE WAS LISTENING. HUH!
BARBARA! DON'T YOU THINK YOU'VE BEEN RUDE ENOUGH?
HOW DARE YOU CALL ME RUDE? NOW COME ON, TONY
PLEASE GO ON. I CAN MANAGE
THAT'S BESIDE THE POINT
ARE YOU COMING OR NOT? I'M NOT GOING TO WAIT ALL DAY FOR YOU!
NO, BARBARA
OH, DEAR- WHAT HAVE I STARTED?
BARBARA STORMED OFF ANGRILY, BUT TONY JUST CALLED AFTER HER CHEERFULLY
I'LL CALL TOMORROW EVENING, BARBARA- OKAY?
I COULD SEE SHE DIDN'T THINK IT WOULD BE!
THEN HE TURNED BACK TO ME...
ALL PACKED AGAIN- ONLY NOT SO NEATLY THIS TIME
THANKS EVER SO MUCH- IT'S TERRIBLY NICE OF YOU
NOT AT ALL. AFTER ALL IT WAS OUR FAULT IT BURST OPEN
I DO HOPE YOU HAVEN'T QUARRELLED BECAUSE OF ME. I AM SORRY

DON'T YOU WORRY A BIT ABOUT IT. WE NEVER STOP ARGUING
YOU DON'T LOOK THE TYPE WHO'D START A ROW TO ME...
AH, THAT'S WHERE YOU'RE WRONG. BARBARA AND I ARE BOTH A BIT HOT-TEMPERED. SHE IS MORE SO WHEN SHE CAN'T HAVE HER OWN WAY
WELL, I HOPE SHE DOESN'T STAY MAD TOO LONG...
DON'T WORRY SO MUCH ABOUT IT. YOU KNOW, YOU'RE A PRETTY NICE KID
OH... OH, THANKS...
CAN I WALK YOU TO WHERE YOU'RE GOING?
OH, THAT WOULD BE NICE. ARE YOU SURE?
HE WAS. BEFORE WE'D GONE FAR I'D TOLD HIM ALL ABOUT MYSELF...
OH... I DO HOPE I HAVEN'T BORED YOU TOO MUCH
I HAVEN'T ENJOYED A PROPER TALK LIKE THAT FOR AGES
YOU MUST MEET SO MANY INTERESTING PEOPLE IF YOU ARE A WRITER
NO-ONE WANTS TO KNOW YOU TILL YOU'RE FAMOUS... I DON'T EVEN KNOW IF MY BOOK'S BEEN ACCEPTED YET
WELL, I SHOULDN'T THINK THAT'LL BE LONG – I'M SURE YOU WRITE BEAUTIFULLY
THANKS. YOU'RE SWEET. I NEED A BIT OF FLATTERY NOW AND THEN
I HATED TO SAY GOODBYE TO HIM – BUT I'D ARRIVED, AND AS I LOOKED AT HIM I KNEW I'D NEVER FORGET HIM
OH, I HOPED SO, VERY MUCH, I TURNED AND WENT INTO THE FLAT
CONNIE! WHY DIDN'T YOU TELL ME? I WOULD HAVE MET YOU
THAT'S ALL RIGHT. THANKS FOR HAVING ME, LINDA
OH, THE PHONE! GOOD, IT MUST BE TIM...
IS THIS YOUR NEW BOYFRIEND?
BRRRING
GOODBYE, TONY – THANKS FOR THE COMPANY – AND THE BEST OF LUCK WITH YOUR BOOKS
THANKS, HONEY – SEE YOU SOMETIME, HUH?

AFTER SHE'D PUT THE PHONE DOWN I COULD SEE A FLUSH ON HER CHEEKS
HE'S MORE THAN A BOYFRIEND, CONNIE – WE'RE GETTING ENGAGED TONIGHT
OH, LINDA! I'M SO PLEASED FOR YOU
HE'S SO WONDERFUL, CONNIE, I'VE NEVER BEEN SO HAPPY. I HOPE YOU FALL IN LOVE SOON
SO DO I – BELIEVE ME...
AFTER SHE'D GONE OUT, I DECIDED TO LIE DOWN AND READ... BUT MY MIND KEPT WONDERING
I WONDER IF THEY MADE UP. SHE'S MUCH TOO HARD FOR HIM – HE'S... HE'S KIND OF SENSITIVE...
OF COURSE, I WASN'T TO KNOW AT ALL WHAT WAS GOING ON WHILE I WAS DREAMING ABOUT HIM...
GOING TO BARBARA'S BIRTHDAY PARTY TONIGHT, TONY? IT'S A BIG DO
OH, NO! I WAS GOING TO WORK, BUT SHE'LL GO MAD. I FORGOT ALL ABOUT IT!
ALL I COULD DO WAS TO LIE BACK AND WONDER ABOUT TONY, THE BOY I'D MET JUST FOR A FEW MINUTES AND ONE I COULDN'T FORGET
OF COURSE, ALL THE SHOPS WOULD BE SHUT! AND SHE'S NOT THE UNDERSTANDING SORT, NOT LIKE... OH, WELL...
HI, HAPPY BIRTHDAY, BARBARA!
TONY – I'M SO GLAD YOU CAME. HEY, GIRLS! COME AND MEET TONY
SO YOU'RE A WRITER, EH? WHAT'S YOUR LATEST BOOK?
MY LATEST? OH, YOU DON'T UNDER...
ER... TONY'S WORKING ON QUITE A FEW, AREN'T YOU, DARLING?
HOW THRILLING... YOU MUST MAKE LOTS OF MONEY
WHAT HAVE YOU BOUGHT FOR BARBARA?
UMM, IT'S A BIT DIFFICULT. YOU SEE, I DIDN'T
JUST ONE MOMENT! DO YOU MEAN YOU CAME HERE AND DIDN'T EVEN BOTHER TO BUY YOUR OWN GIRLFRIEND A LITTLE PRESENT?
I'M SORRY, BARBARA, BUT THE SHOPS WERE SHUT AND I DON'T HAVE ANY MONEY ON ME AND...
OH, HOW EMBARRASSING!
GET OUT! YOU... YOU TIGHT-FISTED... OH!
GOODBYE, AND THANKS FOR THE WELCOME! HAVE A GOOD TIME – SORRY I CAN'T AFFORD YOU

OH, WELL, MIGHT AS WELL GO FOR A WALK
'IT'S NO USE. I'M GOING BACK HOME, I CAN'T FORGET HIM
BUT WHEN I WENT I WISHED I HADN'T. ALL I SAW WAS LOVERS WALKING ARM-IN-ARM LOVINGLY...
WHAT I'D GIVE FOR SOMEONE TO BUY ME A FLOWER
IT'S JUST NOT FAIR. WHEN I MEET SOMEONE I LIKE — HE BELONGS TO SOMEONE ELSE...
HE TOOK MY HAND AND SMILED CASUALLY — BUT MY HEART WOULDN'T STOP BANGING...
I TURNED TO GO BACK AND PACK. I'D HAD ENOUGH. BUT EVEN AS I MOVED...
CONNIE! HEY— CONNIE!
WHO..? TONY! OH, TONY!
SAY, IT'S GOOD TO SEE YOU. HOW'S LIFE ?
OH... WELL, NOT TOO BAD, HOW'S THE WRITING ?
BUT BEFORE HE ANSWERED HE TURNED AND WALKED AWAY. I THOUGHT I'D OFFENDED HIM
I'LL TAKE THE BIGGEST AND REDDEST ROSE OF ALL
YES, SIR, A SPECIAL ONE, EH?
I'D LIKE 'THE YOUNG HAVE DREAMS,' BY TONY REYNOLDS, PLEASE
YES, SIR. NEW BOOK- JUST COME IN...
I WATCHED AS IF IN A DREAM. I HARDLY DARED TO HOPE, BUT HE CAME OVER TO ME...
I DIDN'T ASK ABOUT BARBARA. I DIDN'T CARE ABOUT HER. TONY HAD COME TO ME - AND IT WAS TO ME HE'D GIVEN A ROSE, HIS BOOK- AND - MOST PRECIOUS OF ALL — HIS LOVE
COME ON, HONEY - LET'S MAKE UP FOR LOST TIME. SUDDENLY I FEEL INSPIRED ENOUGH TO WRITE A LOVE STORY
END

THINGS YOU SHOULD NEVER DO

ARIES, THE RAM

Those born between March 20th and April 20th must try to resist getting emotionally involved with any boy who is born under the water signs of Pisces, Cancer or Scorpio. For Aries is a "fire" sign and such people rarely find happiness together. It will pay to wait until a Leo-born (July 24th-Aug. 23rd) or Sagittarian (November 25th-December 22nd) type comes along.

TAURUS, THE BULL

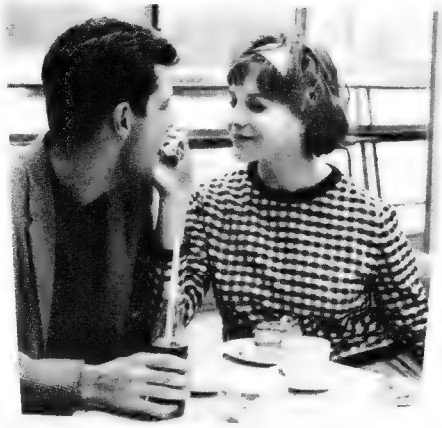
Those born between April 21st and May 21st are ruled by Venus and set great store by love and beauty. They are likely to be forced into choosing between an attractive, lively person who is witty and entertaining and a dull, honest person who loves them dearly. The motives of the former are dubious and he is unlikely to be loyal. A fresh group of friends will be met shortly and you must be firm about weighing-up their characters without allowing yourself to be influenced too much by their looks.

GEMINI, THE TWINS

Those born between May 22nd and June 21st often have somewhat split personalities and must resist the tendency to be changeable, moody or erratic. A very good friend, due to become more than a friend, is likely to be seriously upset by your moods and changing whims unless you can do something to curb them. The strong attraction which you have for shy and lonely boys is specially strong just now and will attract to you a few, more or less secret, admirers. These should not be encouraged as none of them are worthy of your love.

CANCER, THE CRAB

Those born between June 22nd and July 23rd are usually sympathetic, patient and devoted towards those to whom they are very attracted. This can develop into a longing to "mother" the boy of their dreams. Great care must be taken to see that this mothering instinct, though natural, is not overdone, for many boys feel smothered by this treatment. So if your boy is a virile, husky, he-man type, try to be more like a girlfriend than like a mother or you may lose him to a girl who is less likely to mother him.



LEO, THE LION

Those born between July 24th and August 23rd must beware of an insincere boy who pretends to care and to have "honourable intentions". Avoid also day-dreaming about an out-of-reach heart-throb who is barely aware of your existence. Girls born under Leo, who are engaged, must avoid arguments by steering the conversation away from awkward subjects. Those completely unattached at present will alter in this respect if they try to be more feminine and avoid extremely off-beat clothes.

VIRGO, THE MAID

Those born between August 24th and September 23rd are destined to meet someone of the opposite sex who will completely change their lives. This meeting is likely to take place within the next few months and will only develop into a lasting and very enjoyable friendship if the Virgo-born girl makes an effort to allow her character to become warmer, more responsive and alive. If she can and will do this, without becoming over-sentimental or too romantically minded, then she will bring out the best in, and attract, someone who might have previously ignored her.

LIBRA, THE SCALES

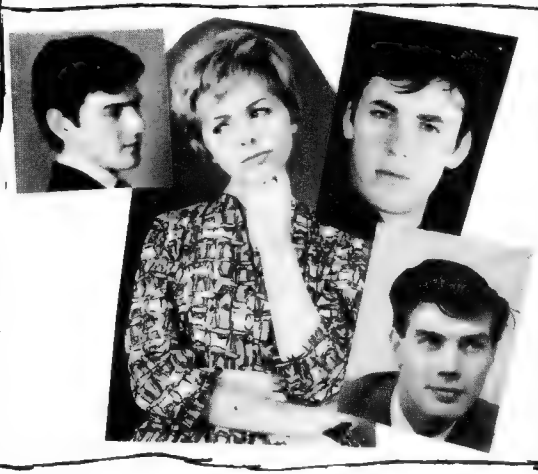
Those born between September 24th and October 23rd who have "steadies" are due for a spell of squalls, arguments and quarrels happily followed by a period of tender loving and complete harmony. The squabbles can be avoided by a little more give-and-take but on no account must the girl yield to his unacceptable demands. Unattached Libran girls will, romance-wise, have an exciting time if they accept offers to make up foursomes. They should also try to be a little less choosey about the dates they are offered. Being over-particular in the past lost them some good friends.

SCORPIO, THE SCORPION

Those born between October 24th and November 24th have a romantically exciting season ahead, if they concentrate on being their natural selves. They must guard against showing-off, being two-faced or pretending they have emotions which they do not feel. Scorpio-born girls must also be careful not to seem too demanding, too intense or too demonstrative. Just around the corner is a breath-taking emotional experience which after a time of doubting will end in complete happiness.

SAGITTARIUS, THE ARCHER

Those born between November 25th and December 22nd must take care not to give false impressions to their casual boyfriends, as to the depth of their affection. Otherwise an embarrassing situation may arise through the Sagittarian girl exaggerating her feelings for the boy. Sagittarian girls, usually full of charm, must avoid relying too much on this to get them out of situations which they create through thoughtlessness. Care, too, must be taken to avoid speaking unkindly of others.



CAPRICORN, THE SEA GOAT

Those born between December 23rd and January 20th tend to approach their romantic ambitions with timidity as though unaware of their natural charm which is considerable. Capricornian girls, specially those born between 1945 and 1950, will have a fabulous year romance-wise and will be able to choose their ideal partner from three boys who admire them. Capricorn-born girls are due to meet a Piscean-born boy (born February 19th-March 19th) during the next few months and he is likely to become the man in her life before the year's end. Beware of a smoothed-tongued flatterer.

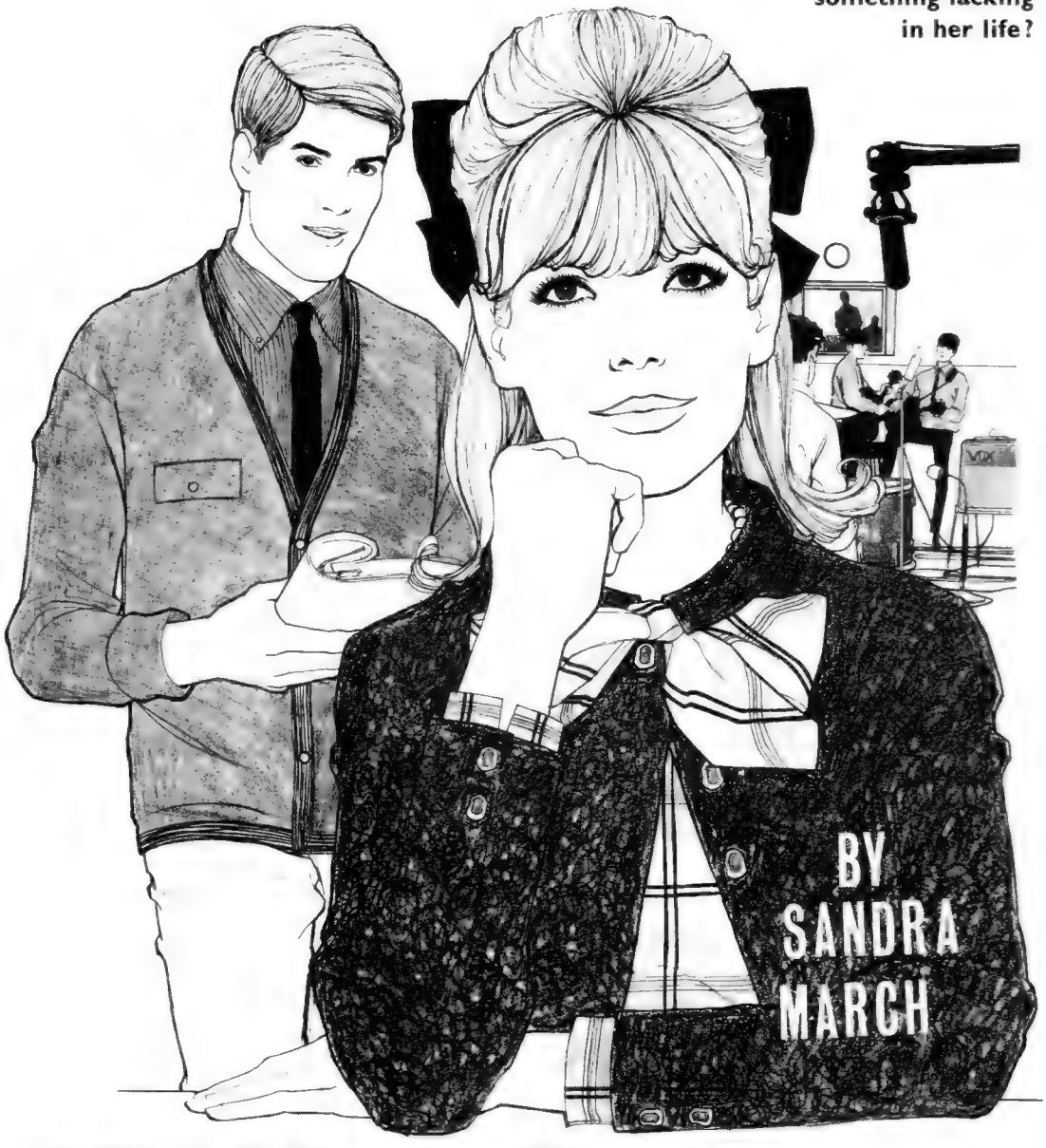
AQUARIUS, THE WATER-BEARER

Those born between January 21st and February 18th are romance-wise due for a time in which the course of love runs smoothly. But great care must be taken or heart-break will be caused by a silly misunderstanding. This can be averted by explaining clearly your words, thoughts and actions to those you love. Aquarian girls, often unconventional in outlook, get on best with Sagittarian males (born November 25th-December 22nd) and are likely to have an admirer born during this period though their friendship may not yet have developed.

PISCES, THE FISHES

Those born between February 19th and March 19th must avoid taking any kind of risk as they are accident-prone at the present time. Be specially charming to a shy boy whom you will meet soon and he will become a friend for life. Several obstacles will have to be overcome before your love-life becomes steady again but these are easily overcome by patience and thoughtfulness. Be sure to admit it if you know yourself to be wrong about a matter which is a constant cause of argument but, on the other hand, do not apologise if you believe yourself to be right.

Her dream came true . . . . of meeting the top pop boys and entering their oh, so different world. But was something lacking in her life?



BY SANDRA MARCH

THE DAYS ARE FILLED WITH MUSIC

I DON'T know when I first got the pop music bug. I guess it must have been when I was about twelve at school.

But I do know that when I got it, I got it stronger than most people. I used to spend all my money on discs and juke boxes.

I was pop mad. I knew all the positions in the charts off by heart and I bought every word ever printed about all the stars. Well, every word I could afford.

Long before I left school I'd made up my mind that I'd eventually make the journey south from Nottingham to London. And I did, eventually, even though I upset my parents and disappointed my boyfriend Kenny.

The first thing I did when I left school was to study shorthand and typing for I reckoned that a skilled shorthand-typist would always get a job in London. And I was right. Then I got a job in a busy office of a

"Betty made a go of her first busy job."

textile works in Nottingham and studied shorthand and typing at night school.

It was there that I first met Kenny. He was in another class—studying languages.

I used to go with my friend Cathy to night school and, after class had finished, we would go for a coffee to a little cafe round the corner from the school.

Kenny did the same and he came in one night with a friend of his. Cathy knew Kenny, and he and his friend sat at our table.

Cathy introduced us, "Kenny Burton, this is Betty Martin."

I can't even remember Kenny's friend's name. I was too interested in Kenny right from that moment. He was fair and slightly baby-faced. But he had a firm line of jaw that appealed to me. It had the effect of making him look young and boyish but, at the same time, firm and sure of himself. His face had a kind of contradiction about it that I found completely bewitching.

After we parted that night I lay in bed for a long time thinking about Kenny before I went to sleep.

I thought about him a lot more next day when he called me at my office. My first, silly question was "How did you get my number?"

"I asked Cathy," he replied.

FROM then on the friendship developed and deepened. It was certainly no whirlwind romance like the ones you read about in story books.

He was not the type to fall for a girl right away. He was cautious, kind and gentle, but firm. And at the same time, from my side, there was a certain reluctance to let myself go headlong into any romance.

Because my resolve to get out of Nottingham and into London was stronger than ever. I could talk about nothing else. Thinking back on it, I wonder how Kenny stood for it for so long, because I used to bend his ear all the time about pop stars, groups, American singers coming over and so on. I was always on about it.

And he wasn't in the slightest bit interested. He actually worked in the office of a company that controlled ballrooms all over the country, but though he handled some bookings he had more to do with the financial side of things.

Anyway, we drifted on, as many romances do. We'd meet two or three times a week and take in a film or go dancing though not often because Kenny wasn't much of a dancer.

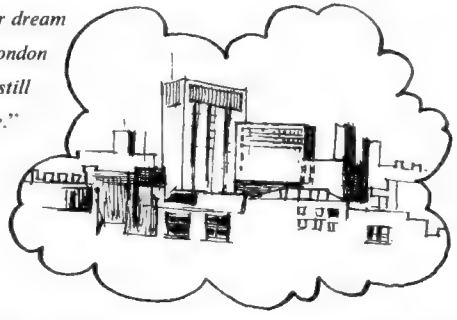
I always felt bad about not paying my whack of our entertainment, but he wouldn't hear about it and anyway, I was saving like mad for my journey to "The Smoke", as he used to call London.

I got on well at the office and in my evening studies. I worked up a very healthy speed at shorthand and typing and, by the time I'd reached 18, I was the boss's secretary which everyone seemed to think was pretty sensational, especially my Mum and Dad.

They were terribly proud of me. Dad was a bus driver for a private firm and he seemed to think that I'd brought off a miracle doing what I'd done and bringing home a salary that wasn't far short of his.

My Mum was proud, too, and used to tell all our neighbours about my progress, which I found very embarrassing. However, I couldn't get angry at Mum,

"Her dream of London was still there."



or Dad. They were always great parents to me and my young sister Emily.

The only thing that caused a sour note in our house was when I started to speak about London.

They put up with all the record sessions and parties I had with my friends; they put up with the noise of discs blaring out all the time. Dad didn't even mind when I switched the telly over to a pop programme when there was boxing on! But as soon as I started to speak about London there was blue murder.

"What do you want to go there for?" Dad would say. "Your Mum and I have lived in Nottingham all our lives and we've enjoyed every minute of it."

What could I say? The only thing possible. That

Nottingham might be all right for them, but I didn't want to stay there all *my* life.

One thing that used to annoy me was the conversation that took place when Kenny came round, as he usually did on Sundays for a meal. He agreed with Mum and Dad. And they liked that because they liked him. So I used to find myself arguing with the three of them. I must say Kenny's in-built sense of fairness made him reluctant to take the discussions far.

Anyway, it was nice of him to say he wanted me to stay, but it didn't stop me. I studied the jobs going, but there never seemed to be a thing in the world of pop music and that's what I wanted to be in—more than anything in the world!

THEN, my golden chance came out of the blue. A girl called Mary Rivers who used to live in Nottingham had got married and moved to London. I didn't know it, but she was working at the offices of a large record company in London.

Luck always has a ring of coincidence about it, for Mary actually had my job in Nottingham before she went to London.

One day she arrived in our offices and announced she was going to have a baby and that she was on a week's holiday from London.

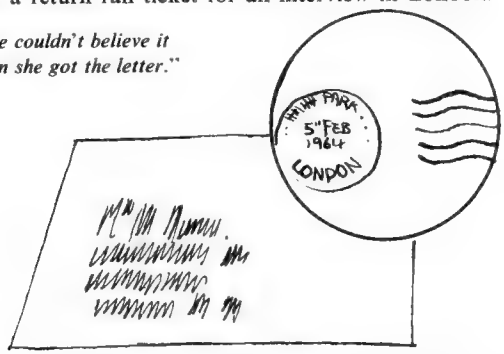
Well, one thing led to another and when she heard me saying how much I'd like to work in something to do with the music business in London, she was quiet for a moment and then said:

"You know, Betty, I think I could get you my job if you wanted it. For I could give you a very strong recommendation. If my boss knew you had my job here I'm sure he would take you on."

And that's how it happened. I didn't tell my parents until it was all fixed.

I got a letter from Mary saying that her boss wanted to see me. Next thing I knew there was a letter from him and a return rail ticket for an interview in London.

"She couldn't believe it when she got the letter."



I nearly died with excitement. But what was even better was the offer of a room from Mary. She said that when the baby arrived she and her husband would miss her pay and so they had decided to let me a room in their flat if I wanted it. Want it? I'll say I did!

As a matter of fact, I'm sure it was the only thing which swayed my Mum and Dad. They'd never have considered letting me go if it hadn't been for the thought that Mary would "keep an eye on me."

Anyway, things went like a dream. Full of apprehension and jitters, I went to London, had a long interview with Mary's boss, Mr Peters, and got the job. When I started speaking to him I was nervous. But once he started talking about records, I opened up. No kidding, I was, and am, like an encyclopaedia about all pop matters and I could see Mr Peters' eyes popping!

"If you are as efficient at secretarial duties as you are at answering disc questions, Miss Martin, I'm sure you'll be ideal," was all he could say.

I got the job. And as I sat in the train going back to Nottingham my head was buzzing.

How about Kenny? What would he say? And how would I feel about being away from him? I'd never thought about it before. Now it hit me with a bang.

"It was his gentleness that made her suddenly cry."

He took it very quietly. I told him the night I got back. We went for a celebration drink and he was absolutely charming. But he made me sad. I'll always remember his parting words.

He looked at me steadily for about a minute without speaking and then said slowly:

"I'm happy for you Betty. I'm glad you got the job and I'm certain you'll be a success. But I can't honestly be happy about us. My life will be dull without you. You love show business so you must have a go at the show biz life in London. But look after yourself. Please."

I just couldn't stop myself from weeping like a silly little schoolgirl.

I TOOK to London like the proverbial duck taking to water. I only pined for about three days. Then I was caught up in the mad, crazy whirl of show biz.

My boss, Mr Peters, handles the exploitation side of the record company I work for, one of the biggest in the country. This means that he is in charge of promoting new records and that means throwing Press parties and keeping in touch with newspaper writers and disc jockeys.

He is also in charge of arrangements for welcoming American singers to this country, singers on our labels here. They come to make tours and we plug their current releases so that they will sell.

As you can imagine, I was in my seventh heaven when I realised the set-up I'd wangled my way into! I found myself writing letters to some of the biggest names in the pop world and becoming involved in all sorts of crazy schemes and raving parties.

Everytime there was a Press reception for a star, because he'd made a new disc, or he'd sold a million, I would be there to help out Mr Peters. I was supposed to know who'd been invited and who was gate-crashing and so on. I also had to help out by speaking to the star's Mum, or making sure his car was waiting for him outside, or typing up arrangements for him to dash to a TV studio for a broadcast, and so on.

Often I had to visit record studios while stars were cutting discs with information about the titles they'd picked, or, on occasion, just to take in some lunch when the session went on longer than they expected.

I learned to be discreet (to say the least) and I learned how to handle people with a great deal of tact.

Some star singers couldn't be nicer and they apologise if they think they are putting you out in the slightest way. But others have such big heads that they can

"Press receptions every night . . ."

hardly get them through the office door and they take some dealing with. I could tell you things about some of the top pop names that would make your hair stand on end. And, indeed, some newspapermen used to try and get me to do just that! You should have heard them trying to wheedle dates and flight numbers out of me. They wanted to travel on the same plane, train and coach as a star and live in the same hotel. And it was my job to try and restrict this as much as possible so that the star could get some privacy and time off from the incessant pestering.

I was often invited to nightclubs in a party because a singer celebrating a hit disc would take us all out to say thanks for our efforts. I appreciated that.

Once, I even went with a very big star to the first night of a show as his companion and got *my* name in the papers as a possible girlfriend. What a lark!

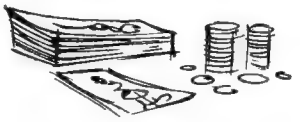
MR PETERS, a great boss who knows the business backwards, put a lot of trust in me and gave me a lot of responsibility. I appreciated it and worked hard.

I used to spend up to twelve hours a day working. Perhaps eight or nine hours doing office work and then three or so at a Press reception helping out Mr Peters.

Doing this sort of job day in, day out puts you in touch eventually with practically everyone in show biz. Apart from the singers and performers themselves, there's all the writers, the managers, the road managers, the star's secretaries, relatives and friends.

I can remember singers, completely unknown, coming down to London from all over the country and nearly dying of fright in the recording studios.

"Some paid back her money . . . others didn't"



Some of them dried up in front of the mikes and I had to help Mr Peters make them relax and take it easy. I'd dish out tea and tell them how marvellous they were —even when I thought they were dreadful.

I can remember a beat group, now famous, that didn't have their fare back to their home town. They were too scared to ask Mr Peters for it. They thought it would look bad. So they asked me, and I gave it to them. To their credit they paid me back. Others I lent money to in the early days didn't.

But it didn't upset me. Neither did the insincerity I often came across. I was involved in the whole crazy set-up. I was part of it. I thought about nothing else; I spoke about nothing else. Even when I went home, Mary would ask me all about the office as she used to work there. And I'd be off again, rabbiting about some new singer we'd just heard.

When we were involved on a campaign to get a record away, make it sell and get in the charts, I was almost unapproachable. I'd phone people for Mr Peters, write dozens of letters to newspapermen on his behalf and pester the disc jockeys with his calls.

I mentioned the insincerity. There was a lot of that. There's bound to be in a frothy world like the pop music world. Remember, some of the performers have very little talent. They are getting by on some gimmick and they are very much aware of it. But they hope others won't notice, so they load on the charm.

"The groups came and went . . . some with talent— some with sheer nerve."

If I'd taken some people seriously I would have been waiting at the altar on about half a dozen different occasions.

And the wolves! They hunted in packs, all dripping at the mouth and waiting to pounce at the first sign of weakness.

But it rolled off me. I loved the life and learned to handle people—and myself—pretty well. I wouldn't let myself be hurt.

That was until Dick Lane came along.

DICK never had the potential to be really big. But there was no doubt that he could become pretty popular with some clever plugging in the right places.

He was a smart, good-looking boy, was our Dicky. He had the kind of looks that teenage girls go for. And I am a teenage girl! He came from Edmonton in

"Everything was wonderful while Dick was trying." . . .

London and had all the sharpness that you acquire growing up in a bustling area like that.

Mr Peters couldn't devote a great deal of his time to him and that's where I came in. I was becoming more than a secretary, more like a personal assistant to Mr P. And I became more or less responsible, under guidance, for getting Dick Lane off the ground.

I introduced him to all the people who were likely to help him, and I took him down Fleet Street and round Tin Pan Alley.

He met newspapermen and song pluggers and publishers who could, by this time, loosely be called friends of mine. And Dick was sharp enough to see the good I was doing him.

He co-operated fully. In fact, rather too fully. I would find myself going to his broadcasts even when I wasn't supposed to be working.

In those days he was nervous behind that cocky exterior and he would ask me along to settle him down.

WE became inseparable for a time—his build-up time. Even Mr Peters began to remark upon it. He used to be funny and say that he wouldn't pay me any overtime for the extra work I was putting in on Dick's career.

I'll admit that I wouldn't have knocked myself out so much for every unknown singer or group that came our way. But Dick seemed to appreciate my efforts.

After one of his performances, he'd say, "Let's go and have some supper, doll."

He picked up the phrases quickly. I bet it was the kind of supper he'd never known in his life before. He'd take me to a classy West End restaurant and treat me well. Oddly enough, I never realised then that he always picked show biz places and we'd never get a chance to eat or speak because people in the business kept stopping at our table to say hello.

Usually, let's be honest about it, it was me they stopped to speak to. And, of course, I introduced Dick.

Afterwards he'd see me home and, though he was always the gentleman, he could prove that his romantic performance was better than his professional one.

FINALLY all our efforts worked. He got more and more publicity—more mentions in the papers. His discs were being consistently reviewed and, inevitably, he got a minor hit with one of them. You might remember it. It was called "Yes". It didn't worry the Beatles, or Cliff, but it started to go pretty fast and got into the bottom of the Hit Parade!

Then the phones started to ring in our office about Dick. Mr Peters was pleasantly surprised and put up my wages.

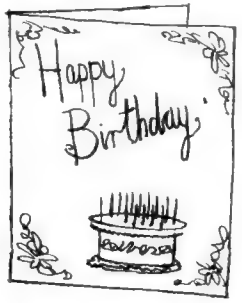
I was glad too. Glad until Dick's disc made him popular enough to be fixed for a one-night-stand tour of the country on a big bill that was being fixed up.

Dick wasn't top, of course. But he came in about third which was pretty good going for a performer who'd been in the business for so short a time.

He left on the coach with all the others in high spirits and promised me so many things. He'd phone me and write me and send me a card for my birthday which was approaching in several days.

Well, I might have guessed what would happen.

"Not even a birthday card came from him." . . .



Nothing. No phone calls. No letters, no birthday card.

Nothing, that is, except reports that filtered back through the grapevine that Dick Lane was not staying home in his digs at night after the one-night stands.

Some of the musicians on the tour came back to town after a couple of weeks to make a disc and, not knowing I knew Dick, didn't hold their tongues in check when discussing the goings on when they'd been on tour.

I nearly had to leave the studio and go home when one of them laughingly said, "As for Dick Lane—he's a real raver that one. I don't know how he gets the

time and energy but he seems to find a girl in every town. Mind you, many of them throw themselves at him."

I suppose they did. But I expected a wee bit more loyalty. Silly me! I should have known better.

WHEN I was feeling at my lowest round about this time, I had a phone call one morning at the office, soon after I got in.

I was harassed going through Mr P's mail and at first I didn't catch the name—or the voice.

I said, "Who's that?" and then the phone seemed about to fall from my hand.

The Nottingham voice said "Kenny, Kenny Burton."

I had to pause for a few moments to collect myself. Then I tamely asked how he was.

"Oh, fine!" came the quiet voice, "I'm in London and I'm taking you to lunch."

It took some time for me to realise it really was Kenny and that he was in London. I refused at first to lunch with him. I looked a mess. I felt pretty lousy and my hair needed doing. Anyway, I didn't want any heart-searching session. I'd just been through all that, thank you.

However, the gentle, but firm voice on the end of the phone just wouldn't take no for an answer. And so I met Kenny for lunch, after I'd gone and bought a ridiculous hat to cheer me up.

I got a shock when I saw him again. His features were exactly the same. But his clothes were much more expensive and he looked extremely neat.

There were more surprises in store for me. They came when he told me what he was doing in London.

It seemed that the ballroom business back home was booming. As he'd gone round the dance halls in the North that his company owned, he'd noticed that beat groups were catching on fast. The music meant nothing to him, of course. It was just a financial fact that the beat business was booming and his figures showed it.

One night in a ballroom he met a boy he knew. This boy was leading a beat group and was doing quite well as a semi-professional. But the boy and his group wanted to give up their daytime jobs and turn full pro.

And Kenny said he got the shock of his life when the boys asked Kenny to manage them.

At first he laughed. Then his quiet reasoning started to work things out. He was in a good position in the North. He probably could place such a group as he knew everyone in the booking business.

And that's what had happened. Kenny, knowing nothing about beat music, had become manager of a beat group!

That was hard enough to believe but more was to follow. The group had done well, so well that they were making a very good living and Kenny's fame as a manager had spread. Two other groups had approached him and he'd given up his ballroom job and taken them on.

And his business was booming. The reason he was in London was to clinch a deal with another record company—not mine—to sign up his leading group.

Finally, he was shortly moving his office to London so he could be right in the middle of things.

"Suddenly there was a big question mark in her heart."

WHEN I returned to my office three and a half hours later, my mind was a whirl. One, because of all this news. Two, because of the kind of things that Kenny had been saying to me.

He left me in no doubt what his feelings still were about me. He was quiet as usual, but firm, as usual, and he meant what he was saying.

Me? I just don't know.

That dinner date was two weeks ago. Since then Kenny has written to me four times. His letters are very warm and friendly. Three are completely social. One tells me that he will be moving down to London in two weeks and then he will be seeing a lot more of me.

But I don't want to start going with Kenny again just on the rebound from Dick Lane. True I never even considered Dicky in the same light as Kenny Burton. One was obviously flashy and the other quiet and serious. One boastful, the other reserved.

But I idolised Dick Lane. I got caught up in the web of my own publicity I was putting out about him. I started to believe all the things the papers were saying about him. I started to regard him as a star, not as the boy from Edmonton with a little talent and a lot of hard neck. Now when I think of Kenny I realise I must stop idolising people.

I must work hard at liking Kenny as a person, not as a celebrity in the limelight.

If he loves me, as he says he does, I must work hard at trying to love him and feel for him like I used to do all those months ago in Nottingham.

When I think of the feeling I got that first night, after evening school, when I was introduced to him, I think I may be able to recapture it.

At this stage I don't really know.

But I hope so, with all my heart!

end

I HAD ALWAYS BEEN THE SHY ONE. WELL, WITH THREE BEAUTIFUL, OLDER SISTERS, IT WAS SO MUCH EASIER NOT TO TRY AND COMPETE WITH THEM – SO I WAS THE STAY-AT-HOME
THE SHY WAY TO LOVE
The "Cinderella" girl surprises her sisters.

NOT THAT I PREFERRED IT THAT WAY, BUT I JUST DIDN'T GET A LOOK IN

TONIGHT THEY WERE GOING TO YET ANOTHER PARTY
GUESS WHO'S JUST COME HOME?
WHO, SANDRA? DON'T KEEP US GUESSING

PHILIP!
NO! I THOUGHT HE WAS IN AFRICA

MY HEART JUMPED AS THEY MENTIONED PHILIP'S NAME. HOW MUCH IN LOVE WE HAD BEEN BEFORE HE LEFT TO GO TO AFRICA WITH THE NAVY

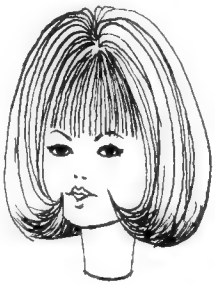
AND I REMEMBERED SO WELL THE DAY HE LEFT...
WAIT FOR ME, DARLING. AS SOON AS I GET BACK WE'LL GET MARRIED
I'D WAIT FOR YOU FOREVER, PHILIP
SINCE THEN HIS RETURN HAD BEEN DELAYED AND DELAYED, AND I HADN'T REALISED HE HAD AT LAST COME BACK
THERE'S THE BELL, PRUE. YOU ANSWER IT
IT'S PHILIP
NO-NO, I CAN'T
PRUE, WHERE ARE YOU GOING?
MY FIRST THOUGHT WAS TO ESCAPE - SOMEHOW I WAS TERRIFIED OF SEEING HIM AGAIN
THE TROUBLE WAS, WHERE COULD I GO TO?
OF COURSE - THE ATTIC
AFTER I HAD SAT DOWN AND CALMED DOWN. I COULDN'T STOP THINKING OF PHILIP AND WONDERING IF HE HAD CHANGED....
I COULD HEAR MY SISTERS WERE ENTHUSIASTICALLY GREETING PHILIP
PHILIP - IT'S WONDERFUL TO SEE YOU AGAIN!

HERE – HAVE A CIGARETTE!
YOU LOOK SO TANNED! TELL US ALL ABOUT AFRICA
IT WAS WONDERFUL, BUT I'M GLAD TO BE HOME AGAIN
IT'S GOOD TO HAVE YOU BACK
HERE HAVE A DRINK!
I NEARLY FORGOT- IF YOU LOOK IN THAT CASE YOU'LL FIND PRESENTS- GO AHEAD AND CHOOSE
REALLY? HOW SUPER!
THEY'RE FABULOUS
SANDRA, WHAT'S HAPPENED TO PRUE?
I WONDER WHERE SHE IS NOW
WHAT'S THE MATTER- WHAT ARE YOU HIDING FROM ME?
WE'RE HIDING NOTHING, BUT PRUE'S HIDING FROM YOU

WHAT? HIDING FROM ME?
WELL, SHE'S STILL VERY SHY AND I THINK THAT'S WHY SHE'S HIDDEN AWAY
I'M GOING TO FIND HER— WHERE DO YOU THINK SHE WILL BE?
TRY THE ATTIC
THANKS – I WANT TO GIVE HER HER PRESENT, TOO
PRUE— PRUE?
I HEARD HIM CALLING ME – SO HE STILL WANTED TO SEE ME!
I QUICKLY BRUSHED MY HAIR, AND THEN WENT TO FIND HIM
DON'T YOU WANT YOUR PRESENT, TOO, DARLING?
OH, PHILIP, YOU REMEMBERED!
HE'S GIVEN HER A RING!
WELL! THE SHY ONE INDEED!
end

(1) 'SOPHISTICATED'

GLAMOUR AT THE TOP



(2)
'SWEET'

Whether you are sweet, sophisticated or sexy, there's a hairdo that's typically *you*. Don't be a sheep and wear your hair in the same style as your pals. Be a rebel and dig yourself out a creation that will dazzle everyone.

Get with the current hair trends, but don't follow them blindly. Adapt them to your face, figure and personality. Now that birds' nests and busbies are fading out, sleekness is an absolute must. So put sleekness at the top of your list.

Slightly longer hair is more fashionable, but this doesn't mean that you should let it straggle down your neck. Long locks need just as good a cut as short ones.

If your hair is over curly, then it's best not to grow it. A short bob will be much easier to keep tidy than a long one which only looks good immediately after it's been set.

Fringes enjoyed a long popularity, but they are disappearing. Here you must make your own decision. Very high foreheads need a few fronds on them. Narrow foreheads appear to be wider when the hair is swept right off over to one side.

(3)
'SEXY'

Don't let your hair just hang if it's long . . . and if you are, too !

During the past year there has been a big rebellion against too vigorous back-combing and lacquer.

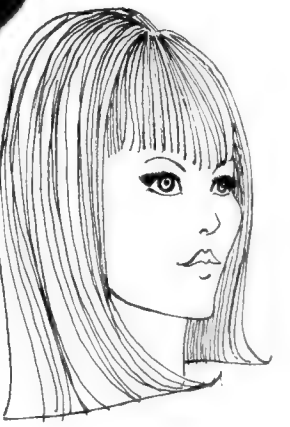
One young, good-looking hairdresser, Simon Hext from Beckenham in Kent, thinks he has found the right answer at last—a pin curl set. No, he's not going back to the Ark! Simon's pin curls are upright, smothered in setting lotion and each one is kept in place with a clip.

From this set, Simon can brush out four or five different styles, and he claims the hair will be manageable for a whole week.

For those who want height—and that means most of us—he has a method called "throwing". Pieces of hair are casually flicked with the brush instead of being brushed right down to the roots, leaving a tangled mess beneath a smooth top.

Simon says his pin curls (usually around 40 in all) take longer than a roller set. But the combing out time is much faster—between one and two minutes!

To pin curl or not is something you'll have to decide for yourself. While you're sorting this out, have a look at some of the hair styles on these four pages.



(4) 'SEXY'

Girlfriend No. 1 and No. 5's hairstyle is called 'Sophisticated' and it's great for the girl who has plenty of evening dates after work. The side sweep to one side is casual yet smart. The sweeping movement is carried on with a full flick at the back.

Girlfriend No. 2's hairstyle is called 'Sweet'. The forehead is clear but there is a softening movement at eye level. To give more width to the face, the ends flick upwards.

Girlfriend No. 3 and No. 4's hairstyle is called 'Sexy', and this style has been set on pin-curls. A full fringe flows from forward-tilting hair. Two curls are pulled round on to the face, with the ears left free. The rest of the hair is a brush-up.

Bows are still in fashion, but they are bigger than before. Plonk one in wide black velvet about an inch above the hairline. A pretty style for the girl who goes in for frills, flounces and fellahs!

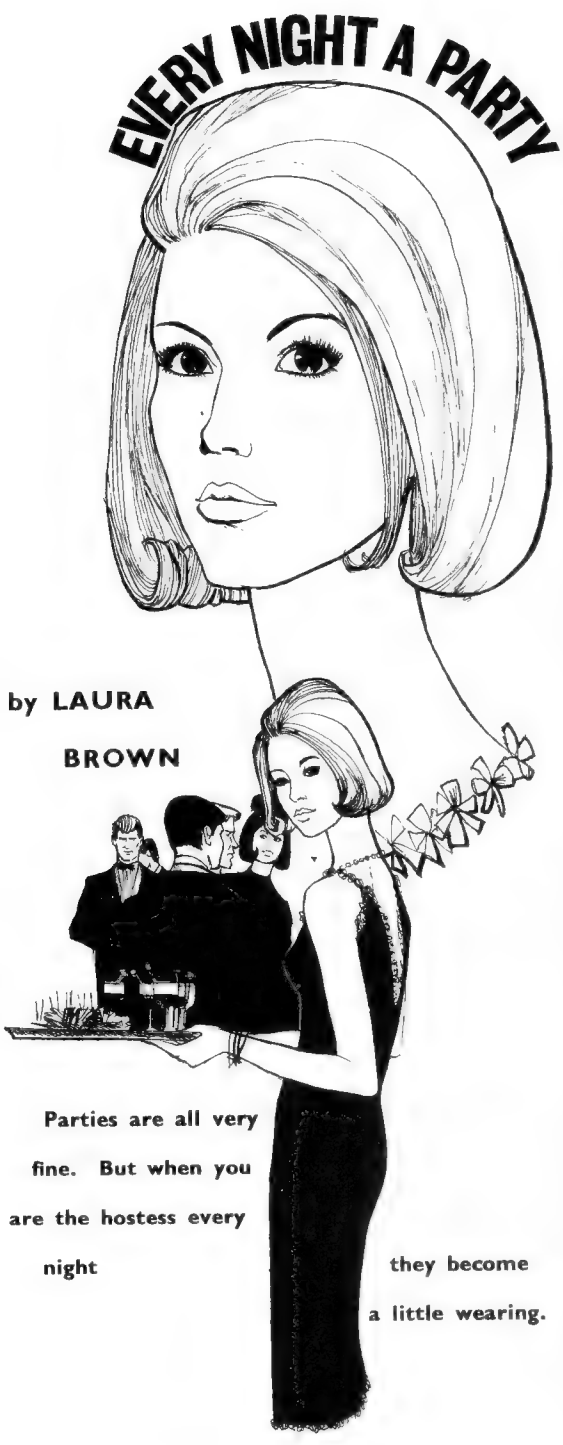
Pin-curled, frilly locks might not go too well with an over-fussy outfit!

(5)
'SOPHISTICATED'

Growing hair can be unmanageable —to say the least! B.B. can get away with it—but YOU might not be able to.

EVERY NIGHT A PARTY

by LAURA BROWN



CAROLE really seemed to have everything. She was gorgeous with shoulder-length blonde hair, blue eyes and a slim figure. Anyone who saw her for the first time thought straight away, "She's so lovely, she MUST be dumb."

But Carole WAS the sort of girl that a boy could come home to—because she could cook well enough to work her way through any boy's heart, although she could do that with her looks, anyway.

She knew that there were lots of boys in that plush room that were dying to meet her—but she had to keep to herself, more or less. She sighed and picked up a tray of food and took it over to a girl of her own age who was a waitress.

"Take this over to that corner. They ran out of food a long time ago."

"Yes, Miss—I'm awfully sorry." The girl apologised and took the tray from Carole's hand. Although they were the same age, there was a difference—a big one—in their appearance, and attitude.

The girl was a bit clumsy and dressed in a neat black and white outfit. Carole was dressed in a very, very smart black cocktail dress which showed off her figure beautifully. And she moved confidently and looked around with rather cold, detached eyes.

She fitted perfectly in the luxurious hotel reception-room, with its ankle-deep carpets and chandeliers . . . but she didn't belong there. She was working.

"Only half-an-hour more," she thought thankfully as she looked up at the huge, marble clock, "and I'll be able to have a nice hot bath and sink into bed." And she busied herself with the empty trays to make the time pass.

Later in the office, where she was checking off amounts, a large lady, almost dripping with jewels, came in with a flourish and thanked Carole warmly "for laying on everything so beautifully, my dear—it was divine!" Carole smiled with a practised smile and said, "Thank you Mrs. Fotherston — Richards & Son always try to satisfy completely."

"Well, my dear, you can be sure that they'll have my custom again—and I'll specially request YOU," she added in a generous moment.

Carole smiled again, thanked her and saw her safely away with all her many other guests.

Then she came back into the office and sat down—she felt so very tired. This party had seemed really long . . . and she felt so fed up.

"No . . . no, of course you don't," she said to herself sitting up a bit straighter. "You'll be all right tomorrow. Remember, this is what you wanted to do. No one made you."

That was true . . . and she was pretty lucky to have such a responsible job when she was only nineteen . . . and be working in London—the place she'd always dreamed of.

She sighed. She felt a bit depressed now all the music and noise and lights were gone. Then she got up, looked round once more, switched off the little light in

the office, locked the door and walked out of the back entrance.

She waited for her bus, and shivered slightly because of her thin dress, under an equally thin coat, then she saw the bus's lights as it turned the corner and she waved it to stop and got on.

Within an hour, Carole was home. She had a bath and was lying in bed feeling absolutely relaxed.

"Nice party?" her mother had asked, "There must be so many girls envying you . . . going to parties almost every night."

"Well, it does get a bit tiring every night mum, believe me," said Carole, only wanting her bed at that moment.

She lay back and tried hard to sleep, but she couldn't, so she switched on her small bedside lamp, which gave off a pale pink glow . . . and gazed around the room.

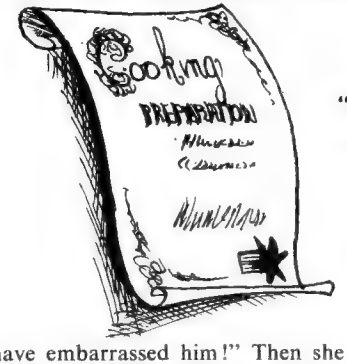
. . . . . .

FACING her, in the position of honour, were three framed certificates. She stared at them now—they seemed to mark three stages in her life.

The first one was her G.C.E. in Cookery. She'd sailed through that one. It had been her favourite subject at school, and when, in the practical, she had to make bread and cakes, she was confident she'd pass. She should have, too—for her father was a baker, the only one in their small town, and Carole had often helped him as a child.

She smiled now as she remembered how popular she'd been at school, because she'd always been able to take lots of gooey cakes for everyone . . . especially for Lenny. She'd had a big crush on Lenny, who was a prefect, and she often shyly handed him a cake. He'd take it, of course, thank her with a smile that made her legs go weak, then go off with his other pals. He'd taken her out once, but she'd been so gawky and so utterly in awe of him, that she hadn't been able to say a word—and he hadn't asked her again.

"I can't say I blame him," Carole thought now with a smile, as she remembered. "I was awful—how I must



"She stared up at the first certificate."

have embarrassed him!" Then she remembered other things about him . . . his smile, his dark hair and grey eyes and how sweet he'd been when he'd seen her home, and she thought, "I do wish I could see him now—NOW I'd know how to behave. He must be really something, after all this time." It was sad, really, that one grew out of "crushes". She'd never felt the same way about anyone as she had about Lenny. Never got that "weak knees and sick feeling" again. Not quite as badly as then, anyhow.

She looked at the certificate on the other end. That one was for Cookery and Preparation she'd got at the Guild. The Guild had been a huge building with half of it for the Cookery and Functions' Organising classes and the rest for Carpentry and Metal Work for boys. She'd had a giggle there . . . especially during the breaks when the girls would join the boys and give them all sorts of bits of food. She remembered a metal bracelet that Jim had made specially for her. It was a slave bracelet and she'd treasured it the whole time she went out with him. And that had been a year—all the time she'd spent at that school.

She wasn't quite sure what she wanted to do when she left the Guild. All she knew was that she loved cooking, and her parents encouraged her. But she didn't particularly want to work in a bakery all her life . . . or in the kitchen of a hotel—however smart. The Guild usually turned out cookery teachers or cooks, but they helped her an awful lot. They put her in touch with a Receptions' Organisation firm in her town and because she showed promise they sent her to their branch in London on a training course.

She was thrilled to bits. London! Piccadilly . . . Buckingham Palace . . . Clubs . . . coffee-bars! Oh, London—the place she'd always dreamed of going to. She thought of all the smart, worldly boys just dying to ask HER out and she could hardly wait to get there.

Her parents were a bit upset—they hadn't banked on her living away from home . . . but they secretly thought that she'd soon miss everything and return. So she went . . . listened to everything and passed her final glorious certificate. That was the one which hung in the middle and Carole stared at it now—not really knowing quite how she felt.

It was the first time she'd come home in a year. Why had she specially asked for this job? She could have chosen many more exciting ones in London.

Perhaps she was searching for something. But what? At nineteen she had a very responsible job with a whole lot more money than most girls of her age usually earned. She was pretty, went to a party—exclusive parties—almost every night . . . yet there was still something missing in her life.

"Oh, well," She turned and put out her bedside lamp, yawned and fell asleep.

. . . . . .

WHEN she woke the next morning, her mother was pulling aside the curtains and there was a cup of tea on her table. She smiled to herself. She was getting V.I.P. treatment now she was back home. Her parents were glad she was there.

"There's a letter for you there, too, dear," said her mother.

"A letter? I hope it's not from Mr. Richards, telling me to go back," she said. "I don't want to yet. I want to stay here just one more week."

"Well, I hope you don't either, dear," said her mother worriedly. "Open it then."

Carole picked it up and stared at the postmark. It was from London, but not from the firm because the envelope wasn't typed—and Mr. Richards was MOST

particular about the letters which went out. But the handwriting was familiar, and her heart jumped. She never though HE'D be writing to her.

She opened the letter with shaking hands and read it. It was all general chat at first . . . he was writing as if nothing had passed between them. She was thankful that it didn't get involved. She had to think clearly—she certainly hadn't expected a letter while she was away for a fortnight . . . but now it had come and she had to start thinking again.

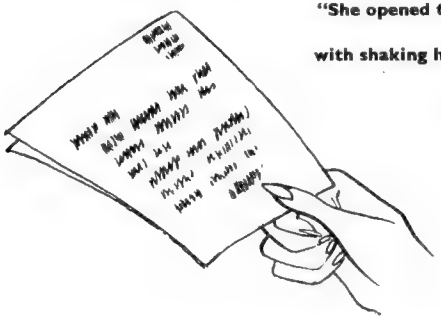
"Oh, Philip—I don't want to have to think or decide yet . . . but this letter's going to make me."

She sighed loudly, without realising it.

"What is it, dear? Not bad news I hope. You don't have to go back do you?" Carole had forgotten that her mother was in the room, and she looked up and forced a smile. She didn't want her mother to know about things—not yet, anyway. Not till she'd thought clearly about Philip.

"It's all right, mum—it's just from a friend. Usual chat, you know." Her mother smiled relief and left the room. Carole lay there for a while just looking at the letter, then she reached over to her handbag and took out her wallet. She kept a little photograph in there of herself and Philip at the Zoo which they'd taken there in the summer. They were killing themselves laughing by the monkey cages and the monkeys were imitating them.

Philip was gorgeous—and that was why she fell for him at first, because of his looks . . . but when she'd got to know him well, she knew that even if he turned ugly overnight, she'd still love . . . she meant, like . . . him just as much. He had brown straight hair which he combed in a college-boy style . . . but which sometimes fell into a Beatle-cut . . . and brown eyes. He wasn't remarkably stunning, but all the girls looked at him—he was almost pretty. He always dressed so well, too—he was really immaculate—and he was wealthy, too. In fact, he had everything—and they



"She opened the letter with shaking hands and read it."

made a lovely couple. And Carole missed him now . . . she really did.

. . . . . .

WHEN she got downstairs, her father had gone to work. Only her brother was in the kitchen hogging the table.

He looked up and grimaced at Carole. "Something wrong?" she asked sharply.

"Yes—your face!" he answered bluntly. "You'd better have an early night."

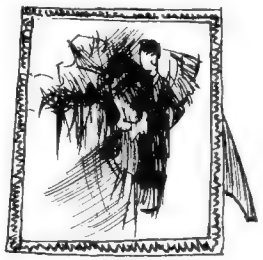
"Oh, mind your own," replied Carole shoving him out of the way, "and move your stuff—how am I supposed to eat with all this mess around?"

"Boy, it's obvious you're home again, isn't it?" he replied, moving his things and muttering.

"Going out today, Bobby?" she asked now trying to look interested, but only succeeding in looking eager.

"Might . . . depends," Bobby wasn't daft. "I was going to go to the pictures with Bill, but I ran out of pocket money—so it looks as if I'll have to stay home and do lots of things. But as I've got so many things to do I'll probably need the sitting-room table and the kitchen table . . . then I'll have to have the records

"That photo, of them together."



on to help me concentrate. Shame I ran out of pocket money—else I'd have been away almost all day, but still it doesn't matter 'cos . . ."

"All right, all right," said Carole putting her hands to her ears. "I can take a hint. Here's five bob—and promise you'll see the film five times over for me, okay?"

"Oh, okay," said Bobby, taking it almost reluctantly, "I'll just have to put off doing those other things till some other day."

Carole sighed with relief when she heard the door bang behind him. She wanted peace and quiet today—she had lots to organise.

"I do wish you'd hurry up and come back to live here, dear—you're getting awfully thin. I'm not sure all those parties are good for you." Her mother was staring at her worriedly. Carole smiled. Her mother still didn't realise that she'd finished her training ages ago and was already settled in London, but this way she was happy thinking Carole was coming back. But she wasn't—she couldn't settle in a small town after having known the big busy city. "I don't go to the parties as a guest mum. It's all work, don't forget."

"Yes, but still . . . " her mother shook her head and walked out of the room.

. . . . . .

CAROLE finished her breakfast, went upstairs and got her notebook then settled with it and the phone in the front room. Within a couple of hours she'd laid on the food, drink and waitresses. She had to go down to the hall later on, of course, to make sure everything had arrived, and just how much of it hadn't . . . and whom she could put in place of the waitress who'd suddenly been taken sick. Oh, it wasn't easy by a long shot.

She had an hour to waste though, so she walked to the main street and gazed at the shops. She'd stopped for hours in front of the clothes shops last year, but now she didn't even look at them. They weren't the sort of clothes she'd even consider trying on.

Clothes had always been a bit of an obsession with Carole and when she was given a dress allowance, too, so she could look right amongst the guests, she felt her job was the most perfect one there could be.

Philip liked the way she dressed too. "You always look so lovely and tidy . . . and efficient," he'd say. "I'm almost scared to touch you." Then she'd convinced him she wouldn't mind . . . and he'd kiss her and she'd feel wonderful. She was rather surprised that Philip bothered to compliment her, for the people with whom he mixed all the time always dressed so well—as Philip himself did.

He'd loved her pale blue chiffon dress that she'd worn at the party where she'd first met him. That had been some party. It was one of her first. She'd loved joining in then. At first she'd stayed in the background a little shyly, after seeing that everything was fine, of course, but she'd noticed Philip at once and had seen him looking her way quite a lot that evening.

"All alone?" He'd come up to her, leaving a sulky, snooty girl by herself. "Who did you come with?"

"Well . . . no-one really," Carole said embarrassedly. "I'm working actually."

He'd looked amused. "Working?" It sounded almost like a dirty word—and she wasn't sure whether she liked him. But she soon knew.

"Yes, working," she answered defensively. "I'm an Organiser—and I fixed this party for you all."

"Well, brains as well as beauty. And I bet you cook like a dream, too?"

"I CAN cook, but I haven't been able to do any for ages. I'm far too busy."

"Parties every night, eh? You're the lucky one."

"Oh, it gets very tiring sometimes."

"Come on now—why don't you forget it's work and enjoy yourself?"

"Oh no! I couldn't! I mean . . . well, I don't know if I'm allowed to."

"Sure you are. C'mon let's have a dance." And before she could say anything else, he dragged her on the floor and began to dance. The floor soon cleared and people stood around tapping their feet as they watched the shaking and twirling Carole with her ruffled blonde hair and lovely dress floating to and from her knees. Carole completely forgot about everyone else and gave it everything she had . . . but the loud clapping made her look round with large, surprised eyes. She blushed—but Philip took her by the hand and led her over to the buffet and gave her a drink and sandwich.

She took them gratefully and said, without thinking, "Oh, what fabulous sandwiches."

"Well, you ordered them, didn't you?"

"Oh . . . how silly—I forgot. I didn't realise they were so good though. I'll have to join in more often."

Before Philip could say anything more though, the sulky girl had put her arm through his and pulled him away, saying, "You must not ignore me Philip—else I'll be hurt."

He raised his eyebrows at Carole and disappeared. She didn't see him that evening . . . and the rest of the party was really flat without him. She thought that this boy was something special—someone she wouldn't lose sight of just like that. But she already had.

. . . . . .

"OH, well," she thought, shrugging ruefully, "I wasn't really in his class, anyway." She watched all the others, and had a few more dances with the other boys . . . but it wasn't the same. She couldn't put her whole heart into it because she knew that long after everyone had gone on to another party or club, she'd be trudging home with equipment and notes and accounts. Alone.

After that, at all the other parties she organised and attended, she kept a special look out for Philip, but she never saw him again—and after a while she even forgot about him.

When the parties were very well-to-do affairs, she kept in the background and kept her eye on the food and drink. But when it was a big happy-go-lucky wedding reception or just a party thrown by young people in a hall, she had a whale of a time.

She was never long without a partner. But the only snag was that round about midnight—she was the last one left, to switch off the lights and tidy up. And

"Parties every night, eh? You're the lucky one."

there's nothing quite so lonely as a big, empty hall when the noise has died down and you switch off the lights and walk away with echoing footsteps. But she had to get used to it. And it hadn't been so bad when she met Richard.

There was a Rave Session on in a big hall and Carole had been looking forward to organising this. She remembered just the sort of things she'd liked to eat after she'd been dancing hectically and she ordered up the perfect things. This time, she also supervised the decorating. And the hall really looked perfect when she'd finished.

She waited eagerly for it to begin . . . and when it did, it was a really swinging affair. Carole had never danced so much non-stop. When Richard had found her, he hadn't let her go so easily and she didn't want to.

He wasn't madly good-looking, although he had such a lovely personality that it almost showed. He had the sort of pleasant face that you can't describe, and Carole stared as if she couldn't get enough of it.

That party had been really wonderful—for she hadn't left it alone. Richard had stayed behind and helped her . . . then he'd walked her back to her digs and she'd invited him up for a coffee. It was lovely—all done so secretly in case old "dragon-face" her landlady, heard and gave her a lecture on the wrong-doings of young-

sters of today. When they made it safely to her room, they both collapsed with laughter for no reason at all, then they'd sat around and talked and talked for ages. She wanted to see him again very much—and he wanted to see her too. In fact, he wanted to so much, that he'd wait for her after every party—however late—and walk her home. She couldn't believe that a boy could be so sweet. She fell for Richard and life was just one big party after that.

. . . . . .

SHE met lots and lots of boys at all her parties. And she went out with them. She told Richard, too—and although he hadn't liked it at first, he agreed that if she wanted to she should. Carole didn't know why she wanted to—but in a party atmosphere she felt her feelings keep changing, and couldn't refuse if someone nice asked her out.

But nothing was quite as perfect and complete as her affair with Richard. If boys had money, she found things too organised and knew what to expect. And, as she spent most of her time organising things, she didn't want her free time organised for her.

Other boys were quite fun, but after all the plush parties she was used to—she began to feel a bit lost if she went with them to an ordinary party. There were a couple of boys she fell for, but it didn't last longer than a fortnight. And Richard was always there for her to go back to. She really settled down with him . . . and then she saw Philip again!

At first she couldn't believe her eyes. She saw him across the room talking to a very elegant girl, and she hadn't liked to interrupt, but then he'd looked up and seen her and come straight over. They didn't talk much—they just danced cheek-to-cheek, then gone outside and he'd kissed her till her legs felt as if they would melt beneath her. He told her when he'd be seeing her again—and he also told her that he wasn't going to share her with anyone else. So she'd given up Richard. Philip had a magic charm which made her do just as she was told. Whereas Richard had always aimed to please her—Philip always did the leading whether she liked it or not!

They went out during the day when she was free. They spent the days in the park or the zoo, where that photo had been taken, or just walking or driving his lovely car. But then he surprised her.

"Look honey, I love being with you during the day . . . but I want to spend all my evenings with you, too."

"I do, too, Philip—but I can't! You know that. My job . . ."

"That's no job for someone like you. That's for older, matronly types. You should be out having fun—not working in kitchens and things."

"I don't work in kitchens, Philip—and I happen to love my job. It's interesting."

"Well, don't bank everything on it—'cos you might just have to choose one day! !"

"That day being today?" She'd asked, her blood running cold. She didn't want to have to make such a decision.

"I'll give you time, Carole—but we can't go on like this. Get a part-time job or something, can't you?"

He never thought about things like having to work for a living. He worked—when he felt like it. But there was always an allowance to fall back on—very comfortably! She promised she'd give him her decision after she'd been back home for a week. It was time now.

Carole stopped—right in front of a phone box. Well, here it was in front of her—and she HAD been home a week. It was all so awkward. She felt so awful—just like the time she'd told Richard it was all off. He'd just stared and stared and told her he loved her so—but she said she was sorry but there was nothing else she could do. He'd reduced her to tears just by being so nice and that made her feel worse—and he'd apologised for it and tried to joke.

" She took a deep breath and waited to hear his voice."

"Well—you realise of course, that there'll be no more parties for me. I always pretended I was joining in whenever I'd wait for you outside. Still never mind—perhaps parties every night aren't so good for one, eh?"

Carole had just run away from him. She felt better when she was in Philip's arms later.

Now, she took a deep breath and walked into the phone box, put in her money and dialled.

"Philip Carlton, please—it's Carole Marsden here," she said to the girl who answered. She heard the girl call out "Philip—a Carole Marsden here for you, darling." Then she heard a faint voice saying, "Carole, who?" Then the girl came back on the line. "You did say Carole Marsden, didn't you?"

"Oh, it doesn't matter," said Carole smiling a little sadly, "It doesn't really matter at all." And she put down the receiver. Then she picked it up and dialled again.

"Hello. Could I speak to Rich . . . Richard, is that you?" It was. "Thank you so much for your letter, darling. I'll be in London next week and I was wondering if you'd care to organise a party for me?" She couldn't stop a couple of tears rolling down her nose—she was so happy. She spoke and spoke and felt so close to him. Then she said, "Richard—remember you said parties every night couldn't be so good for you? Well, don't you think perhaps that every night *could* be a party . . . without all the organisation before it? Of course, it would only be for a twosome . . . "

She stepped out of the box with a smile and smudged mascara, and went back home. The phone was ringing and she answered it.

"Yes? Speaking. No, please don't worry Mrs. Jeffries—everything's organised. It's all under control . . . "

end

BEAUTY IS WHERE BEAUTY *IS*

Clever—and beautiful—is the girl who loves beauty all around her. When you see a pretty girl walking down the street, you don't really bother to wonder what her bedroom looks like. You automatically assume it's pretty and feminine.

I shouldn't think there are many of us who can afford to have our rooms just the way we'd like them, but that's no excuse for keeping the odds and ends in cardboard boxes and chipped saucers.

Nowadays all the beautiful cosmetics you use usually come in beautiful containers, or they can be easily put into beautiful containers. And this DOESN'T cost a fortune.

A swivel mirror for all-purpose use.

Take a stroll into your nearest chemist and feast your eyes on their matching dressing-table accessories. Boots do a marvellous range of various sized jars in floralled china for as little as 2s. 11d. And they have their own lids, too. For 7s. 11d. you can get the prettiest one to keep your loose powder in—which is a whole lot tidier and nicer than keeping the thin boxes powder comes in. There's a whole range of jars in various shapes and sizes that do justice to just about any dressing-table

Oh, and by the way, don't believe that your dressing-table mirror is the only one you need, for, however large it is, there's no way of seeing your profile or back view. To do this job for you, have a second mirror handy. There are two shapes which are very popular—the first is a circular mirror with a coloured plastic frame, interwoven with a different coloured ribbon for 5s. 11d. This sits beautifully, but, unfortunately, can't be swung or adjusted to suit you. With the second mirror you can do just about whatever you like. It swings freely on a flowered stand and is a dual-purpose mirror, for it also has a magnifying glass. The smaller size is just 5s.

And remember, just because you have a dressing-table, that doesn't mean that you *have* to sit there and put your make-up on. It's much, much easier to have your nose glued to a mirror while you're putting on your make-up, and it's not always so easy to get terribly close to your dressing-table mirror. Also, you can put these mirrors on their own stands right under the light—and get your make-up "spot on".

What is it a girl usually has on her dressing-table? Well, tissues, always. They come in lovely colours now, too—thank goodness manufacturers realise that we girls like pretty colours about us. White alone is just not good enough! But tissues in their paper boxes aren't good enough either—we don't always want huge brand names spoiling the effect. So what do we do? We cover the packet with a frilly nylon tissue-holder in pale pink or blue. These are made in nylon—so they'll always stay fresh—and for 7s. 6d. you have a pretty companion to last.

There are so many things you can use for your beauty care which aren't necessarily made for that. For instance, why not use pretty ornamental ashtrays to keep your hair-clips in?

Lacquer bowls cost as little as 4s. 11d.—and in these you can keep buttons, cuff-links from your shirt blouses, or even rings and lipsticks. You see, there *is* a way to keep your room from being cluttered up.

Pretty nylon cover up for tissues.

But maybe you keep as many of your beauty secrets in the bathroom as in your bedroom, but you can still keep up appearances—in case a nosey girlfriend happens to peep in to see which kind of bath-soap or salts you use. And talking of bath-salts, isn't it awkward when the packet they come in gets soggy from the steam? Well, why don't you pour them into a pretty glass vase? If you want to go really mad, you can get an absolutely fabulous mauve vase in a stunning shape for 17s. 6d. And don't forget, when it's empty—or you've given up using bath-salts, or even having baths!—you can leave it just as a decoration in your bedroom.

For real value you can't beat a glass bathroom-jar filled with rose-shaped soaps, for only 7s. 11d. Try as far as possible, to match everything you use—toothbrush, flannel, sponge. This proves a pretty girl has taste.

Now that we've sorted out what you should keep your odds and ends and loose bits in, let's have a look at some of the things that you actually use for your cosmetics.

Perfume—that's the part of make-up that a girl really feels naked without—apart from eye make-up, of course! Once you start using your favourite perfume, you just don't feel dressed without it. There are lots of pretty bottles that perfumes come in, but if you wanted to keep a strictly feminine bedroom, you wouldn't think of using a perfume unless it came from a spray. For one thing, handbag sprays keep a bottle from bursting open all over the usual jumble in a normal handbag, and they're tiny enough to keep in a purse. Ask for one on a birthday or at Christmas—but you can get a really pretty spray for 15s. 11d., which has a flowered porcelain base.

Lacquer bowls for your odd bits.

Unusual shaped glass jars for bath salts

A full size scent spray for the "feminine look".

Okay, now how about your shiny noses? No, I'm not getting personal—I was just wondering what you use for them. All right—powder. I know. But I didn't mean quite that. In your compacts you either use puffs that fit comfortably in them, or wads of cotton wool which you can get in lots of coloured balls for a bob, and which are much better, as you can just chuck them out when they get grubby. If you do use a puff, wash it! That's where your spots come from, you know—it's not always the chocolates and sweets!

Huge, puffy puffs for the "feminine feel".

But why not go mad and buy a ridiculous puff just for looks? I know they are meant to be used—but the pretty puffs are so huge and fluffy that all I get is an eyeful of powder and a tickling up my nose. I feel as if I'm in some comedy scene when I start lavishly powdering myself.

But we all like to feel like film stars occasionally, so we rather fancy using exotic things. The prices of these aren't exotic though—5s. 11d. It's worth it for a touch of the Elizabeth Taylors, isn't it?

Hold it! Just thought of a way you *can* use them. I forgot about the huge boxes of dusting talc you can buy. Then these puffs are ideal. They come in cellophane boxes in lovely reds, blues, and many other colours—and each have a rose with them. And, seeing as we're being madly mean, you can then take off this rose and pin it to a suit—or just keep it to clip on to a birthday present you're sending off. Boy—how tight can you get! But waste not want not—isn't that what they say?

Well, what more can I say? Got my message yet? I mean, doesn't it make you FEEL a whole lot prettier, knowing that you've got a lovely compact in your handbag? When you open it, *you* get the pretty picture of you inside, but the person on the opposite side gets the pretty picture of the compact lid, and this makes him think that the girl behind it must be lovely.

Pretty cover-up job for rollers.

A big spray is a must to keep on your dressing table, for this way you not only get a feminine effect, but you also get your scent sprayed on evenly and in all awkward corners—like the crook of your arms or behind your ears.

When I use scent during the day, at work, I take out the bottle and waste half of it on my fingers trying to dab it on. It's either that or tipping the bottle down your neck—making it run (the scent I mean, not your neck!) all the way down your front. And have you ever tried tipping the bottle behind your ears? You end up with soggy hair and an ear full of scent—which is very uncomfortable. The only safe place to tip a bottle of scent is on the wrists, but then, if you get distracted, it runs all up your arm and bang goes another bottle of "parfoom"—as they say in better circles.

I could go on and on—like I always do—about pretty things in a girl's bedroom. How about dolls? I know you can't use them, but little traditionally-dressed dolls are so pretty to scatter in odd spots. And how about pretty chocolate boxes for stockings and hankies?

And candlesticks are not just for lighting romantic, cosy tete-à-tete meals. They also look gorgeous on either side of a mantle-piece.

Oh, and just before we finish off our little chat—well, my chat—let's get really personal. We all use hair rollers—don't try to deny it—it does no good! And, let's face it, these rollers are about the most unfeminine things you can use. Someone once said that they were like a rocket base on top of a woman's head—and that just about sums it up!

Small dolls to dot about in dark or dull corners.

Flattery of candlelight. And candlesticks to flatter any room.

Well, you can cover them up at night with a pretty frilly night-cap. But how about during the day? If you're like me, you'll have been keeping them in old boxes, tins or handbags—but now, discovery! Boots do a deep plastic bin with a rose stuck on the lid for a handle. This, I think, should be the hint of the year. And, thanks to the clever Roller-Bin inventor, I no longer get embarrassed when a friend spies the secret for my flowing locks—which flow right down to my ears then stop dead! Anyway this is a great idea and worth about five bob.

Okay—I've had my say and I still think that if you're a worrier about your looks, you'll worry about what people think of you *all* the time. Not just when you're done up and out walking. Go on—why not splash out and let people say, "There goes a really feminine girl!"

You'll be really proud of the way you care about your looks—and so will your boy!

THE RIGHT CLOTHES

Wearing the right clothes at the right time is just as important as being in the right place at the right time. No girl would dream of turning up too late for a date, and she'd always make sure that she had the correct meeting point fixed in her clever little head.

Likewise, the smart girl plans her wardrobe to suit the life she leads. She is the one we all envy. SHE would never arrive at a bowling alley in a tight dress.

Nor would SHE sit in the pictures in her flounciest skirt—what a waste!

For work, Hazel favours the commutor dress (pinafore). Commutors are easy to slip on, and a multitude of blouses and jumpers can be slipped on underneath.

What could be better for an evening out? Just slip off the daytime sweater and pull on a glitter one. Or, better still, wear the commuter as a sleeveless dress and decorate with a brooch.

An evening at the cinema calls for something ultra-simple. Hazel's high-waisted, little-girl dress is ideal. It won't crease too much, is comfortable and has a really flattering round neckline.

For an evening listening to records in a coffee-bar it's great, too. We'd like to bet it would draw both admiring glances AND males!

When you're deciding on your clothes for "the occasion", start from the moment you leave your house in the morning. After all, it's just as important for your workmates to see you looking up-to-scratch as it is for your dates. And you never know, an extra special date might call one day to take you to lunch.

It might break a budding romance if he caught you in that shapeless old sweater, baggy skirt and down-at-heel shoes.

At the same time, if you went out on a casual date with him in the evening, dressed to kill, and then went to the local bowling alley, you'd feel a nit and get embarrassed.

For this reason, it's a very good idea to keep an outfit specially for the bowling alley or the skating rink.

Knickerbockers are the latest casual wear at the alley. One firm has designed a special range of clothes strictly for bowling.

The ice-rink is a terrific place for meeting people.

When Hazel goes, she wears her diamond-patterned trousers, matching top or pullover and a long grey jerkin for extra warmth.

More and more girls are trying out long dresses and skirts for informal "at homes". As they are about the same price as short dresses and skirts —around £4—and are wonderful cold beaters, they are steadily becoming the rage.

Hazel wears hers when she invites a few friends round for "Shake" sessions. For extra warmth and smartness she puts on a pair of gaily patterned stockings or knee-length socks and flat round-toed shoes. And if she's feeling a bit draughty up top, she adds a thick woolly stole or a heavy sweater.

On occasions when something really special is needed, it's best to play safe with black. Blondes look good in this stark colour, and so do brunettes.

The dress Hazel keeps for more formal parties has a deep scoop neckline, low to the waist at the back, and is finished with a bow and a flouncy frill. Dressed up with an exotic neckline, this is a real hit-you-in-the-eye outfit.

Still on warmth, one of the most sensible and attractive ideas that the fashion makers dreamed up is the tweed and wool mix.

Take a look at Hazel's go-anywhere coat. It has a snazzy tartan back and front, matching scarf and close-fitting black knitted sleeves.

The stunning outfit is completed with a Guardsman-type busby in fake fur.

Dressed in these togs she can face all weathers. And, if she takes the hat off she's fit for a snowball fight!

For one of those rare, sunny days when you're invited out for a drive, it's best to have something gay at the ready.

Whether it's a Jaguar or Mini, you'll feel great speeding out in a pair of hipster slacks and a jaunty top which leaves the midriff bare.

If you're not daring enough for that, buy a plain shirt to wear with the slacks. Tie a scarf around your head—and you're away!

The best plan for those who are always making mistakes, is to find out exactly where "Mr Wonderful" intends taking you.

Before getting down to selecting the right clothes for the right time, make sure your buying habits are on the ball.

Here are a few hints:

DON'T buy anything you don't absolutely go crazy over. If a dress doesn't knock you over sideways when you first try it on, the chances of its making you feel on top of the world six months later, are pretty remote.

NEVER buy anything because you feel you ought to. Shop where you can return without embarrassment.

MAKE a shop your special shop and buy everything you can there.

PAY most for clothes you wear most—like suits and coats.

BUY one complete outfit each spring and autumn.

STICK to one or two colours in shoes and bags—black is definitely the best.

AND REMEMBER—every girl's motto should be "BE PREPARED"—for any day and every occasion. Clothes-wise, anyway!

Ten Boys To Love

A conducted tour of the male menagerie!

1. *Sammy Smooth.* He comes in various shapes and sizes, although he's unlikely to be very tall. He is well-groomed, worldly wise, and money is no object.

On a date, flowers appear like magic. His car is always ready and waiting. He's attentive, flattering, always knows what to do with wine, waiters, and commissionaires.

Never a hair out of place. Or a word. You get the smooth sell. But look out, for he's selling Sammy Smooth, and his machinery is so well-oiled that you might be pulled in.

And then you might find that you have to take the rough with the smooth!

2. *Tom Tough.* He's a rolling stone and he certainly doesn't gather any moss. Or permanent girlfriends. He's rough and ready. Will kiss a girl one minute and be off with the boys the next. He always has a name like Tom, Mick, Charlie or Jake. Could do with a haircut and would have to show signs of settling down to be taken seriously. But he's faithful.

We all know what boys are made of. Snips and snails and puppy dogs' tails.

But many a girl would like to add a few more 'orrible things to that explosive mixture that biologists and scientists have labelled BOY.

For you see, a boy can mean something sweet and nice and gentle to one girl, and a particularly nasty piece of goods to another.

So, to help you sort out the winners from the wolves, we've typed the boys you're likely to run across in life.

Note the characteristics carefully. Look for the tell-tale signs.

Do yourself a favour and head off heartaches.

Put your new boyfriends through the Type Test.

Could be intriguing.

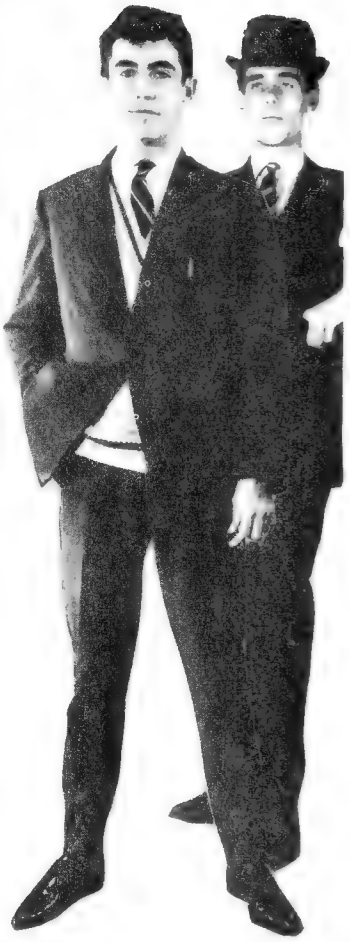
3. *Bill Bigg.* Thinks he's God's gift to women. Won't take no for an answer until you spell it out with the heel of your shoe on the back of his head. Overdressed, over-oiled, over-spoilt, overdone, and overbearing. Beware.

4. *Jim Friendly.* He's almost too good to be true. And then you find he really is true. And good. He gives you his undivided attention in a sincere sort of way. Like a happy puppy. Uncomplicated. Usually good-looking in a youngish, boyish way, like Cliff and Paul McC. Has a big, tender heart—overbrimming with warmth and happiness. You'll never be rich with him, but you'll be happy.

5. *Natty Neat.* He spends a fortune on clothes and is so annoyed if they get a stain on them. Likes to use American words like "blast" for drink, and "smashed" for being under the weather with drink. Wears dark glasses as an affectation and can't pass a mirror without looking in. Wears hair long but carefully brushed. Has a car which is slightly off-beat, and likes rhythm and blues and lesser known pop stars. Is fun, interesting, intriguing and good for the career girl. But keep your heart under lock and key. His own career comes first every time.

6. *Brian Body.* A blond giant who plays games exceptionally well. Plays rugby or soccer every weekend and trains seriously. They come first until one day he meets a girl and falls heavily—usually the first or second time. His will bends easily till one day he might just dig his heels in, then you'll never move him. Faithful, protective and a tower of strength. But don't submerge him.

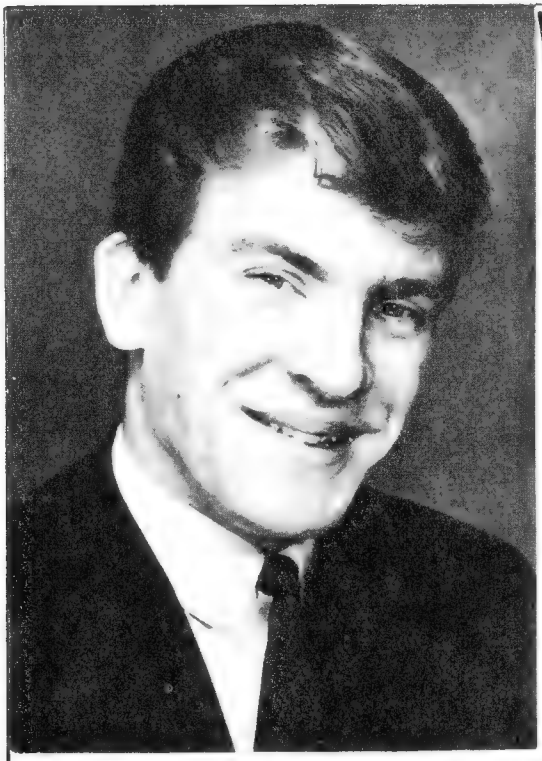
7. *Terry Tryer.* He's an earnest young man who's always trying to impress. But somehow it never comes off. He's harmless, immensely likeable and honest, but when he tries to "big time" it, the commissionaire lets the door go in his face. The waiter pours the wine over *him.* He's a loveable loser.



8. *Peter Pro.* He's the commercial artist type. Lean, dark, in love with his work and extremely competent. BUT, once away from the office he behaves like a child. Is silly, giggly and spoiled.

9. *Fred Funny.* Draws a zero all round. Tries to be the life and soul of the party and is an awful drag. No sensitivity. Can't put a foot right. Always has a new girlfriend, because girls can't stand him for more than a few dates.

10. *Ron Right.* Tall, handsome, masculine and intelligent. A dream man who has a sense of humour and is mature beyond his years. Gives the impression of having been around without pushing the feeling. Confident with captivating hints of shyness. The kind of boy you dream about. If he's still there the next day, **HOLD ON TIGHT!**



WHAT A TIME FOR TERRY 2

It's really been a year here at "Boyfriend" and Terry tells you what he's noticed most.

YES . . . yes, I can definitely say that '64 has been a pretty fab year. Pop-wise, we've seen some big changes on the scene—in fact, the biggest since the advent of Rock and Roll. Me-wise, I've also seen some big changes. The brightest change was writing my column for Boyfriend. Great stuff—not the column, but the fact that I'm allowed to write it.

On the sound scene, '64 marked the start of the R. & B. sound from British Groups. The Stones and Manfred Mann both rocketed to the top early on in the year with their own brands of R. & B. And what a fabulous sound they both make! I hope it continues to pound for a good few years yet.

The Beatles. Well, what can I say about them that hasn't already been said? So, I'll just stack my congratulations on top of the pile and leave it at that. I doubt if the Beatles, even in their twistiest and shoutiest dreams, ever thought that they could top their fantabulous success of '63, but sure enough our Beatle boys did just that.

What else was new on the sound scene that year? Ah, yes, Blue Beat. I wasn't really sure about that at first. I couldn't get used to the vocal being in a different key to the backing —sounded all wrong. But when some of the British groups started to play Blue Beat, it really started to swing. I suppose the original B.B. sounds great played on the sun-kissed beaches of Trinidad (that sounds a bit like a travel poster) but it even goes on the rain-washed pavements of England.

Oh, while I think of it, I promised my ol' mate Terry One, that I'd give you all his luv when I did the annual. So here goes—X X X X

Well, he did write it for three months of the year, so it's only fair that he should have that bit.

I must be off now—get an early start for next year's page!

LOVE, SAILORS, AND A NICE GIRL.
I WISH I COULD FIND OUT WHAT THESE BOYS ARE UP TO!
She just couldn't tell the difference between sea-fever and love . .
IT MUST BE SOMETHING IMPORTANT — THEY'VE BEEN CARRYING ON LIKE THIS FOR QUITE A WHILE NOW
JOHN, PAUL AND KEITH HAD LIVED IN OUR HOUSE FOR ALMOST THREE YEARS, IN FACT, EVER SINCE THEY'D LEFT SCHOOL AND CAME TO WORK IN THE CITY. WE'D ALWAYS BEEN THE BEST OF FRIENDS, ONLY RECENTLY THEY HAD BEGUN TO ACT VERY STRANGELY
I KEPT FINDING THEM IN LITTLE HUDDLES — BICKERING AWAY. . . .
OH, PAUL, DON'T BE RIDICULOUS! THAT'S NO SOLUTION!
WELL IF YOU CAN THINK OF A BETTER ONE. . . .
OH, STOP IT YOU TWO, THIS ISN'T GETTING US ANYWHERE
BUT THE MOMENT I ASKED THEM WHAT WAS WRONG, THEY SHUT UP LIKE CLAMS — AND RATHER SHEEPISH CLAMS, AT THAT
WHAT'S WRONG BOYS?
IT'S NOTHING, MAUREEN, PLEASE DON'T WORRY
WE WERE ONLY PLAYING AROUND, MAUREEN — DON'T TAKE ANY NOTICE
I JUST COULDN'T UNDERSTAND IT. THEY'D NEVER BEEN SECRETIVE BEFORE
AND THEY'D SUDDENLY BECOME SO POLITE AND CONSIDERATE, TOO. IT WAS VERY STRANGE — I DIDN'T LIKE IT AT ALL!
IS THERE ANYTHING WE CAN DO FOR YOU MAUREEN?
YES, WOULD YOU LIKE US TO HELP WITH THE HOUSE-WORK OR ANYTHING?
IT REALLY WOULDN'T BE ANY TROUBLE, WOULD IT BOYS?
ONLY THEY WERE GETTING TO BE A BIT TOO CONSIDERATE — IN FACT, THEY WERE BEGINNING TO DRIVE ME MAD!
NO-NO! IT'S ALL RIGHT, IT WON'T TAKE ME A MOMENT — YOU GO OUT!
IT WAS QUITE A STRAIN TRYING NOT TO SAY "PLEASE!" BUT IT WAS ALL VERY ODD — I COULDN'T THINK WHAT WAS WRONG WITH THEM
THEY'VE NEVER ACTED LIKE THIS BEFORE — IT MUST BE GIRL-TROUBLE OR SOMETHING LIKE THAT

BUT IF IT WAS GIRL TROUBLE, IT CERTAINLY WAS SERIOUS GIRL TROUBLE!
I'M TELLING YOU, KEITH, IT CAN'T GO ON
WELL, WE'LL JUST HAVE TO TELL HER!
YES, THAT'S GREAT—WHO'S GOING TO VOLUNTEER?
JOHN!
KEITH!
AND WE'RE RIGHT BACK WHERE WE STARTED!
BOYS—BOYS! WHAT IS WRONG?
OH, SORRY, MAUREEN. ER, WE WERE JUST HAVING A BIT OF A DISAGREEMENT
YES—YES, THAT'S RIGHT—ABOUT FOOTBALL! WE DIDN'T MEAN TO UPSET YOU
YOU KNOW HOW IT IS, MAUREEN—WE JUST GOT RATHER CARRIED AWAY. WE ARE SORRY—REALLY!
BUT, AS USUAL, BY THE TIME THEY'D EXPLAINED AND APOLOGISED OVER AND OVER AGAIN, IT JUST WASN'T WORTH TAKING IT ANY FURTHER
THEN ONE DAY I HEARD THEM DISCUSSING IT WITH SOME FRIENDS.....
WELL, HAVE YOU TOLD HER YET?
NO—IT'S TERRIBLE. BUT WE JUST CAN'T SEEM TO BRING OURSELVES TO IT
MAUREEN! OH, ER, MAUREEN—WASN'T THAT THE DOORBELL?
I DIDN'T EVEN BOTHER TO LOOK. I COULD SEE BY THE LOOKS ON THEIR FACES THAT IT WOULD BE A WASTE OF TIME!
BUT AT LAST I HAD A CLUE ABOUT WHAT WAS WORRYING THEM
IT'S SOMETHING TO DO WITH A GIRL AND ALL THREE OF THEM..... NOW WHAT...?
SUDDENLY THE WHOLE THING CLICKED. IT WAS SO SIMPLE
OF COURSE! THEY'RE ALL IN LOVE WITH THE SAME GIRL!
THE NEXT NIGHT WE ALL WENT TO A PARTY AT A FRIEND'S HOUSE. I MADE UP MY MIND TO KEEP AN EYE ON THEM—JUST IN CASE
I'M GLAD YOU UNDERSTAND, SHEILA
I DON'T WANT TO LOSE YOU, DARLING, BUT IF YOUR MINDS MADE UP.. ONLY—HOW WILL YOU TELL MAUREEN?
TELL MAUREEN? WHAT ON EARTH IS SHEILA TALKING ABOUT?

OH, KEITH!
I'M SORRY, DARLING / I JUST DON'T KNOW HOW I'M GOING TO TELL MAUREEN
OH, NO! THIS IS GETTING WORSE AND WORSE — WHAT HAS IT GOT TO DO WITH ME?
THEN CAME THE FINAL SHOCK
YOU KNOW HOW WE ALL FEEL ABOUT MAUREEN....
I JUST HOPE IT DOESN'T COME AS TOO MUCH OF A SHOCK FOR HER
OH, NO!
SHE'LL PROBABLY DIE / I MEAN, THE THREE OF YOU ALL AT ONCE...
A HORRIBLE THOUGHT SUDDENLY STRUCK ME. THEY WERE OBVIOUSLY ALL IN LOVE WITH ONE GIRL AND THEY'D ALL BEEN SO KIND AND CONSIDERATE TO ME LATELY....
NO! IT'S NOT POSSIBLE — I'M JUST BEING SILLY! THEY COULDN'T POSSIBLY BE IN LOVE WITH ME!
IT SEEMED SO MAD — I JUST COULDN'T STOP MYSELF LAUGHING A BIT. BUT I WASN'T GOING TO TAKE ANY CHANCES!
AFTER A BIT OF PLANNING AND SCHEMING I WAS READY, SO I TOOK A DEEP BREATH AND PLUNGED IN
ER, JOHN — WHICH OF YOUR GIRLFRIENDS DO YOU LIKE MOST?
WHAT? WELL, ER, I DON'T KNOW! I'VE NEVER REALLY THOUGHT ABOUT IT!
BUT NOW THAT I HAD STARTED I WAS DETERMINED NOT TO GIVE UP
HOW ABOUT YOU, KEITH?
I — I DON'T KNOW EITHER, MAUREEN!
AND YOU PAUL? YOU MUST LIKE SOMEONE JUST A LITTLE BIT MORE!
I — I CAN'T THINK OF ANYONE OFFHAND!
BESIDES, WE'VE GIVEN THEM ALL UP NOW.....

JOHN!
OUCH! MY LEG!
YOU AND YOUR BIG MOUTH!
THEY JUST SAT THERE WITH GUILT WRITTEN ALL OVER THEIR FACES, AND I REALISED I'D HIT THE RIGHT SPOT
IT WAS TIME TO TAKE UP THE LAST BIT OF MY PLAN — AND I MUST ADMIT I THOUGHT I DID IT RATHER WELL!
4
YOU'RE RIGHT, OF COURSE! YOU'RE FAR TOO YOUNG TO HAVE ONLY ONE GIRLFRIEND, YOU SHOULD HAVE HUNDREDS ON A STRING — A SORT OF GIRL IN EVERY PORT, AS THEY SAY!
YOU KNOW MAUREEN, HA, HA, HA, — I THINK YOU HAVE A POINT THERE!
HA, HA HA! HA, HA!
I DIDN'T REALLY SEE WHAT WAS FUNNY, BUT AT LEAST MY PLAN SEEMED TO HAVE WORKED
WELL, WE'RE JUST GOING OUT MAUREEN — WE'LL BE BACK SOON
CHEERIO, MAUREEN!
'BYE!
WELL, THEY CERTAINLY CHEERED UP QUICKLY — NO BROKEN HEARTS THERE!
I DONT KNOW WHETHER I'M PLEASED OR JUST A LITTLE BIT DISAPPOINTED!
I WAS JUST ABOUT TO GO OUT OF THE ROOM LATER, WHEN A FLASH OF NAVY AND WHITE CAUGHT MY EYE AS I PASSED THE WINDOW
I DON'T BELIEVE IT!
..YOU SEE, WE TOLD OUR GIRL-FRIENDS, BUT WE JUST DIDN'T KNOW HOW TO BREAK THE NEWS TO YOU.....
..AND THEN THAT HINT YOU GAVE US THIS MORNING SHOWED US THAT YOU KNEW
MAUREEN, WHO DID TELL YOU THAT WE WERE GOING TO JOIN THE NAVY?
OH, HOW COULD I HAVE BEEN SO SILLY!
I DON'T KNOW HOW MAUREEN FOUND OUT, BUT SHE CERTAINLY SAVED US A LOT OF TROUBLE — THAT REALLY WAS A BROAD HINT SHE GAVE US!
AND TO THINK THAT WE'VE BEEN FALLING OVER OURSELVES TO TRY TO BE AS NICE AS POSSIBLE AND BREAK IT TO HER GENTLY!
BUT WHAT COULD I DO EXCEPT LAUGH? MY VANITY HAD BEEN CRUSHED A BIT, BUT AFTER, I COULDN'T COMPLAIN — I WASN'T LOSING THREE SUITORS, I WAS GAINING A FLEET!
end

BEATLES ALL OVER!

The Beatles must be one of the most widely travelled and widely known groups throughout the world. During the past year or so, their talents and appeal has leapt over all boundaries and frontiers.

They first became popular when abroad, in Hamburg, although very little, if anything, was known of them here. The Germans round about Hamburg knew they were on to a good thing, and re-booked them to return time and time again. The music they played out there was much wilder than it is today. That's the way they wanted it dished out.

It took the British Isles some time to really notice them, but after they twisted and shouted themselves through a couple of discs, the whole of the country got the message, and then the rest of the world started getting signals of the sounds that were about to invade them.

Each trip this group has made abroad, has turned into what can only be called a fantastic success.

In Paris, the Eiffel Tower nearly toppled over with the excitement, and the George V Hotel where they stayed for their visit, will never be quite so upright and distinguished again.

Until the early hours of the morning the Beatles required room service. Yes, they were still working and playing, at the time, on songs for their film. Six of them had to be written before they returned to London, so Paul and John had a piano installed in the £50 a day suite.

On their trip to Sweden, it was near enough the same story. They were met with bouquets of flowers, Press men from all over the world,

and T.V. cameras. Whatever the Beatles do is a big event for the Press.

One thing the boys noticed on their trip to Paris was that a sizeable amount of the audiences were boys. Very unusual occurrence, hardly ever witnessed in England, but that didn't stop them shouting and clammering for the B-E-A-T-L-E-S!

Of course, the biggest breakthrough for the boys abroad, was the trip to the States—as if anyone could forget that!

Slogans like: "I Want to hold your nose, Ringo!" drifted over the Atlantic to us.

Pop fans and pop singers were so used to accepting American singers and singing styles, that it didn't seem possible that the Beatles could storm the States' record scene with just one visit. But we all know the Beatles better than that! Up they went in the American charts, breaking all disc and T.V. history. Their LP, by the way, also made the grade along with their singles, as the fastest selling discs in the world.

Millionaires offered them houses and yachts to use at their leisure while they lived it up in the expensive playground of Miami. Nothing that they could offer or do for the Beatles was good enough, they felt.

Back on this side of the ocean, the boys caused more riots on their arrival at London Airport. That's another place that will never be quite the same! When the jet arrived from New York, bringing back to us our biggest "live" exports in the shape of four lads from Liverpool, there were many screaming fans to greet them.

The Beatles, as well as seeing the world, have seen Great Britain in great detail. They've seen sunrise in Scarborough, breakfast in Bradford, lunch in Liverpool, tea in Torquay, dinner in Doncaster, and supper in Sheffield. It certainly seems that in order to get around in style these days, all you have to do is become a pop singer.

The boys like the travelling, although one-nighters are a bit of a nightmare for the police as well as themselves. Police escort them from hotels to the next venue on the bill, then get them out again and on their way in one or rather *four* pieces. Everywhere they go, they're prisoners—but only in the nicest possible way.

The Beatles are such good musical ambassadors that we wonder if they've ever thought of having a go at politics? We're sure the world would be a happier place if they did!

BLANK CHEQUE FOR LOVING

BY LINDA LEE

There are ways and ways of loving . . . .
and it's not all a smooth and romantic path . . . .

HELEN'S dark hair shone in the sunlight, and her black eyes sparkled beneath her Beatle fringe. She gazed up and smiled at the wall of photographs in her bedroom. Fair-haired Kildare was her hero, and she'd always dreamed of meeting someone like him. Someone who would think the world of her, and do anything she wished.

She'd never had it that way before. In fact she'd never had much chance to meet boyfriends of any kind. For she had been the eldest of a large family, and it had seemed she was always looking after them.

When Johnnie, the youngest, left school and got a job, she decided to make a break. Her Mum had been sympathetic, but her Dad had remained disapproving: "There's still plenty of work to do here, even if the twins and Robert have left home. I don't know what your Mum will do without you . . . " Yet Helen knew her Mum loved Johnnie, and liked looking after him, and so she left home without too much of a guilt complex. And she came to join Shirley in her flat in Liverpool, full of excitement and crazy wild dreams.

"It would be fabulous to meet someone like *him*! Wouldn't it be marvellous to know that someone loved me so much he'd do anything, just *anything* I asked?"

"You'll be lucky," answered Shirley. For she was sceptical about Helen's dreams. She'd lived in Liverpool for a year already. And she knew the problems. She knew there were always boys to knock around with. Boys who liked to date a pretty girl; some played it cool—but most were faster than one cared to know about. She knew it was easy to kid herself she was in love with one of them. But it was quite a different thing to find someone she could really *like* a lot.

So she didn't want someone who loved *her* in a big way; she wanted someone she could love, too.

"I want a man *I* can think the world of, and give him all I've got," she told Helen. "I want to really fall in love!"

. . . . . .

BUT as Shirley had already found, it wasn't that easy finding a man like the one you dreamed about. Some of the boys couldn't dance, some had spots, and some were just plain stupid! And pretty soon Helen agreed with Shirley that Liverpool was a dump.

"All the super boys left this city months ago," she said. "And look what they've left for us . . . !"

They were both feeling flat and glum about it all one Saturday evening. Helen was reading the evening paper, and Shirley was listening to records. Then suddenly, Helen saw a headline on the page she was reading, and quickly she read it out to Shirley, "Say, isn't that where all the stars used to play? Let's go dancing tonight and let's go *there*. Right into the centre of Liverpool. They say you can meet ever such fab boys there!"

Shirley agreed with her, and they were on the bus to the City Centre, then standing before the great doors with dance posters billed outside. And at last they were on the dance floor, huddled in the corner with a lot of other girls.

The boys drank beers at the bar on the other side of the room. The atmosphere was warm and close, lights dim, drums sounding in the background.

At first all the boys they saw seemed just the usual types, and no one seemed very spectacular. And then, suddenly they saw a boy on the other side of the room who looked just like Paul McCartney. Tall and dark he was, with bright, laughing dark eyes.

Soon he started to dance with a girl near by him, and they watched intently.

"He's terrific," said Shirley. "If only *I* was that girl!"

"But she can't dance for nuts. Perhaps she's not his real girlfriend," said Helen hopefully. For he really did look like her idea of a superman, even though he didn't have fair hair. And her heart made an extra beat as he passed close by them. She felt he was the kind of man who could do anything in the world. If he played football, she knew he'd be captain. If he owned a car, she knew it'd be a sports model. If he was asked to fly in a rocket to the moon, she knew he'd do it—and that she would want to go with him.

Then the music stopped. The girl came towards them, and he strode to the men's part of the room. They both watched closely. It was odd, for they didn't often go for the same types. But this time they both went for the same man. Until Shirley saw the boy he was with. Like her, he was fair, with big, blue eyes. And an electric wave of love and lightning flashed across the room from her to him. He must have felt it, for that moment his eyes looked up, caught hers. And at the same time the boy with dark hair and laughing eyes caught Helen looking at him. It wasn't long before the two boys came over and asked them to dance.

. . . . . .

"WHAT'S your name, then?"
"Helen."

"Mine's Dave. Dave Carfax. Have you been here before? I've never seen you?"

"No. Shirley and I—she's my girlfriend—thought we'd make a change tonight, and so we came here . . ."

"And saw us?" Dave grinned, and she felt embarrassed. He was holding her much too tight and much too close for a stranger. Her body went taut as she thought about it, and he relaxed his grip, and suddenly threw her away from him, twisting, jiving to the beat—faster, faster. She felt her cheeks glow with excitement now, as she synchronised with his movements to the rhythm of the beat.

It was fabulous, and she wished it would go on for ever. He was smiling, laughing at her, and she caught his mood, and smiled back, carefree and happy.

All too soon the trumpeter's pouched cheeks flattened, the guitarist lay down his instrument, and the old joanna player's fingers became still. But he held her close before he let her go, and still had her hand in his after the dance ended:

"Care for a drink with me and Harry?" he invited.

She nodded. And they joined Shirley and Harry, the one that looked like Kildare. And soon they were all drinking, all talking at once.

"So you've not been here before. You've been missing something," said Dave, teasing.

"We've been missing something you mean!" said Harry, looking ardently at Shirley. Her eyes were

shining and she looked fabulous that evening, her blonde hair falling about her shoulders, and her tight pink dress matching the colour of her lips and peach-cream cheeks.

"How we never came to meet before beats me! You say you live in Alma Street? Well I live just round the corner!"

"That's right, yes," said Shirley. "But we only moved last month. There's still loads to do before we get straight!"

Somehow Shirley couldn't resist this tall, good-looking blue-eyed boy admiring her. Very quickly she felt herself . . . falling . . . was it into a trap? Or was it really love?

His fingers were touching hers now, and he was saying.

"Let me see you tomorrow then. I'll come in the morning, and you can tell me what there's left to do."

Helen felt a bit out of it. Dave hadn't asked to see her again yet. He hadn't even gone on holding her hand. He was lighting a cigarette now and talking to another mate of his, leaving her on her own. "He's fabulous, though," she couldn't help thinking as she watched him. "Gosh, I hope he goes on dancing with me." And at least he did that. He'd dance with her superbly, holding her close, then dancing fast, happy, laughing. But after a dance he'd leave her and chat to the boys. He always seemed to expect her to be there when he wanted a dance. When she wasn't he was really quite annoyed. So she hung around, waiting for him, and the moments she was with him were fab.

They went home in Harry's car at the end of the evening. And in the back Dave kissed her. Such magic she'd never known before. He was so big and strong, and yet the touch of his lips was so tender and gentle, then growing passionate, demanding . . .

It was so wonderful she didn't mind that he didn't say anything to her, didn't tell her she was pretty or that he loved her. Only when they were back at the flat and the boys left them did he say, casually: " 'Night then, honey. Not been a bad evening has it?" And his dark eyes danced as he looked at her. "I'll ring you then sometime, Helen . . . 'bye now . . ." and he was gone.

She retreated, dazed and happy, into her bedroom. And yet she was a little disappointed he had not made a definite date with her.

Shirley followed, and everything seemed rosy for her. "Oh, weren't they fabulous? Harry is the most . . . ! And he told me he loved me! And I'm seeing him tomorrow! I can't *believe* it Helen!"

. . . . . .

HARRY turned up at ten the next morning. They heard him ringing the bell, eagerly.

"He's keen," said Helen, teasing, but perhaps a little jealous.

She was up and dressed, but Shirley was still lying in bed dreaming. She got up quickly when she knew it was Harry, and came into the main room where Helen had breakfast.

Her dressing gown was blue to match the colour of her eyes, and sleepy-eyed and dreamy, she seemed to Harry to be even more beautiful than she had been the day before. He wanted to do anything in the world for her—anything, just anything she wished.

"Oh dear, this coffee's cold, I'll have to make some more . . . "

"Can't I do it?" he said. "You don't mind me using your kitchen?"

"Well, thanks! Thanks very much! No, of course not . . ." Shirley was glad that someone was getting her coffee, but not quite sure whether she shouldn't really do it herself. But then Harry was so fabulous. He looked so marvellous, and she felt already she really loved him, so that it no longer seemed to matter that he was so much in love with her that he'd do anything she wished. She vaguely remembered that she'd wanted to love someone whom she could do things for, to prove her love. But somehow it was a kind of relief not to have to bother . . .

Harry came back quickly with the coffee, topped with cream. He'd made it just how she liked it . . .

The three of them talked together about the dance, and the flat. Then Shirley went to get dressed, and soon she and Harry were ready to go for a drive.

Helen had said she wouldn't go with them, for she knew they'd really like to be alone. And secretly she hoped that Dave might come. Of course they knew she was thinking of him. And just as they were leaving Harry said to her: "By the way, Helen, Dave gave me a message for you. He said he might come round this evening if you were free. There's a good film on at the local . . ."

Then they were gone. And Helen felt excited and lonely all at once. She wondered what to do with herself all day.

She wondered what dress she could wear that evening, and turned out her wardrobe before she decided. Then she wondered if he'd take her out for dinner, or whether she'd be eating supper at home. She wondered if he'd like a snack to eat with her in the flat, and then she thought of Shirley and Harry.

She ended up making a good hot Irish stew for all of them, in case they should be hungry. Just like the ones she used to make for the family at home. The time passed quickly while she worked, and it wasn't long before the evening came.

Of course she'd been thinking of Dave all day long, and she was disappointed when the bell rang, and she found it was Shirley and Harry back and not him. Shirley had forgotten her key in the hurry that morning.

They'd had a marvellous day—but were starving. So her stew came in just right. They smelt it as they came into the flat . . .

"So you've been in all day cooking! You really should have come with us," said Shirley.

"I didn't mind," said Helen, honestly. "I really quite enjoyed it!" And she'd rather have stayed at home, than gone with them playing gooseberry.

But she was disappointed when the evening moved on, and still the bell didn't ring at the front door of the flat to tell her Dave was there.

. . . . . .

IT was Wednesday evening of the following week when he rang her. She answered the 'phone, and he said he'd be round in ten minutes flat in a new car he'd bought. He wanted her to tell him what she thought of it.

"We'll go out in the country and have a drink in a

pub. Then we'll race her back along the main road. She's fab, Helen, really fabulous! I just know you'll like her!"

Quickly she lacquered her hair, put on her new dress, her mascara, and was ready to go out with him. She didn't wear a coat as it was a warm spring evening. But he didn't tell her they'd be driving in an open sports car, till they got outside the flat. It was too late to fuss about being cold now, and anyway he was showing her how marvellous she was. He wanted to be off along the road demonstrating her power and her speed. She couldn't talk about the weather now . . .

He revved up the engine, and soon they were speeding out of Liverpool. They flashed past houses and factories, and soon his excitement gripped her too, and she forgot to be cold, even forgot to be scared as they raced round corners. For if she looked at him instead of the roadway, she felt nothing else but deep admiration and love surging away deep down inside her.

The drink in the pub, too, was fun. She told him a bit about her family, and how she came to share a flat with Shirley. Then he told her about himself, and how he'd always been an independent type—even as a child.

"I've got a brother, but I don't see him much these days. My Mum's fabulous. But I don't see her much either these days. You see Dad's in the army and they've always travelled around and left us on our own. I like it that way really."

But he held her hand as he spoke to her about them, and she felt he couldn't like being independent *all* the time . . .

That evening when he kissed her good-night, he still didn't say anything to her, about loving her. But somehow she knew he did like her quite a bit. He just wasn't the type of boy who'd talk about it.

He took her home, but still didn't try to date her again. So she said: "Dave, we've an office dance a week on Saturday. Shirley and Harry are coming. Would you like to come along too?"

"Oh . . . oh yes. Okay. I'll ring you about it . . ." Then he got back in his car, and was gone.

. . . . . .

HE didn't ring her that week, but on Thursday he sent a message via Harry that he'd pick her up at 8.00 for the dance. It hurt her that he hadn't kept his promise and phoned her, and even though she busied herself in the flat, the week dragged.

At last Saturday came. But by 8.00 p.m. Dave still hadn't come. Shirley and Harry offered to give her a lift, but she preferred to wait for him. She'd made a new dress specially for the occasion, and eagerly she looked out for Dave. She waited half-an-hour, then an hour, and still he didn't come. Then she wondered if he'd meant to meet her there—at the dance. So she took a taxi and went on her own . . . but still at first she didn't see him.

A boy from her office asked her to dance, and reluctantly she accepted. She danced with him in a dream, for she couldn't help thinking of Dave.

Then, suddenly, as her partner led her round a corner of the room she saw him. And her heart ached with a long dull pain of disappointment.

Another girl was with him. The Canadian girl who worked in the office opposite her.

She felt her face burning. She'd stopped dancing, and her partner was looking at her anxiously. Other people were looking at her too as she stood angrily in the centre of the floor, and the bitter hurt of her mood travelled in a current across the room until the shock of her disappointment touched Dave. And suddenly as he flirted with the pretty Canadian fair-haired blonde, he became aware of Helen, and all the power of her love and angry disappointment currented through his body.

He turned back to the blonde and said a few words quickly. Then he strode across the room, and reached out for her hand, apology written in his eyes.

"Helen, my sweet. Oh, darling, how can you forgive me? Jayne's an ex-girlfriend of mine. I *was* going to stand you up for her. I *did* let you down. But all the time I knew something was wrong. My heart nagged me and I knew it was you that I loved. It was just—that I didn't want to get married. I wanted to go on being free, independent. But I couldn't with you. I had to try and leave you, or love and marry you.

"And now I know what I want, Helen. Darling, will you—could you—marry me? . . ."

. . . . . .

SHE didn't accept him at first. She'd been so angry and hurt with him, she couldn't have borne it if he'd let her down again. But slowly, over the weeks, she realised that he really did want to marry her, that he loved her truly.

And then, she found she'd never been so happy in her life. He was such fun, so handsome, and yet always needed her to do something for him. It was just as it had been when she was a child—there was always a pile of shirts to be washed, always a meal to cook; she never had a free moment. And yet there was a world of difference, for now she had someone who loved her, and whom she loved with all her heart.

Sometimes, of course, she complained about the housework, and thought he didn't help her enough. But then, a few months later, Shirley and Harry called on them. Helen, as usual on a Monday, was washing shirts. Shirley looked smart, and very pretty indeed, but somehow she didn't seem quite so contented as Helen and Dave.

It was only when she confided in Helen that she sometimes felt bored—that Harry had employed a 'daily' to do the housework, and often did the cooking himself, that Helen understood.

"I suppose a girl needs someone to look after," she thought out loud after they'd gone. "I'll never complain again about the housework! I suppose a man likes it this way round, though I thought in the old days that I wanted someone who'd do anything in the world *I* asked!"

"Anything in the world you wanted dear? Well you give me a blank cheque for loving. And I think I'd like to give you a blank cheque for a second honeymoon abroad!"

"Oh, Dave. That would be fabulous! Isn't it wonderful that we both love each other—with all our hearts?"

end

DICTIONARY OF DATING

Dating is a girl's top hobby. I mean who wants to knit when you can go out with a real live BOY! Trouble is that many a girl finds herself back knitting in the evening after one dismal date with a boy who seemed to be the answer to her dreams. Sometimes it's his fault. Often the girl is to blame. With that in mind, we've prepared your Dictionary of Dating to keep your date-rate high.

A is for the Ability to make a good date a permanent one. Play your cards carefully with this in mind and you can nab him forever. Remember you get only one chance so have the right Attitude. Be Angelic. Show Admiration, Appreciation and be Adaptable.

B is for Beauty because Boy. friends like Beautiful Birds! One way to cultivate Beauty is to buy Boyfriend. The Beauty hints in it are Best. You must also be Bewitching and cause him Bother and Bewilderment.

C must be for charm so necessary to Capture the heart of any boy. Captivating Clothes also Collect Chaps!

D All boys know there is nothing like a Dame—so long as she is Dazzling, Delightful and Desirable.

E is the Energy you need to be Entertaining, and to appear Eager to Enjoy yourself, even at Engineering Exhibitions. You must be Enterprising in the dating game.

F is for Fun—no date should be without it. Films—best things to see with dates. Be Frank—don't play the Fool.

G is for Glamour which makes any boy feel manly. Just be a Gorgeous Girl. That's what Guys Go for.

H is for Happy which you must appear to be to Him. Be a Hipster and He'll love it. He'll also dig nice Hands.

I Well, you must be Interesting and Intriguing. But Intelligence helps to Involve him in your Ideas. Never be Insincere.

J is for Joy—every date should Jump with it. And for the Joke that helps to break the ice.

K is for the Kiss which sets the seal on a perfect date, especially if you have made him feel like a King.

L is for the Love that might come Later. You'll know by the very special Look that Lights your Lamps! L is also for the Little something needed on every date—Luck.

M stands for the magic of your first Meeting. Mad or Moody, it's a Marvellous Moment to Make your Memory Misty. M is also for Music which Mellows every Miss and Mr.

N is for the Necking that's likely to happen if he's Normal and Not Negative. Or a Nut! And, if he's Nice, N is for Nearness.

O is for the Opportunity you shouldn't miss if you dig him. It's for the Originality you must try to show in your Outlook. Don't be Obvious or Ornate. Try a touch of the Oriental.

P You must watch them—your Ps and **Q** Qs—and not spoil the Question of Prospective dates in the future. Always be Prepared for every Panic, like a Queen, and do everything to prevent a Quarrel.

R is for Romance, number one Requisite for having a Raving time. Also for the Records which help to spin a web Round both your hearts.

S is for Sweetness which can make things Swing—especially Smooching.

T Togetherness brought about by Thoughtfulness. For Time which flies. For Tonight which lasts forever. For the Thanks he deserves.

U is for Understanding you show and expect on a date. And the Unforgettable promises you undertake to each other.

V is for Vivacious you and the Victory you can score if you get his Vote.

W is With-it which you must be. Even Way-out. And for the Wonder of Waking up with him on your mind.

X is for the X-factor that makes or breaks a date. And for the X-perience you need to feel it.

Y is for You whom he liked enough to ask out. And the Yearning he'll feel until he sees You again.

Z is for the Zest and Zing he can bring to your life. He could be Zany and woo you in a Zoo. But why worry if he pops the question next to a Zebra, as long as he shows Zeal.

THERE'S ALWAYS A REASON FOR HEARTBREAK

They were sending her away, and the only reason she could think of was one that broke her heart.

GOOD MORNING, MISS BARCLAY!
GOOD MORNING, GIBSON
MY FATHER OWNED AND DIRECTED AN ADVERTISING FIRM, AND EVER SINCE MY MOTHER DIED I HAD JUST STAYED AT HOME AND KEPT HOUSE FOR MY FATHER
THE ONLY WORK I DID WAS AN OCCASIONAL MODELLING JOB FOR MY FATHER'S FIRM. I LOVED MODELLING—ESPECIALLY AS THE CHIEF PHOTOGRAPHER HAPPENED TO BE MY FIANCE PETER
I WAS ON MY WAY TO A MODELLING SESSION MY FATHER HAD ARRANGED A FEW WEEKS BEFORE. BUT HE HADN'T MENTIONED IT THAT MORNING, HE HAD SEEMED PREOCCUPIED WITH SOMETHING ELSE

GOOD MORNING MISS BARCLAY! ER, YOU'LL BE ON YOUR WAY TO SEE YOUR FATHER THEN?
YES, THAT'S RIGHT, WILSON
AH, WELL, I SUPPOSE YOU'LL BE WANTING TO SEE AS MUCH OF HIM AS POSSIBLE NOW
WHATEVER IS HE TALKING ABOUT NOW? MY FATHER REALLY OUGHT TO RETIRE HIM——
HELLO, JANET—IS MY FATHER BUSY?
OH, MISS BARCLAY! I—I DON'T THINK YOUR FATHER WAS EXPECTING YOU—I'LL TELL HIM YOU'RE HERE!

MR. BARCLAY, YOUR DAUGHTER IS HERE!
WHAT! OH, NO! JANET, TELL HER I'M IN CONFERENCE. I CAN'T SEE HER! TELL HER TO GO HOME—NO, WAIT! TELL HER TO HOLD ON
WHAT ON EARTH IS WRONG WITH MY FATHER, JANET?
ER, NOTHING, MISS BARCLAY—HE'S JUST VERY BUSY, THAT'S ALL!
...AND IF I COULD HAVE SEEN WHAT WAS GOING ON IN MY FATHER'S OFFICE-I WOULD HAVE BEEN EVEN MORE PUZZLED
I DON'T CARE WHAT YOU TELL HER, PETER, BUT YOU'VE **GOT** TO GET HER AWAY FOR THE NEXT FORTNIGHT!
DON'T WORRY, MR. BARCLAY—I'VE BEEN THINKING ABOUT THIS FOR QUITE A WHILE AND I THINK I'VE GOT THE PERFECT IDEA

I'LL TELL HER THAT YOU WANT A FEW MODEL SHOTS OF HER IN SWITZERLAND—THAT SHOULD TAKE UP AT LEAST A FORTNIGHT
THAT SOUNDS FINE, PETER. LOOK I DON'T WANT TO SEE HER JUST NOW, I DON'T WANT TO RISK GIVING MYSELF AWAY. CAN'T YOU TAKE HER OUT FOR A COFFEE OR SOMETHING?
BUT ALL I SAW THEN WAS A PERFECTLY NORMAL-LOOKING PETER COMING OUT OF MY FATHER'S OFFICE
HELLO, PETER!
HELLO, DARLING. BEEN WAITING LONG?
AGES! LOOK WOULD YOU MIND TELLING ME WHAT'S GOING ON IN THERE? EVERY ONE'S ACTING SO STRANGELY TODAY.....
WELL, IT'S BECAUSE OF THE MARVELLOUS SURPRISE YOUR FATHER HAS FOR YOU
WHAT SURPRISE? WHAT IS IT?
YOUR FATHER WANTS YOU TO GO TO SWITZERLAND FOR TWO WEEKS—NOW —ON A WORKING HOLIDAY. WE DESPERATELY NEED SOME PHOTOGRAPHS OF A GIRL SKI-ING
A HOLIDAY IN SWITZERLAND! I WOULD HAVE LOVED ONE JUST THEN, BUT—I HAD FORGOTTEN.....
OH! OH, BUT I CAN'T. WHO WOULD LOOK AFTER FATHER? I MUST GO AND TELL HIM THAT I CAN'T GO.....
HOLD ON! IT'S ALL BEEN SETTLED. WE'LL PHONE HIM LATER!
IT WAS ALL SO CONFUSING—AND WHY COULDN'T I SEE MY FATHER? PETER SAID HE WAS IN CONFERENCE, BUT I COULD HAVE WAITED—IT WAS STUPID CALLING HIM FROM A PHONE BOX OUTSIDE!
WELL, ALL RIGHT, DADDY, IF YOU SAY SO. IT WON'T BE LONG TILL I'M BACK—TAKE CARE OF YOURSELF. GOODBYE
DO YOU SUPPOSE WE CAN GO FOR A COFFEE NOW?
I STILL DIDN'T LIKE IT—THE WHOLE THING SOUNDED FISHY TO ME
PETER...YOU DON'T SUPPOSE IT COULD BE PUT OFF TILL LATER.....
NO, JOAN, DEAR. YOUR FATHER WANTS YOU TO GO NOW
BUT, PETER, I DON'T WANT TO GO NOW—I'LL JUST WORRY ALL THE TIME ABOUT MY FATHER, AND, BESIDES, I'LL MISS YOU
NO, JOAN! IT'S NO GOOD, YOU'VE GOT TO GO
OH, PETER, I'M SURE IF I COULD SPEAK TO MY FATHER ALONE.....
LOOK, JOAN, I'M NOT GOING TO ARGUE. HERE ARE YOUR TICKETS. THIS IS A PHOTOGRAPH OF THE GUIDE WHO WILL BE WAITING FOR YOU AT THE STATION. NOW BE A GOOD GIRL. GOODBYE...
PERHAPS HE DIDN'T LOVE ME ANYMORE AND WANTED TO BREAK OFF OUR ENGAGEMENT! OF COURSE, THAT WAS IT.
I WAS JUST TOO STUNNED AND HURT TO ANSWER. PETER HAD NEVER SPOKEN TO ME LIKE THAT BEFORE
HE MUST HAVE TOLD MY FATHER AND THEY'D ARRANGED TO SEND ME OFF TO SWITZERLAND UNTIL PETER WAS READY TO TELL ME. OH, HOW COULD HE DO THIS TO ME!

BUT IF THAT WAS THE WAY HE WANTED IT THEN WHAT COULD I DO?
I MIGHT AS WELL MAKE THE MOST OF MY FREEDOM.....
I EVEN TOOK OFF MY ENGAGEMENT RING — IT DIDN'T HAVE ANY MEANING NOW
....STARTING FROM NOW
AND IF THE GUIDE WAS ANYTHING LIKE HIS PHOTO, THEN PERHAPS THIS HOLIDAY WOULDN'T BE SO DULL AFTER ALL — AT LEAST HE MIGHT HELP ME FORGET PETER
BUT WHEN I GOT TO THE STATION I WASN'T QUITE SO SURE!
OH, NO! HE CAN'T BE ONE OF THESE!
THEN I SAW HIM. HIS PHOTOGRAPH HADN'T DONE HIM JUSTICE
WELL, THAT'S A GOOD START ANYWAY
YOU ARE MISS BARCLAY, OF COURSE. I LOST YOUR PHOTOGRAPH, BUT I COULD NEVER FORGET SUCH A BEAUTIFUL FACE
BUT SOMEHOW, I FELT GUILTY — AS IF I WAS THE ONE WHO WAS LETTING PETER DOWN
I MUST STOP IT! I JUST WON'T THINK ABOUT HIM, THAT'S ALL
I KNOW YOU MUST BE TIRED AFTER YOUR LONG JOURNEY, MISS BARCLAY. I WILL SHOW YOU TO YOUR ROOM, AND TOMORROW WE START TAKING PHOTOGRAPHS
SO THE GUIDE WAS TO BE THE PHOTOGRAPHER. THEN IT MUST BE TRUE. MY FATHER HADN'T EVEN ARRANGED FOR A PROPER PHOTOGRAPHER!
NOW I CAN'T EVEN HOPE ANY LONGER. OH, PETER, WHY COULDN'T YOU JUST TELL ME TO MY FACE AND SAVE ME SOME OF THIS MISERY?
MY GUIDE TURNED OUT TO BE QUITE A GOOD PHOTOGRAPHER AFTER ALL, BUT I KNEW THEY WOULD NEVER BE USED AND MY HEART JUST WASN'T IN IT
COME ON, MISS BARCLAY, SMILE! YOU SHOULD NOT LOOK SO MISERABLE! YOU ARE A VERY BEAUTIFUL YOUNG LADY, YOU ARE IN SWITZERLAND, AND ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS STAND AROUND AND SMILE. WHAT MORE COULD ANYONE WANT?
YOU ARE RIGHT, OF COURSE MR....ER...?
MY NAME IS HANS, MISS BARCLAY

THEN MY NAME IS JOAN, HANS
GOODBYE, MISS BARCLAY,— HELLO, JOAN!

BUT THERE WAS NO USE KIDDING MYSELF. I FELT ABSOLUTELY NOTHING FOR HANS. HE WAS VERY PLEASANT AND HANDSOME AND IT WAS NICE HAVING HIM AROUND. BUT THAT WAS ALL

AND BESIDES, HE ALREADY HAD ENOUGH TO KEEP HIMSELF OCCUPIED!

SO I MADE MY DECISION
I'VE COME TO SAY GOODBYE, HANS. I'VE DECIDED TO GO HOME
OH, JOAN, SO SOON! I WILL MISS YOU

AND I WILL MISS YOU, TOO, HANS. BUT I MUST GO
WELL, IF YOU MUST, YOU MUST. I HOPE I WILL SEE YOU AGAIN. GOODBYE, JOAN
GOODBYE, HANS

THEN SUDDENLY I WAS HOME— AND PETER WAS STANDING LOOKING DOWN AT ME.....
JOAN, I DIDN'T EXPECT YOU HOME SO SOON, BUT, NOW THAT YOU'RE HERE, YOU MIGHT AS WELL KNOW
PETER, I.....

JOAN, THE AFTERNOON YOU LEFT—YOUR FATHER WENT INTO HOSPITAL FOR A VERY DIFFICULT OPERATION. THAT'S WHY HE SENT YOU AWAY— HE WANTED TO SPARE YOU THE ANXIETY. BUT IT'S OVER NOW, AND HE'S GOING TO GET BETTER

Fly To Switzerland

DARLING! WHERE'S YOUR ENGAGEMENT RING?
OH, I—I TOOK IT OFF I WAS AFRAID I WOULD LOSE IT

IF ONLY HE KNEW! I'D BEEN AFRAID OF LOSING MY LOVE, NOT MY ENGAGEMENT RING — AND I'D ALMOST LOST IT THROUGH MY OWN STUPIDITY!
PETER...?
YES, DEAR?
OH, DARLING, I'M SO GLAD TO BE HOME!
end

NO TURN-UP FOR THE STONES

Everyone thought the Beatles were a bit much at first, with their long hair and collarless jackets and all that. But what about the Stones then? They make the Beatles look like shorn dummies' models.

The big thing that everyone was wondering was, what's coming after the Beatles? Well, the Stones arrived, and they're here to stay. Like the Beatles, they're all individualists. Completely different looks, attitudes and ideas float around in this group.

The Stones haven't got any unusual names such as Ringo. In fact, they're quite ordinary names—Mick Jagger, Charlie Watts, Bill Wyman, Brian Jones, Keith Richards. Nothing unusual there. But it's the visual and sound effects that hit you.

STONES

STONES

Their hair is long-long. Not for a gimmick. They've always had their hair like that, and boys and girls alike are following the trend. Once it was the Beatle cut, but that's old hat now. Now it's the Stones' cut, if you can call it a cut, that is!

Clothes? Well, everything is designed by themselves, and they have their own set of tailors, shirtmakers, shoemakers.

No ties. Well, except for special occasions. Charlie Watts is the exception here. Known as the Beau Brummel of the group, he would be called smart compared with everyday standards of dress.

. Keith goes in for donkey jackets with naval caps. Mick likes corded trousers and check shirts with fold-over cuffs. Bill likes leather and dark-coloured suits, and Brian usually has a bit of tweed about him somewhere.

They wear what they want, when they want and how they want. They're not rebels of any kind. They don't set out to shock or thrill anybody. By just being themselves, as the Beatles are, the Stones are becoming another mode of dress—another way of life.

Mick is the leader of this gang. Not intentionally, I don't suppose, but he seems to have more to say at the appropriate times, than the

others. He looks rather angelic in a way, with his hair sort of framing his face, with large blue eyes and large cupid-shaped lips. Mick is the lead singer, and a rather expert maraccas player—his most typical gesture on stage being a sideways look at the audience over his shoulder—a kind of defiant sneer. Not a nasty sneer, but an expressive movement.

Charlie has got a sad face, with eyes like a hound, but he's definitely got the Stone image branded on him. Bill Wyman they call the Ghost, for obvious reasons. He's got a long, lean, sallow-looking face, almost gaunt, with black curly hair. Keith has the lean, hungry look, but not as much as Bill, and Brian looks like a blonde, shaggy terrier.

As people, they take some getting used to. The thing is that it takes time to get over their appearance before you get down to the people underneath this weird facade.

Their sound is earthy and exhilarating, and on stage one of the most exciting groups ever —as far as giving out atmosphere is concerned. But, however you take the Stones, they've definitely brought rhythm and blues right back into the picture with a bang—no matter what anyone says about them!

IT DEPENDS ON HOW YOU LOOK AT IT

They both wanted the same thing, only they went different ways to get it . . . . .

BUT HE WASN'T - I WAS AT ANOTHER VERY BORING DANCE THAT MY UNCLE HAD GIVEN...
YOU LOOK REALLY LOVELY TONIGHT, SANDRA
OH, TIM - HELLO! THANKS, YOU'RE LOOKING SMART, TOO...

BUT IT WAS ALL MARRED BY THE THOUGHT OF UNCLE'S FACE IF EVER I BROUGHT TOM HOME...
IF ONLY HE COULD SEE TOM FOR WHAT HE'S WORTH - AND NOT JUST THE WAY HE LOOKS...

NO. THEN IT WAS VERY DIFFERENT. FOR TOM DIDN'T FIT INTO MY TYPE OF WORLD - SO I MADE SURE I FITTED INTO HIS...
I CAN HARDLY WAIT TO SEE HIM. HOPE HE'S IN A GOOD MOOD

EVER SINCE MY UNCLE HAD TAKEN CARE OF ME, HE'D MADE IT CLEAR THE TYPE OF BOY HE LIKED AND TOM WASN'T HIS CHOICE. HE'D HAVE HAD A FIT IF HE SAW ME DRESSED LIKE THIS, ANYWAY....

JUST SEEING HIM DEEP IN THOUGHT, MADE ME WANT TO RUSH AND HOLD HIM, BUT INSTEAD....
HI! WILL THAT WALL FALL DOWN IF YOU DON'T SUPPORT IT?
IT MIGHT - AND THAT GIVES ME A SENSE OF POWER, EH?

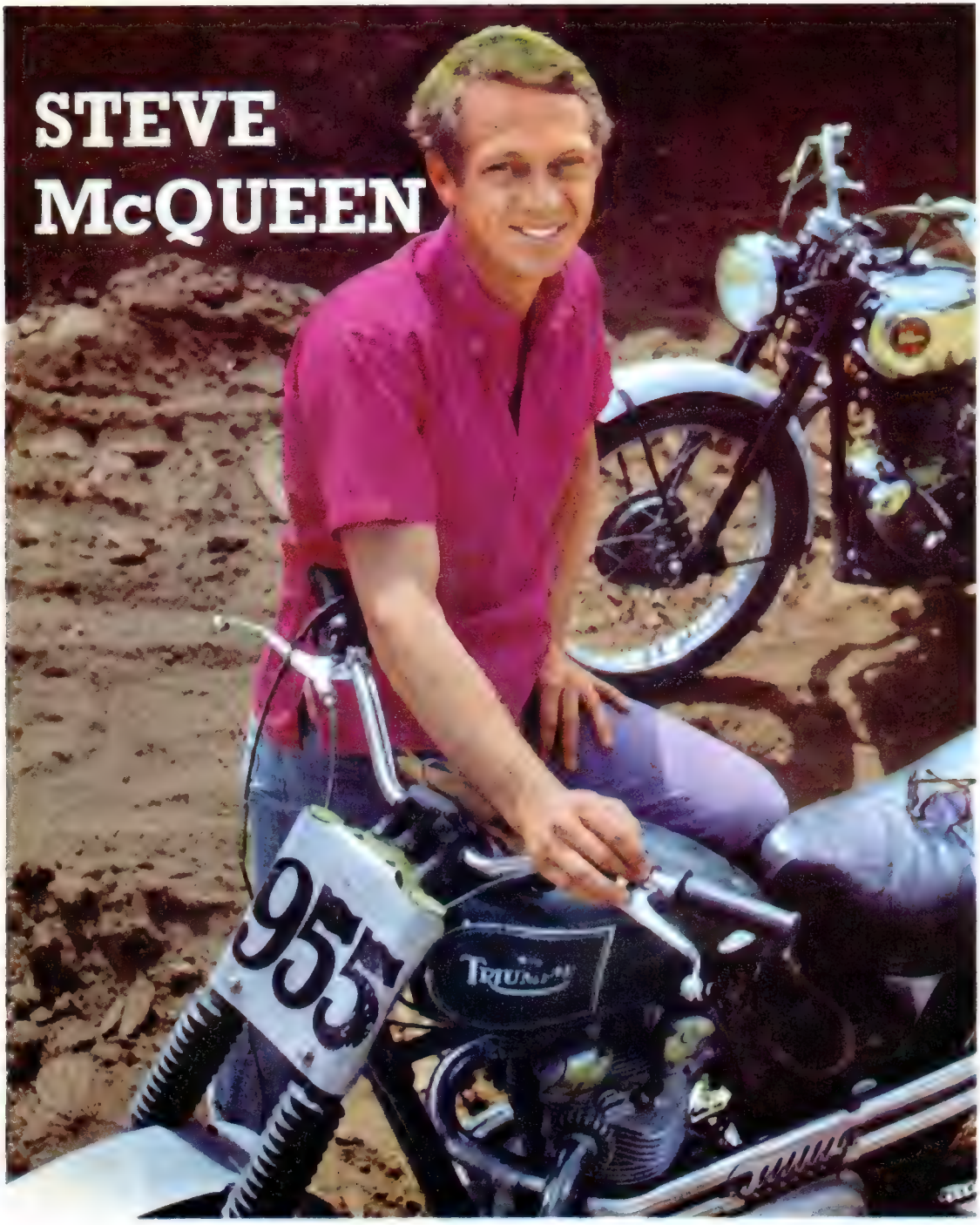
WE'D GO ON THE CHEAPEST DATES — BUT THEY WERE JUST GREAT! I ENJOYED PLAYING MAKE-BELIEVE
I SAY — THIS IS SOME SOUP. CREAM OF CHICKEN, I BELIEVE?
TOM - HOW WOULD YOU FEEL IF I INVITED YOU TO A DANCE AT OUR PLACE?
I'LL TELL YOU — ONCE I GET RID OF THE DISHWATER ON TOP!
SUDDENLY I BEGAN TO WONDER HOW I COULD GET TOM TO MEET UNCLE BILL — AND THEN I REMEMBERED ANOTHER DANCE WE'D BE BOUND TO HAVE SOON
UH, UH, SWEETIE, I...
WAIT - LET ME FINISH, I'LL JUST INVITE YOU AND YOU DO ALL THE TALKING TO UNCLE BILL. I KNOW HE'D LIKE YOU — I JUST KNOW IT
AMERICA! BOY, THAT'S THE PLACE FOR ME! BUT... WELL, I DON'T KNOW REALLY...
LOOK, HONEY — IF I COME, PROMISE YOU'LL JUST INTRODUCE ME AS A GUEST — NOTHING MORE? I KNOW I CAN CONVINCE HIM MYSELF...
I KNEW WHY TOM HESITATED - HE HATED TO FEEL AS THOUGH HE WAS ACCEPTING CHARITY...
IT'LL ALL BE UP TO YOU. I KNOW HE'S LOOKING FOR SOMEONE YOUNG TO MANAGE A NEW OFFICE IN AMERICA
I COULD SEE I'D SET HIM THINKING. BUT HE WAS PROUD - AND I DON'T THINK I'D HAVE HAD HIM ANY OTHER WAY....
OH, YES, TOM - I PROMISE. I JUST KNOW YOU'RE THE TYPE HE'S LOOKING FOR. HE'LL LOVE YOU - I JUST KNOW THAT, TOO
WELL, MAYBE YOU'RE PREJUDICED, EH? NOW I'M GOING TO HAVE TO GET MYSELF A DINNER SUIT. CAN'T LET YOU DOWN
YOU KNOW YOU COULD NEVER DO THAT — WITH OR WITHOUT A DINNER SUIT
AND A WEEK LATER, I WENT TO HAND HIM THE INVITATION
TOMORROW EVENING THEN, AND DON'T BE LATE — I WANT THE FIRST DANCE
I'M LOOKING FORWARD TO IT, HONEY. KEEP YOUR FINGERS CROSSED
THIS WAS THE FIRST OF OUR DANCES THAT I WAS REALLY LOOKING FORWARD TO. I TOOK EXTRA SPECIAL CARE WITH MYSELF...
HE'S NEVER SEEN ME DRESSED UP. I HOPE HE LIKES MY NEW DRESS
OOOOO..

JUST WAIT TILL EVERYONE SEES WHAT A DISH HE IS. I'M GOING TO FEEL SO PROUD OF HIM...
I LET TIM CALL FOR ME, BECAUSE HE ALWAYS DID – AND WHEN WE GOT THERE, I LOOKED AROUND EAGERLY FOR TOM....
BUT I COULDN'T SEE HIM, AND SUDDENLY I FELT PANICKY. WHAT IF HE DIDN'T TURN UP? IT WAS SUCH A GOOD CHANCE FOR HIM...
WELL, HOW ABOUT THE FIRST DANCE? I WANT EVERYONE TO LOOK AT YOU..
OH.. OH, OKAY, TIM, THANKS
BUT I COULDN'T CONCENTRATE ON TIM, OR THE DANCING...
I'LL KILL HIM IF HE DOESN'T TURN UP. I REALLY WILL!
...WHICH WAS VERY STRANGE FOR UNCLE BILL, UNLESS HE WAS REALLY INTERESTED
BUT THEN I CAUGHT SIGHT OF HIM IN A CORNER – DEEP IN CONVERSATION WITH UNCLE BILL – AND UNCLE BILL WAS LISTENING....
SOMETHING WRONG, SANDRA? WHY HAVE WE STOPPED DANCING?
MMM? OH, SORRY, TIM... BUT I'VE JUST SEEN AN OLD FRIEND – WILL YOU EXCUSE ME?
WELL, HI – GOOD-LOOKING! NOT GOING TO ASK ME FOR A DANCE?
SANDRA! HONEY, YOU LOOK OUT OF THIS WORLD!
I COULDN'T WAIT TO HEAR WHAT THEY'D BEEN TALKING ABOUT, SO I HURRIED HIM ON TO THE TERRACE...
AMAZING WHAT A SUIT LIKE THIS DOES, ISN'T IT?
WELL, DON'T LOOK UPSET ABOUT IT – IT'S DONE GOOD
BUT HE WAS SUDDENLY DEPRESSED
IT'S JUST THAT IT DOESN'T SEEM FAIR SOMEHOW, TO THINK A CHAP CAN OR CAN'T GET A JOB BECAUSE OF THE WAY HE DRESSES. I MEAN, HE WOULDN'T HAVE SPOKEN TO ME YESTERDAY...

YOU KNOW – HE'S A GREAT CHAP. HE'S OFFERED ME A JOB OUT THERE, AND THEN, IF I PROVE MYSELF, WELL....
I COULDN'T BELIEVE IT – I WAS SO PLEASED WITH TOM AND I WAS SO GLAD THAT UNCLE BILL HAD DONE IT THAT WAY
HE'S GOT HIS HEAD SCREWED ON – HE'S PROMISED TO KICK ME OUT STRAIGHT AWAY IF I DON'T PROVE TO BE WHAT HE THINKS
I WAS THRILLED TO BITS – I WAS ALREADY PICTURING US HONEYMOONING IN AMERICA
I THOUGHT HE'D BE A STUFFED-SHIRT – BUT HE COULDN'T BE WITH A NIECE LIKE YOU...
FLATTERY... IT GETS YOU EVERYWHERE. TELL ME MORE
BUT NO SOONER HAD I GOT CLOSE ENOUGH TO TOM TO HEAR MORE...
SO HE'S THE PROMISING YOUNG MAN, EH?
OH – TIM, ER... THIS IS TOM...
YES, YOUR UNCLE'S JUST SPENT A GOOD HALF-HOUR PRAISING HIM TO ME. SEEMS YOU WERE RIGHT ABOUT HOW MARVELLOUS HE WAS
REALLY? TELL ME MORE...
BOY, TIM WAS REALLY PUTTING HIS FOOT IN IT!
OH, OH – DID I SAY SOMETHING WRONG?
ON THE CONTRARY – YOU'VE JUST DONE ME A FAVOUR
OH, OKAY! SO I DID SAY YOU WERE GOOD TO UNCLE BILL – YOU SAID YOURSELF HE'LL KICK YOU OUT IF YOU'RE NO GOOD
THAT'S BESIDE THE POINT
I RAISED MY VOICE – IT COULD HAVE BEEN CALLED SHOUTING REALLY – AND SOON WE HAD AN AUDIENCE, TOO
IT'S NOT BESIDE THE POINT – GROW UP!
I WON'T HAVE FAVOURS DONE FOR ME – I DON'T NEED THEM!
AND BEFORE I COULD SAY ANYTHING HE TURNED TO GO – AT LEAST, HE DID TILL CAROLE STOPPED HIM
COME ON NOW. YOU'RE NOT GOING TO DESERT US? WE CAN'T AFFORD TO LOSE GORGEOUS MEN...
OOH – THAT LITTLE FLIRT!
I COULD HAVE CHEERFULLY KICKED HER – PUTTING ON ALL BIG EYES AND CHARM!
WHY, YOU HAVEN'T EVEN DANCED WITH ME YET. I'M SURE WE COULD BE FRIENDS...
HMMM – MAYBE YOU'RE RIGHT. THERE'S NO REASON WHY I SHOULDN'T HAVE A GOOD TIME NOW I'M HERE...

I WAS FURIOUS – AT HER AND HIM!
YES – PLEASE DO STAY! BUT BE CAREFUL – I'D HATE YOU TO THINK WE WERE DOING YOU A FAVOUR
NO NEED FOR YOU TO GET NASTY. IT'S ALL YOUR FAULT, ANYWAY
MY FAULT? JUST BECAUSE I TRY TO GET YOU FIXED UP IN A JOB SO WE CAN GET MARRIED. IS THAT SUCH A CRIME? MIND YOU – I DON'T KNOW WHY I BOTHERED NOW!
I'D COMPLETELY FORGOTTEN ABOUT OUR LITTLE AUDIENCE.
WELL, I THOUGHT I'D STARTED IT – BUT YOU'VE CERTAINLY DONE YOUR SHARE
I DIDN'T REALLY MEAN ANYTHING....
WELL, I SAY LEAVE THEM TO IT. I'VE BEEN MEANING TO ASK YOU TO DANCE FOR AGES
AND ABOUT TIME, TOO – SHALL WE GO IN NOW?
AS THE OTHERS LEFT, A SUDDEN SILENCE FELL AND I FELT THE TEARS COME...
OKAY, TOM – I WAS WRONG. I'M SORRY, WHAT ELSE CAN I SAY?
I JUST FEEL SO HUMILIATED – AS THOUGH YOU PERSUADED YOUR UNCLE TO TAKE ME ON
OH, TOM! YOU KNOW I COULD NEVER DO THAT. MY UNCLE'S A STUBBORN MAN – LIKE YOU....
WELL, I GUESS YOU'RE RIGHT. I'M SORRY I YELLED LIKE THAT
CAN WE FORGIVE AND FORGET?
DEPENDS ON YOUR DECISION ABOUT THE JOB
I CAN'T AFFORD TO LOSE YOU – OR THE JOB, SO I GUESS I'LL TAKE IT. I'LL MAKE HIM GLAD HE TOOK ME ON
WE'RE GOING TO MAKE IT, SANDRA. I'LL BE THE BIGGEST SUCCESS OUT – IN BUSINESS AND IN LOVE
WELL, YOU'D BETTER BE – 'COS IF YOU DON'T PROVE YOURSELF, I'LL FLING YOU OUT. AGREED?
DARLING! YOU CAN DO IT – WE'LL BOTH DO IT, TOGETHER
IT WAS AGREED ALL RIGHT – BECAUSE THERE WAS NO DOUBT IN MY MIND THAT TOM WAS THE LAST PERSON I'D WANT TO KICK OUT OF MY LIFE!
END

The dreamy boy in the mirror is the one reflected in your hearts.



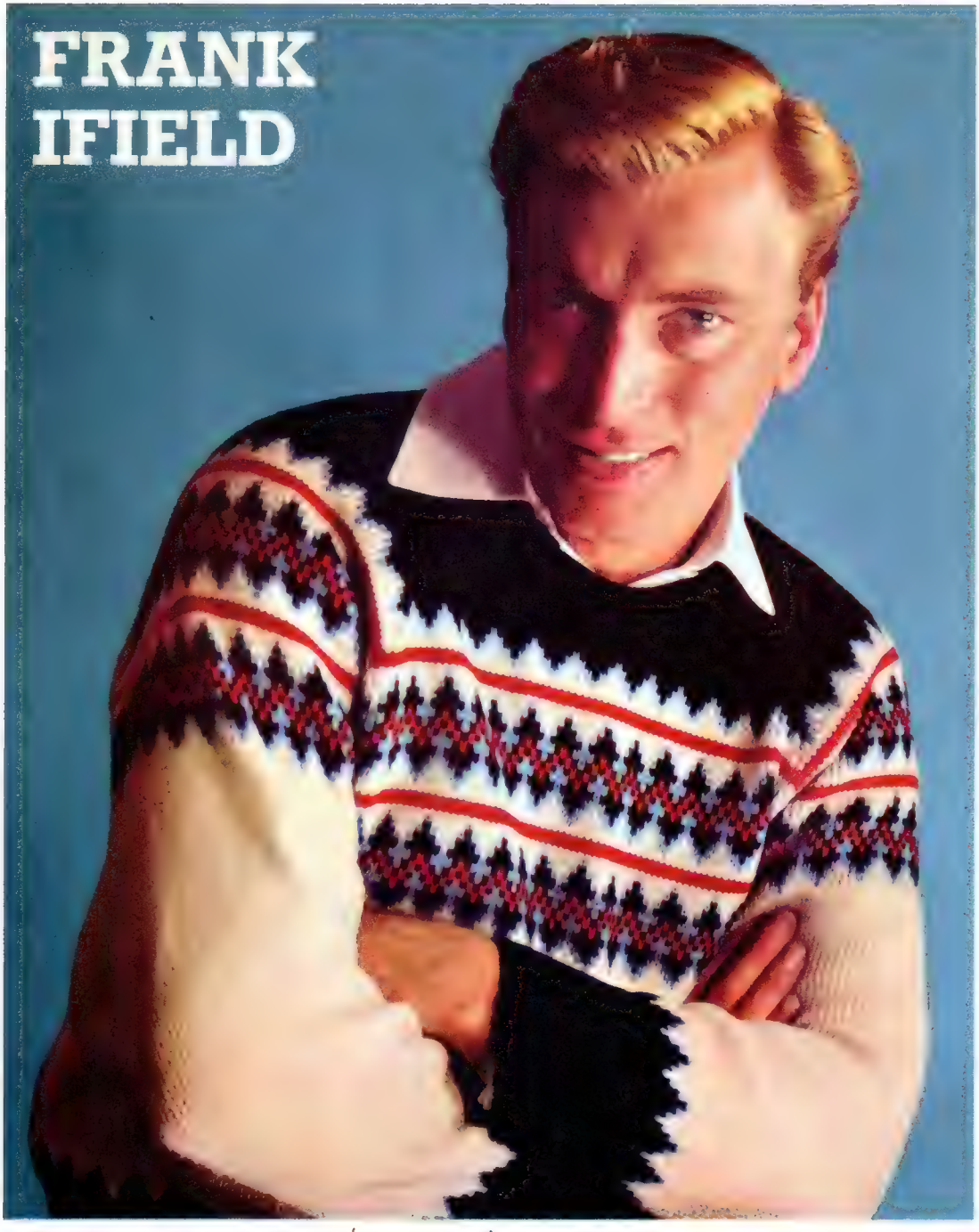
Millions of girls scramble for Steve as he roars his way to fame.

He has always stayed cool, calm, and collected hearts by the score.

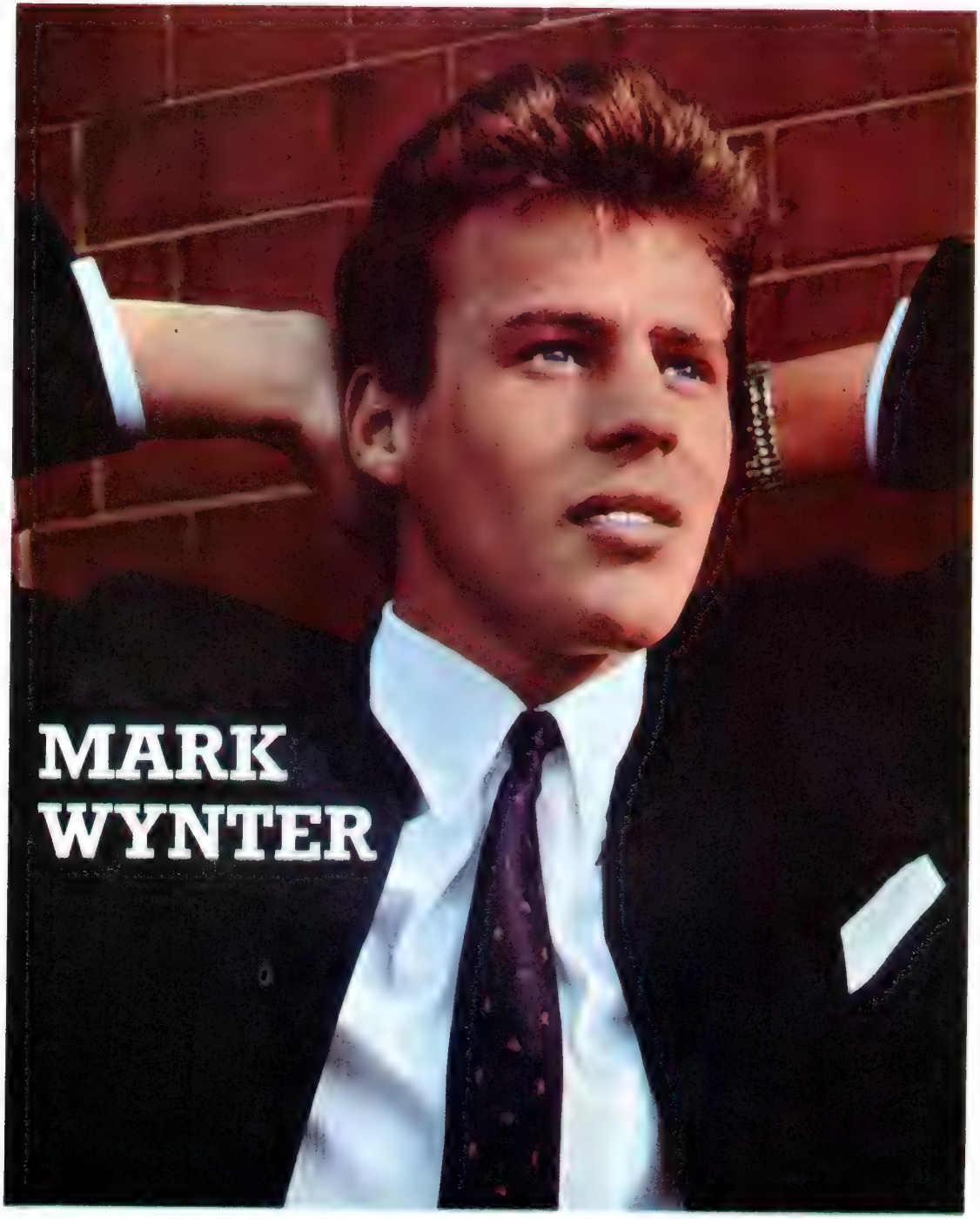
This doc is a tonic all on his own—with good looks and charm.

Star of ATV's "The Saint"

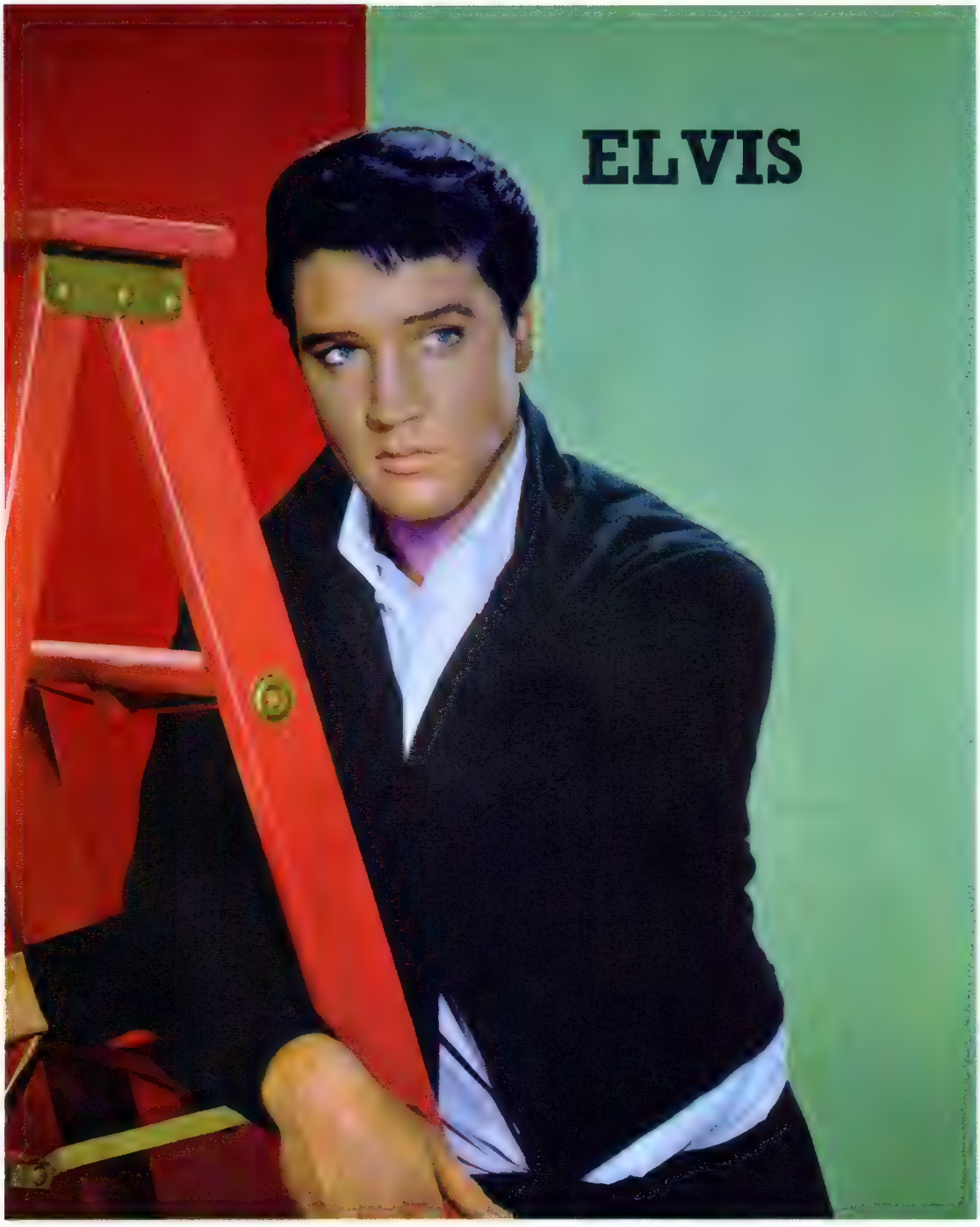
Special portrait of a not-so-simple Simon!



The boy from down under who yodelled to way up.



Boys-next-door often move—straight to the top of your heart-parade.



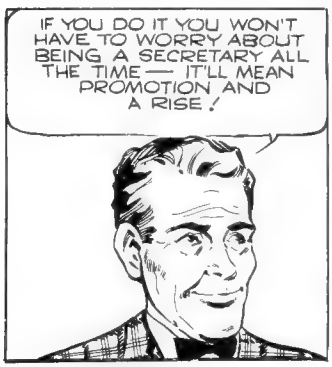
Elvis doesn't need a step-ladder to success—he's always been at the top.

WHAT MONEY CAN'T BUY

She found all her ambition dying when it was faced with love

THERE'S AN IMPORTANT CLIENT COMING DOWN TO TALK BUSINESS. WHATEVER HAPPENS, THE COMPANY WHO HAVE ENGAGED US DON'T WANT TO LOWER THEIR PRICES!
YES, BUT I DON'T SEE WHAT I.....
THIS CLIENT IS YOUNG AND GOOD-LOOKING, SO I HEAR. YOU'VE GOT TO MAKE SURE WE GET HIS BUSINESS

I WORKED AS A SECRETARY FOR A PUBLIC RELATIONS FIRM. BUT I WANTED TO DO MORE THAN THAT— I WANTED TO GET ON AS WELL!



WHAT A WONDERFUL OPPORTUNITY FOR ME TO GET ON! ALL NIGHT I COULD HARDLY SLEEP WITH EXCITEMENT, AND MR. CASTLE GAVE ME ALL THE NEXT MORNING OFF TO GET READY FOR HIM!

I WAS AMBITIOUS ALL RIGHT— BUT THEN, I HAD NO BOY-FRIENDS SO MY JOB MEANT ALL THE WORLD TO ME

RIGHTO, THEN, I'LL LEAVE YOU TWO TO GET ACQUAINTED
NO, ARGUMENTS!
I MUST SAY I WAS QUITE SURPRISED WHEN I SAW TONY BARLOW, I DIDN'T THINK HE'D BE QUITE SO HANDSOME. BUT STILL, IT MADE THE JOB ALL THE MORE INTERESTING!
WELL, MISS SHORE—WHAT'LL IT BE?
TINA, PLEASE, WE'RE SUPPOSED TO BE FRIENDS!
OKAY, TINA. WHAT HAVE YOU GOT PLANNED FOR ME IN THIS GREAT BIG CITY OF YOURS?
WELL, I THOUGHT ABOUT SOME FOOD FIRST.....
DO YOU ALWAYS EAT HERE? BIT POSH, ISN'T IT?
I...I WELL I DON'T ALWAYS COME HERE
CRIKEY! WHAT A BIG MENU. I DON'T KNOW WHERE TO START FIRST!
BEFORE I LEFT MR CASTLE TOLD ME TO LAY IT ON THICK. I NEVER IMAGINED THAT TONY WOULD DISLIKE EATING OUT IN A PLUSH PLACE
I SUPPOSE YOU'RE GOING TO TELL ME NOW YOU DON'T LIKE THE WINE MUCH EITHER?
YOU ORDER—AND I'LL HAVE THE SAME
WELL, ALL RIGHT THEN
I WAS A BIT TAKEN ABACK AT FIRST. I MEAN, IT WASN'T AS IF I EAT OUT SO OFTEN MYSELF!
NOT BAD. BUT I'VE EATEN BETTER
BETTER? BUT THIS IS THE BEST RESTAURANT IN THE WHOLE OF TOWN!
WELL, I CERTAINLY DIDN'T EXPECT TO MEET SUCH A STRANGE CHARACTER! I WONDER WHERE HE'S GOING TO TAKE ME?
YOU'RE DEAD RIGHT I DON'T. C'MON, TINA—LET ME TAKE YOU SOMEWHERE
I WAS STUNNED—BUT BEFORE I HAD A CHANCE TO REFUSE HE HAD ME BY THE ARM...

NOW I'M GOING TO SHOW YOU SOMETHING. READY?
READY FOR WHAT?
YOU'LL SOON FIND OUT. JUMP IN
DON'T WORRY — YOU HAVEN'T LOST MY BUSINESS YET!
3
THE TAXI PULLED UP NEAR A LITTLE CAFE IN THE POOR PART OF TOWN
BIT DIFFERENT TO THE RITZY JOINT YOU TOOK ME IN ISN'T IT?
YES, BUT....
YOUR BUSINESS? I DON'T SEE WHAT YOU MEAN. WHY DID YOU SAY THAT?
OH, REASONS
STILL HUNGRY, JOHNNY? HERE, DON'T SPEND IT ALL AT ONCE
TEN BOB! COR, THANKS, MR. BARLOW, THANKS A MILLION!
WHO WAS THAT FOR — GOODNESS SAKE?
ONE OF THE POOR KIDS WHO LIVE AROUND HERE
ONE THING ABOUT COMING DOWN HERE, TINA YOU DON'T HAVE TO PUT ON AN ACT. EVERYONE CAN TELL EXACTLY WHAT YOU ARE JUST BY LOOKING AT YOU
EVERYTHING WAS SO STRANGE. I'D PROMISED MR. CASTLE I WOULDN'T FAIL HIM, BUT TONY WAS ACTING SO ODDLY I HARDLY KNEW WHAT TO DO OR SAY NEXT
HI, TOM. LONG TIME NO SEE
TONY BARLOW! WHY, MATE — YOU'RE DEAD PROSPEROUS NOW AIN'T YOU?

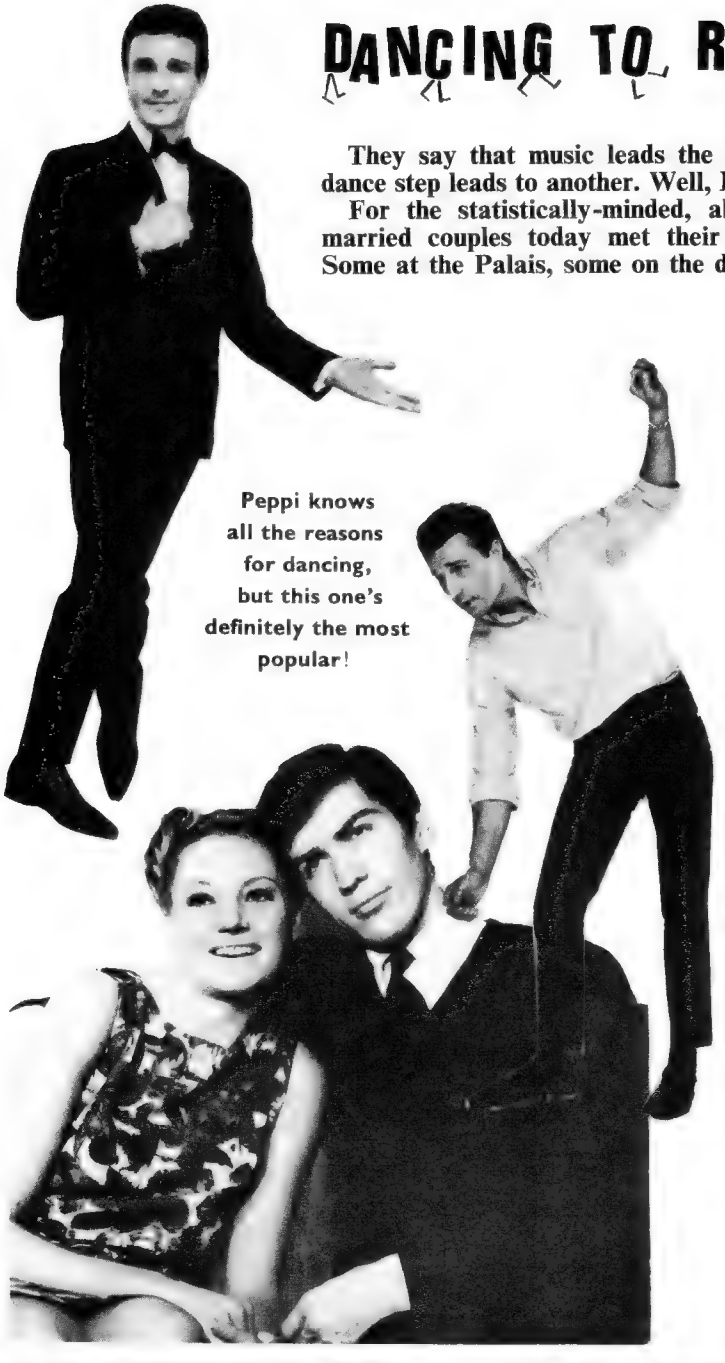
I'LL SAY YOU HAVE. NOT A PATCH ON THE OLD DAYS
I GUESS I'VE BEEN PRETTY LUCKY WITH LIFE
I JUST STOOD AROUND LIKE A LEMON. WHAT COULD I DO? I TRIED TO PUT ON AN ACT TO IMPRESS TONY BUT NOW THIS WAS HAPPENING
I NEVER EXPECTED THIS OF ALL THINGS!
AND WHERE DO YOU THINK YOURE OFF TO?
BACK TO THE OFFICE. I FEEL OUT OF PLACE HERE
OH, NO YOU DON'T, YOU'RE GOING TO DANCE — WITH ME!
I'LL DO NO SUCH THING!
WHAT'S THE MATTER TINA? FRIGHTENED YOU'RE NOT DOING YOUR JOB PROPERLY? YOU HAVEN'T GOT ME TO SIGN ANYTHING YET, HAVE YOU?
I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU MEAN.....
DON'T YOU? I KNOW THAT YOUR MR. CASTLE IS TRYING TO FIX THE PRICES SO THAT OUR FIRM CAN'T SELL LOWER — AND YOU'RE THE BAIT I SUPPOSE
THAT'S NOT TRUE — I'M NO SUCH THING!
LISTEN-PEOPLE ROUND HERE HAVE TO STRUGGLE ENOUGH AS IT IS. I KNOW BECAUSE I HAD TO DO IT MYSELF ONCE. THAT'S WHY MY COMPANY INTEND TO KEEP LOW PRICES
THE TROUBLE IS — IF YOU WEREN'T ON THE OTHER SIDE I COULD FALL FOR YOU REALLY HARD
WHAT'S THAT SUPPOSED TO MEAN?
FORGET IT. YOU OUGHT TO BE GETTING BACK. YOU'VE PROBABLY HAD ENOUGH FOR ONE DAY ANYWAY!

I...I DIDN'T MEAN TO UPSET YOU, TINA. I JUST THOUGHT YOU OUGHT TO KNOW
IT'S ALL RIGHT— I JUST NEVER REALISED BEFORE, THAT'S ALL
LOOK. I'M DOWN HERE FOR A FEW MORE DAYS, DO YOU THINK WE COULD....
NO, TONY! IT'D NEVER WORK OUT. NEVER!
ALL I COULD THINK ABOUT WAS GETTING AWAY BEFORE I BURST INTO TERRS AGAIN. TONY HAD MADE ME LOOK SO SILLY
NO ONE COULD EVER KNOW HOW CHEAP I FELT IN THAT CAB. TO THINK THAT ALL I WAS EVER INTERESTED IN WAS MONEY AND GETTING ON!
I'M SUCH A FOOL! I'LL NEVER SEE HIM AGAIN AND I'VE LOST MY JOB AS WELL!
I KNEW THERE WAS NO POINT IN WORKING FOR MR. CASTLE ANYMORE. NOT NOW I REALISED WHAT A CHEAP RACKET HE RAN
AND I'LL NEVER SEE TONY AGAIN — ALL BECAUSE OF IT!
YOU DID WHAT? WHY YOU IDIOT— YOU KNOW WHAT THAT MEANS, DON'T YOU?
YES, MR. CASTLE— I KNOW WHAT IT MEANS ALL RIGHT!
HOLD IT! YOU CAN'T SACK HER BECAUSE SHE'S LEAVING — TO MARRY ME!
TONY!
ABOUT THIS DEAL, MR. BARLOW
FORGET IT. THE ONLY DEAL I'M INTERESTED IN CONCERNS ME AND TINA. AND FIRST WE NEED A RING
DO YOU RECKON WE COULD MAKE A GO OF IT, TINA? NO ACT THIS TIME?
I KNOW WE COULD, TONY. I NEED THIS LAST CHANCE TO PROVE JUST HOW MUCH I NEED YOU
A JOB? AMBITION? HOW COULD ANY OF THEM COMPARE WITH LOVE? IT HAD SO MUCH MORE TO OFFER IN LASTING HAPPINESS. AND I WAS LUCKY ENOUGH TO GET A SECOND CHANCE
end

DANCING TO ROMANCE

They say that music leads the way to romance and that one dance step leads to another. Well, I can tell you that's oh, so true.

For the statistically-minded, about seventy per cent of the married couples today met their 'to-be's' on the dance floor. Some at the Palais, some on the dimly-lit floor of a night club.



Peppi knows all the reasons for dancing, but this one's definitely the most popular!

But the main thing is, they were dancing. Sometimes, a girl may be beautiful, but if she can't dance, or isn't up-to-date with her dance steps, she may end up a wallflower.

In fact, dancing has never been so important to young ones as it is today, for many, many years.

Nowadays, a girl must have a combination of beauty, up-to-the-minute fashion plus the latest dance steps—which I'm sure most of you have!

When you first meet someone at a dance, you usually start off by doing the shake or the stomp, or one of those dances. Actually, dance-hall dee-jays are very thoughtful about the dancers. They'll play about half a dozen up-tempo discs then slow down to the quieter, more romantic records.

You don't need those softly-lit little clubs for romance any longer. Romance usually takes place in the big dance halls and clubs where it's more of a sort of big party.

Gone are the days when a boy would come up to you, tap you on the arm, and nod towards the dance floor with the 'Do you or don't you want to dance? I don't really care' type of attitude. "Would you care to dance?" is more the line these days.

Yes, manners are definitely in! Quite rightly, too. If you girls put up with bad manners then the boys will just go on that way, but evidently you've been putting your feet down!

And, in return, if you have to refuse a dance for some reason or other, be nice about it, don't be off-hand. You'd be surprised how many boys you can send home with complexes by carrying

on in this way!

And not many people these days can say, "Well, actually, I can't dance."

There's no reason why you shouldn't be out there having a ball with the rest of the gang! Like everything else new, the latest dances may seem funny and awkward at first. But just set your mind to it, give it a bit of practise, and you're there!

Dancing is like a wardrobe of clothes. You must have something for all occasions.

It's great being up-to-date with all the dance trends, but you won't be a teenager for ever. Ballroom dances may not give you a kick at the moment, but there will probably come a time when *those* dances will be *your* dances.

For parties, the twist will get you by admirably, and a slow walk. But if you go to a big dance, you'll look pretty silly doing the shake through waltzes, quicksteps, foxtrots and cha-chas!

Well, now you know that clothes and dancing are as important as each other, why not try going through your dance steps as often as you go through your clothes.

Music and dancing lead the way to romance, and you don't want to be alone out there, do you?

"EVERY CINDERELLA CAN HAVE A BALL"

A charming story about a real-life Cinderella By Carol Martin

"WOULD you like to go out tonight, Linda?" Linda turned and saw Bob, the boy from upstairs smiling at her.

"Oh, Bob, I'd have loved to, but I have to be in by seven."

"By when? Come off it—no-one has to be in by any time any more."

"Well, I do!" Linda almost snapped back. She was a bit fed up with people who kept saying that. No-one understood.

"But I could come for a quick coffee after work," she added quickly, rather hopefully.

"Oh, well, perhaps we'll go for a quick coffee some time then, eh?" he said moving off sharply. Linda shrugged. She was upset, of course, but she was getting used to it now.

She couldn't remember the last time she'd gone out a whole evening . . . and the last time she'd been kissed goodnight by a boy. A couple of years ago she'd never been short of boyfriends. She could pick and choose. Now she was eighteen and alone. Nobody wanted to date a girl for about two hours. She turned to her girlfriend. "I don't suppose you want to waste a couple of hours after work tonight, do you, Elaine?"

"Yes, okay. I'm not going out till nine."

"Thanks." She hated to rush straight home after work—but she knew her father would be waiting, and she'd been the one who had offered to be there by seven to help him.

He owned a cafe bang smack in the middle of London near a printing press and although it couldn't exactly be called a restaurant where a young man might take his girl out to dinner, it got pretty busy at seven and after when the night-shift came on. The customers were all regulars—they'd got used to Linda's dad and the cheap prices, so there was no need for them to look elsewhere.

"It wasn't posh . . . but it was clean."

Actually, Linda enjoyed working there in the evenings. The boys were all so natural and friendly—but it was such a contrast from where she worked during the day. Then, everything was so clean and efficient and the boys . . . well, they were just too too! None of this casual, creased gear the printers and their assistants wore. The city boys had on stiffly starched, whiter-than-white shirts and dark suits. When Linda had first joined the firm she hadn't wanted to rush past any of them, in case the motion ruffled their perfect hairdos!

She'd been terribly self-conscious at first. When one of these perfect gods had asked her out she'd nearly fainted! She couldn't understand why he wanted to go out with someone like her. She was pretty enough, but she always felt so inelegant. Still they all seemed to like her and she was soon the most popular girl there.

. . . . . .

AT first, helping her dad had been a real novelty. She met so many different people. But then she really began to miss her whirl of parties and nights out.

Linda had left school at seventeen and gone straight into "Lee and Curtis" the biggest Insurance Company, as a secretary. The hours were fabulous—nine-thirty till four-thirty. So there was lots of time to get home, change and disappear for the evening.

Her first year there, she met Doug. He was the first boy she'd seen as she made her way to the Personnel Department.

"Hi, can I help you?"

"Oh . . . yes please. I've just joined—only I don't know where to go."

"That's just begging for a rude reply," he'd smiled—then he'd taken her by the hand, so casually, and led her to the right room. Then he'd disappeared.

She couldn't keep her mind on her work that morning. She wondered whereabouts he worked—but she couldn't find out because she didn't know his name. She quite enjoyed her first day there. There were lots of girls in the office and they were all terribly friendly—especially Elaine, who helped her most of all.

As she walked downstairs with Elaine at four-thirty she knew she'd like working here. And as she reached the glass swing-doors, she felt her heart skip a beat, for there was a familiar figure waiting outside.

But he was busy talking to a very attractive and sophisticated blonde girl and didn't really notice her. She looked hopefully at him, but as he looked up, she could see a puzzled look in his eyes as if he was thinking, "I'm sure I've seen her somewhere before, but where?" Linda was really disappointed, but she just blushed and hurried away. As she was waiting for her bus, she caught sight of him walking along with his arm casually round the blonde. She felt a pang of jealousy—she'd only seen him for a moment, but she'd really fallen for him.

. . . . . .

A FEW minutes later, to her surprise, she saw him come round the corner again—alone! He made straight for her and smiled.

"Now I remember. Well? Do you think you'll be staying with us?"

"Oh . . . oh, yes—I love it there. But . . . where do you work?"

"On the next floor—I'm in the accounts department. Look, I don't suppose you've time for a coffee have you?"

"Yes," she said a bit too quickly. "I'm not in any hurry."

"Good—there's a coffee-bar just round here. I'd like to talk to you." Linda walked beside him as if in a dream. He was gorgeous—tall like her, with green eyes and brown hair, and so smart. A minute ago she'd felt really depressed—and now, suddenly, the sun came shining out and Doug turned to smile at her. He opened the door and in she went. She'd expected a coffee-bar like the ones near her home—but this was a beautiful one with bamboo round the walls and large plants

round the floor. It was subtly lit and faint music was playing continually. Doug went to order and Linda settled herself comfortably and watched him.

"Right—first, what's your name? Mine's Doug Ratten."

"I'm Linda Lowe."

"Hello, Linda. I'm glad you're working with us now. Perhaps you could get a transfer to the accounts department."

"Oh!" Linda laughed self-consciously. She still couldn't believe that this boy was taking an interest in *her*. She didn't quite know what to do with herself, so she took a quick swallow of the coffee, burnt her tongue and put the cup back in the saucer with a bang hurriedly.

"Hot?" He smiled at her. She blushed and nodded. Then they fell silent. For ten minutes. Then, "Finished? Shall we go?"

Linda nodded—in a way she was a bit hurt that he didn't want to stay any longer. But she stood up, put on her gloves and walked out with him.

They walked back to the bus-stop and she turned to thank him for the coffee.

"That's okay," he smiled. "Thank me tonight. What time can I pick you up?"

Pick her up was right—'cos she'd nearly collapsed when he said that.

Anyway, he picked her up at eight and they'd had a marvellous date. They didn't really do anything. They walked for hours in the park, laughing at the ducks

"It was a wonderful date with Doug . . ."

which were honking like horns, then it turned a bit cold and Linda shivered. He tightened his hold round her shoulders and pulled her head closer to his.

This was Linda's first date—well, with somebody she felt giddy about. They'd stopped at lots of coffee-bars, played the juke boxes, talked, been silent—then all too soon it was eleven.

"I guess I'd better take you home now," Doug said regretfully. "I live right out in the wilds. You're okay living in the middle of town. Must be fabulous."

"Never thought about it, really. I suppose I am lucky being so central. I can get everywhere from my place—but it's not really a nice area. I'd love a house with a garden. We live in a flat. But it's not as glamorous as it sounds."

"I'd love a flat just where you are. Great."

"I'll swop you your house for mine then."

"Maybe we'll get to share one, one day, Linda." He suddenly turned serious and she knew he was about to kiss her. She closed her eyes and suddenly felt sick. She'd wanted him to kiss her all evening, but now the moment had come she wanted to rush away—but her legs were too wobbly and she didn't trust them in running (that was her excuse, anyway!).

. . . . . .

She was right. He did kiss her—but only a peck on the lips, then he'd grabbed her arm and hurried her off home. She couldn't speak at all after that—she was dumbfounded. She wasn't THAT bad!

But later in bed that evening, thinking over in her mind every single word he'd said to her, she realised she was glad he hadn't been too gooey over her else she might have gone off him. It didn't take much. This way, she was dying for their next date when she could work on things!

And she did work on things—for the next six months. She'd never been so happy. She went everywhere with him—all-night parties, dancing, sailing, walking. Work was the most wonderful place there could be. She could make herself feel sick any time she wanted, just by looking at the ceiling and imagining him working above her . . . and thinking of how he'd be holding her in about an hour's time.

. . . . . .

HE didn't go out with another girl the whole time they'd been dating—that was why it was such a horrible shock when he said he wouldn't be seeing her again.

"Doug! Don't say that—please, it's not funny!"

"It wasn't a joke. I'm leaving here next week."

"You're not! Well . . . why can't you see me still? I'll meet you anywhere. I don't mind. I'm free all evening. I could . . . "

"Don't Linda. I'm leaving the country too. I'm fed up with this 9.30/4.30 lark. I don't want to be stuck here all my life. I want to see a bit of the world."

Linda was in tears. They streamed down her cheeks. "Let me come with you," she pleaded—the words tumbling out. "We could be so happy. I'll get a job abroad and then we'll . . ."

He turned his back on her. "Don't make it more difficult Linda. You can't come along. You see . . . I'm joining the Merchant Navy."

"Oh, no—you can't do that, Doug—you wouldn't be happy. I know it."

"Linda, I have to. I've had it up to here. I can't stand this any more. If I mess up things, I'll just start again—at least, this way I'll have done it and got it out of my system. But I'll write honey."

"You won't. I know you won't." He'd kissed her . . . but the words still went round her mind "He won't—he won't."

And he didn't. After the first two weeks—all the letters stopped. And Linda seemed to grow up so much in a month. She was serious and a little bit hard and cynical. She never ever let herself get serious about a boy again. She went out on lots and lots of dates at first—and had loads of parties till she gradually forgot about Doug. Well, not forgot really—but she could think of him without feeling sick or ill. Now she even felt a bit embarrassed when she remembered the near scene she'd made. She'd never act like that now.

Then she got a bit fed up with her hectic life. Her dad bought the cafe near them and asked her to help out one evening. She enjoyed being busy and not having to laugh and look gay the whole time—so she made a verbal contract with her father to help him every night at seven o'clock.

He'd grown so used to her that if she was five minutes late it was as if she was late for work, and got a lecture. It wasn't a posh cafe—but it was clean and this was what the printers liked most of all.

Linda would stand behind the counter, looking tidy and pretty, pouring out teas, taking money and orders and saying "Goodnight" patiently.

. . . . . .

SHE'D been terribly embarrassed at first, because the men and boys could not help staring. They hadn't expected a girl like this to serve them. She looked as if she belonged in an office. But they liked her straight away.

"Hello love," was their usual greeting to her. And she liked them. They were so down-to-earth and always so happy. Never moody like the boys in her office. That was when she remembered Doug—when she allowed herself, for the first time, to remember him. He had had a good job, a clean job, off at four-thirty, back again at nine-thirty, good money and luncheon vouchers, yet he was bored and disillusioned and wanted to get away from it all. Here were these boys who worked all odd hours through the night, for poor money while they were being taught, no luncheon vouchers and really hard work—yet they were never too tired to smile at her and have a joke. She just couldn't understand it. There was something wrong somewhere.

For the first six months since they'd got the cafe, Linda was perfectly content. In a funny sort of way, it was rather nice to have her life organised like this. She knew exactly what she'd be doing—and she didn't have to bother about making excuses for not going to places she didn't want to.

Then, when she realised that nobody was asking her out any more, she began to worry. The word had got around her office and she just wasn't bothered at all by anyone. She began to get a bit irritable.

"What's up Linda? That's a long face." That was John—a young reader from the prints.

"Aren't I allowed to be miserable one day?" she'd almost snapped back.

"No you're not. I don't want to eat my meal and see old misery in front of me."

"Well, sit with your back to me, then!"

"Oh—dear. Sorry I spoke. But before I shut up can I have a tea and a roll and butter, please?"

"Okay—but aren't you eating?" Even though she'd been a bit cross with John for prying, she couldn't help worrying a bit about him. She did about all of them. And John ALWAYS ate.

"Er . . . no—not hungry tonight." He'd gone a bit red. Linda guessed straight away what was wrong. She'd seen John lots of times scribbling figures on a piece of paper, and she worked out that he was planning his wages.

She ordered up his usual meal and took it over. He looked up in surprise.

But she didn't let him say anything. "Okay—I'm ashamed of myself for being rude. So now I want to see you eat this meal while I smile happily. If you won't eat it watched by a misery, you've no excuse now."

He didn't smile back. Just gazed at her—squeezed her hand and whispered "I'll settle with you next week, Linda. Thanks."

The cafe was quite empty so she sat opposite him and made a funny face at him. "Now listen to me, you nit! I think we've known you long enough to trust you for a meal. Think of all my fabulous magazines and papers that I'd miss if you passed out for lack of a meal. I'd never forgive myself."

"Her social life now was just a quick cup of coffee . . ."

This time he did laugh and tucked hungrily into his food.

"And don't forget that. After all, I know where you work, so I daresay I could nip across and haunt you till you paid up. So promise you won't say "Not hungry" again?"

"Okay Linda, promise—you're a doll."

She moved away as all his friends came in and greeted her.

"Wotcher love. Tea and sausages and chips please."

"Hello gorgeous—got anything like you to eat?"

"Evening Linda love. Had a hard day?"

. . . . . .

YES . . . what a contrast. But she kept her two worlds separate. Even her best friend Elaine wouldn't understand how she was more contented and happier (in a funny sort of way), with that sort of person than the immaculate ones she always went around with.

She could see Elaine making her way over to her now and she shook herself. Goodness, she'd been sitting day-dreaming for about an hour. It was four o'clock and she hadn't finished half her letters.

"Wakey—I didn't like to disturb you before," Elaine smiled at her. "Need any help? I've finished."

"Thanks—you're a pal." Linda started hammering furiously at her typewriter, and Elaine joined her. They finished the lot with five minutes to spare, and they sat back absolutely exhausted.

"By the way," said Elaine. "I'm meeting Jeff round the coffee-bar after all, so I won't have to hurry."

"Oh, marvellous!" said Linda. Then they both strolled round the corner to "La Ronda" coffee-bar. In half-an-hour the boys joined them.

Not just Jeff—but another fabulous boy. They came

straight over and Jeff introduced him. "This is Linda, Tony. He's been dying to meet you Linda."

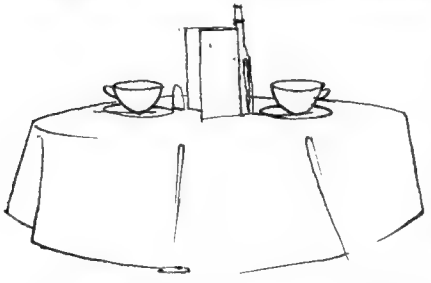
Linda smiled and couldn't help blushing a bit—for Tony wouldn't take his eyes off her.

They all had coffee then Jeff asked Linda politely, "Wouldn't you like to join us tonight Linda and make it a foursome? Poor Tony'll feel left out otherwise."

"You're too right I will," said Tony still looking at Linda quite openly.

"Oh, I'd love to—but I have to be in by seven tonight." Linda added the "tonight" so she wouldn't have to explain. She was really disappointed for once—she'd have liked to go out with Tony.

"Well, that's a shame. But I guess we'd better be going now else we'll miss the beginning." Jeff got up



"At last she'd found somewhere she could spend a couple of hours . . ."

and pulled Elaine's chair back for her. Linda wasn't quite sure what she was supposed to do really. She still had an hour to waste, so she decided to sit where she was. To her surprise, Tony didn't move either.

"I don't think I *will* join you two lovebirds after all," he said looking at Jeff and Elaine. "I'll see Linda home instead—that's if she doesn't mind?"

"No, of course not. I'd love it," said Linda hastily. "Are you sure? I mean please don't feel you have to."

"Of course I have to," he smiled back "I'd never forgive myself for letting the opportunity of walking a gorgeous girl home go by me."

. . . . . .

LINDA didn't even notice that Jeff and Elaine had gone. She sat with Tony and wished and wished that she didn't have to go. But she did and Tony saw her as far as her corner.

"Well, when can I see you then, mystery girl?"

"It's a bit awkward, actually, Tony. I'd love to see you again, but for a while I have to be in by seven."

"Okay—I won't pry. But I'll meet you after work each night for a coffee. Okay?"

She couldn't believe it. This was what she was hoping would happen to her one day—but she didn't think a boy like Tony would waste his time for just a couple of hours with a girl.

And she was right! For the novelty wore off after the first week—and Tony just didn't turn up.

After that, it was quite surprising how many boys were willing to go for coffees till 6.30—either to find out what her secret was, or because it was a novelty. She didn't really care too much for the boys—but it was still ego-hurting to feel no one liked her enough to want to be with her if only for a couple of hours.

Still, however tired or depressed she felt at seven, she had to shake if off during the evening—otherwise she knew all the customers would want to know what she was so miserable about.

. . . . . .

ONE day, when she just couldn't find anyone to have coffee with, she wandered home the long way and found herself near the notorious area of Soho. Only it didn't look notorious.

Quite a respectable area really—housewives with shopping bags and babies, a few business-men and young couples walking arm-in-arm. She looked at all these loving couples and felt really fed up. She felt like yelling out, "It's all right for you lot! I'm Cinderella—only even she could be home by twelve. *I* have to be home by seven! !" But of course, she didn't yell that out. She moved quietly along till she bumped into a coffee-bar. Literally. She'd turned to see where she was going, didn't see where she was going, tripped on the kerb, and the next thing she knew was that she was staring—her nose pressed hard against the window—into a packed coffee-bar.

Couples were jiving to a juke-box and the atmosphere was warm and alive. Suddenly she was conscious of a boy sitting right under her nose. He beckoned her in and she moved quickly. She didn't want him to think she was waiting for an invitation. But the next minute he was by the door and calling, "Hey—do come in and join me. You looked rather like Cinderella just then."

Maybe it was that magic name that decided her. How could he know? She looked at him and, deciding she could like him a lot, went into the coffee-bar with him.

"Two more, Tina," he called and then to Linda "I'm Chris Wilcox and thanks for joining me."

"I'm Linda Lowe and thanks for inviting me. I was wondering how I could waste a couple of hours."

"Well, what a coincidence. I always come here to waste a couple of hours. I go to night-school at seven."

"No! That's marvellous. I have to be in by seven—I thought I was the only one that was restricted."

"Well, you'll come here every night then, won't you? Please do."

"Oh, I'd love to. Really. Thanks very much." She smiled happily at him. He wasn't really good-looking—but he had an open face and wide brown eyes and fair longish hair. He was dressed casually and didn't seem madly well-off. But he was oozing personality and Linda knew that meeting him every night for a couple of hours would keep her mood soaring high. They chatted on for ages. He told her he was studing to be a vet, but he wished he could get a decent job in the evenings so he could study during the day, instead. Linda sympathised and thought of her own job, he could have that—but she didn't suggest it, of course.

. . . . . .

SHE didn't—but her father did. Suddenly everything seemed to be coincidental. She'd been meeting Chris for about a month every night and their friendship had developed into something more.

At first, they'd only danced to the fast beaty records—then they'd gradually joined in the slow, romantic ballads. Then they graduated to putting their arms

round each other's necks while dancing and burying their heads against each other.

And soon, before they parted to go their different ways, they began to kiss each other goodnight. Shyly and quickly at first. It was as if two very good friends had suddenly discovered they were in love and couldn't be friends any more. Then their goodnight kisses grew longer and Cinderella was more than five or ten minutes late.

No one said anything—at least, not her father. Perhaps he began to realise something was up with his blissfully happy daughter—but the customers began taunting her.

"Can't have this. Not good enough."

"Don't want to come in here after a hard day's work and see your dad's face. Not quite as pretty as yours."

"Make sure you're here to serve me tomorrow—else I'll take my custom elsewhere," that was John. They worried about her in fun when she ran in breathlessly, trying to look as if she hadn't noticed the time.

But they all worried for real when she didn't turn up till half past nine one night.

She'd come out of the coffee-bar with Chris and they'd got to their cross-roads. After kissing goodnight Chris moved off and so did Linda—right into a grating. She moved but her shoe didn't—and she felt a terrific wrench at her ankle. She groaned and leaned against the wall. She stayed the way she was feeling cold all over. It was obvious to her that she'd twisted her ankle—but it was still twisted and she couldn't do anything about it. She closed her eyes painfully and bit her lip.

. . . . . .

SHE wasn't sure if she imagined it—but she felt a cool hand gently working her foot out of her shoe. Then it was free and she put it up against the wall, still with her eyes shut.

Then she felt her shoe being put in her hand and she opened her eyes. That was when she fainted—for before her stood Doug! !

When she came to, she was in the Casualty Department of the local hospital and her foot was bandaged firmly in a pure white bandage. She was a bit scared to turn round. Surely she'd imagined it? But no—there he was sitting looking at her.

"Hi—remember me? I couldn't believe it when I saw you tonight."

"I couldn't believe it, either. How are you Doug? Thanks for bringing me here."

"That's all right, honey. Think you're fit enough to come out for the evening now? I'll carry you if need be."

"Oh!" She suddenly remembered. "What's the time? Everyone'll be so worried."

"It's nine. Why—not free any more?"

She stared at him. Out of the blue he'd arrived. She didn't want to ask him how long he was staying for. Before, she'd have gone out with him even if she had to crawl along—now she was tired and her ankle hurt, and she was worried about everyone worrying about her!

"No, Doug—I'm not free any more. My time's limited."

He shrugged. "Shame—I've only tonight free. I'm off to Africa tomorrow. Oh well—nice seeing you again Linda. You've changed. I'll go get you a taxi."

. . . . . .

WITHIN seconds, she'd said goodbye to Doug, wished him luck and was off home. The taxi-driver helped her into the cafe where everyone was gathered round her father who was on the phone anxiously.

She felt tears come to her eyes. She might have felt like Cinderella—but only in the time respect. This Cinderella was loved by everyone.

"Darling! What's happened. I've been so anxious." She looked round and saw Chris looking worried.

"Chris—what are you doing here?"

She was crowded now and told everyone what had happened—but still waited for Chris to explain. He looked a bit sheepish, so everyone went off happily, assured that Linda was well, and left them alone

"Don't laugh—but I got to night-school and couldn't stand being alone that evening. I wanted to be near you—even while you worked. So I skipped it and came back here. But when you didn't turn up, I began thinking all sorts of things . . ."

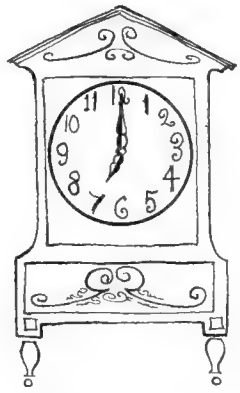
He hugged her and Linda sighed happily. This was what she'd been waiting for—someone to need her. Need her for more than two hours—but be willing to just have that, if that was the way it had to be.

"I love you Chris—so very much," she whispered. He only hugged her tighter and kissed her.

Later he laughed as he looked at her swollen foot, and said, "You really had to prove the Cinderella bit, didn't you? Even to the shoe bit."

A couple of weeks later, Linda was again rushing home . . . but this time to change. No, she wasn't going out that evening—she still had to be home by seven, but she was making herself look specially nice for Chris—for at seven he would be there with her, in the cellar of the cafe, which Linda's dad had opened as a coffee-bar and had given Chris and Linda the job of managing it for him.

It was a very eager Linda who rushed home every evening at seven for heaven with her boyfriend!



end

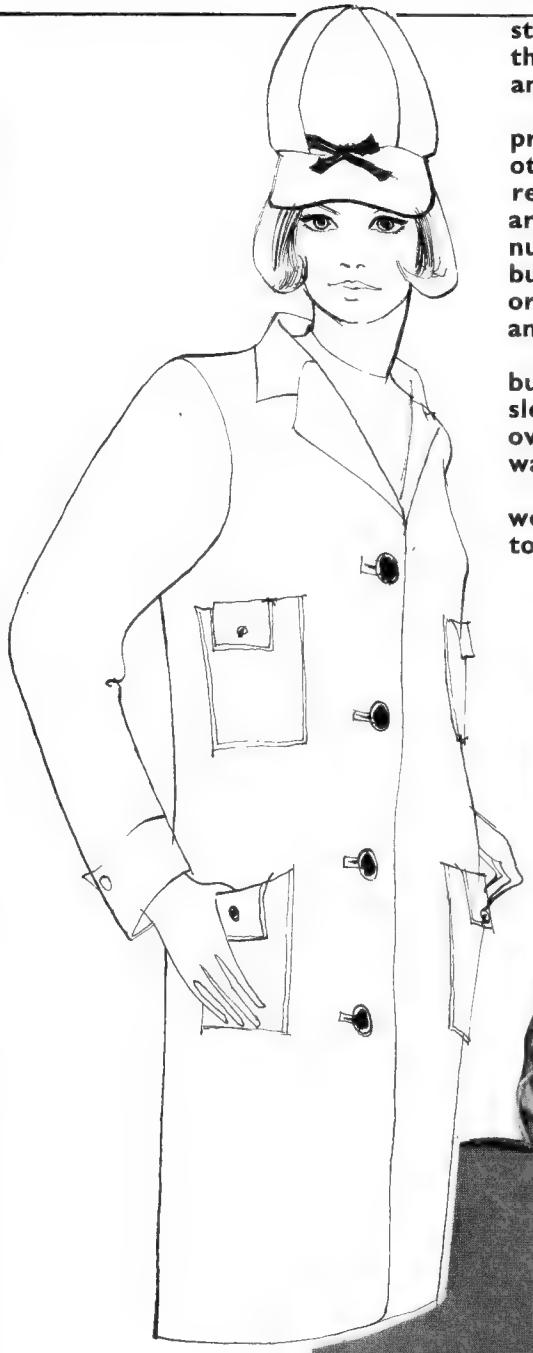
A girl feels her best when she looks her best - and she looks her best in . . .

CLOTHES THE BOYS LIKE

Where the boys are is where the girls want to be. And the best way of getting there is by wearing the clothes the boys go for.

Pretty, pretty styles are okay for girls who like to think they are dolls. But to many a male you can look just as good or even more appealing swathed in leather or slopping around in a pullover three sizes too big. Tough, mannish garments on the "frail" feminine form bring out the tenderness in the he-man, you know.

Remember when leather used to be strictly for the rich? Nowadays we can all buy the exciting



styles that are in the shops, by saving up for the "real thing" or going out straight away and picking up the fakes.

Although black is the kookiest and most practical—especially for cleaning—plenty of other shades are making the scene. Pillar-box red, snowy white, military blue and brown are very popular. There are a fantastic number of styles to choose from. You can buy skirts, tops with V-necks, polo-necks or round necks, capes, dresses, jackets, slacks and even Knickerbockers in leather.

A good idea for the freezing weather is to buy a leather dress—with a round neck, no sleeves and an optional belt, and wear it over any light wool dress you have in your wardrobe.

An attractive addition to your wardrobe would be a waistcoat in lizard-finished leather to team up with a leather skirt.

One of your prize possessions could be a leather skirt at around eight guineas, mock leather slacks at, say, 69/6d., or a jerkin at fifteen guineas.

We all know about leather or imitation leather boots. Ankle length, calf length, knee-high, above the knees and thigh-high. We've all got a pair.

Although it's great to be able to afford a full length leather coat for around £20, there are fakes at half the price. Pakamac have pulled off a winning double with their plastic raincoats—one mock-croc and the other a glossy city slicker. Belted in the middle, they cost 25s. each.

If you are lucky and own genuine leather articles, look after them properly. The following advice comes from the Leather Institute: When leather gets wet it should be allowed to dry in a normal temperature.

Brushing with a sponge rubber brush will help to keep leather fresh. A wire brush or any other type of hard brush should not be used, as it will destroy the leather.

The use of spirit should be avoided on any type of leather, as it will remove the colour as well as the dirt. And, if it's really soiled, professional cleaning is a must.

Now, there's no doubt that if your figure is shapely there's nothing more

They're the latest and the most fashionable - yet they're practical, too. Like the clever working girl who'll be wearing them a long time.

eye-catching than a pair of slacks — especially from a boy's angle. Slacks have the best of everything for man-appeal the emphasis is on expert tailoring. Some slacks are even being made in a range of cloths identical to those used to make boys' lightweight suits.

Casual, sporty clothes also have man-appeal.

Boys aren't too keen on going out with a girl who absolutely shrieks of the latest fashions—especially if they don't suit her. It's better to play safe with cool little jumper suits and simple dresses.

There are hundreds of little suits to choose from at really reasonable prices. One useful number has a short-sleeved, button-through jacket with an embroidered pocket and a slim skirt. It costs £6 9s. 6d.

It's true that few boys can resist a pretty girl wearing a waisted frothy dress, but there is something distinctly sexy about the more tom-boyish fashions!

Problems are our business, and it certainly looks —judging by the pile of letters on our desk—as if we're unlikely to go out of business!

But we're confirmed optimists! We don't think our correspondents are all sick, or that people have more problems than ever before, or that today's young people are a bunch of nuts.

We think that young people today have more courage and more initiative. And that's why they come into the open more about their problems.

They have the sense to realise that other people have the same problems, and so they can be helped.

Now we'll tackle some of the queries on our desk.

TALBOT TWINS

"Dear Johnny,

My boyfriend takes me out regularly, but most of the time we just bicker and fight. Or we hardly say anything to each other all evening.

The only time my boyfriend comes to life is when he's kissing me goodnight. Lately, I've found his performance a bit embarrassing. And a bit of a bore.

Do you think I should drop him, or persevere?

Cilla, Glasgow."

You should definitely bring his problem into the open, and have a frank discussion with your boyfriend about it.

We suggest that you don't see each other for perhaps a month or so. And then you would both realise more clearly whether you have a deep feeling for each other or not. It would appear that you are seeing too much of each other and have no other interests or friends. You're both becoming bored.

"Dear Jeannie,

I had a very close friend, called Ella, for years. In fact, we went through school together. Now we've had a fight, and, to my horror, she's spreading the secrets I shared with her, plus, I suspect, a few made-up ones.

What can I do about this tittle-tattle?

Fay, Brixton."

Very little, we're afraid, except to refuse point blank to do the same thing. That way, people will begin to realise that you haven't let your ex-friend down. The best solution would be to make it up with her again—especially if she's a friend of such long standing, because you must have a lot in common. Why not try to see her? If you do, forget about the past few weeks, and start your friendship afresh.

"Dear Jeannie,

I don't read books. I don't go to long-hair concerts or plays. I'm not at all keen on sports. But I do like pop music and dancing, cooking, knitting etc. My sister says I'm a moron, and my Mum and Dad seem to agree. Am I? I feel quite hurt.

Jean, Stevenage."

An ex-friend with a spiteful tongue is one of the most dangerous things in the world. But what can you do about it?

Take some paper, write a little letter, and pass your heartaches on.

Of course you're not. Many older people don't like pop music and are inclined to think that anyone who does must be moronic. This is really shocking snobbery, and you shouldn't pay any heed to it.

You should take a healthy and intelligent interest in life but, when you're young, you should also enjoy it. There'll be plenty of time later to read books. You should enjoy every stage of life to the full.

But you'd better play it cool with Mum and Dad—humour them.

Why do the problems that people write to us about exist? Well, because of three categories of people—parents, sons and daughters, friends.

And we can also categorise the emotions that are at the root of most of these problems.

In the case of parents, a basic need for affection and respect and, often, feelings of guilt.

In the case of boys who cause problems for girls, sex longings and the need for security. And, in the case of friends, the deep-rooted feeling that it's better not to prowl alone in the human jungle.

Now we have some more letters illustrating these problems.

"*Dear Jeannie and Johnny,*

I've been going with my boyfriend Allan for several months now and I can literally get him to do anything I want. It surprises me how he's always so willing to obey my every wish. I like Allan very much, but do you think I'll ever respect him?

Judy, Nottingham."

No—not unless he changes his approach drastically. Mind you, we don't think you come out of this with clean hands. It's all very well to boast of how you can get him to do anything for you, but you must have spent weeks seeing just how far

you could push your luck. That's not really very nice, and we suggest you stop immediately.

Have you ever met anyone who really liked the girl in such a one-sided partnership? Neither have we. So ponder, and change your ways—and give Allan a break!

"Dear Jeannie,

I feel very strongly attracted to a boy who has taken me out on several occasions, but frankly I can see no good points about him at all. Can it be only sex?

Mary, Highgate."

Yes, it could be—quite easily. But why must we try to analyse everyone and everything? Let the romance jog on for a few weeks for there may well be lots of reasons you're attracted to this boy.

Maybe it's love as well. Just wait and see, and stop analysing. You must let your heart rule some of the time.

"Dear Johnny,

I'm going steady, and I think my boyfriend will soon ask me to become engaged. Now my Mum is trying to put me off by running down her own marriage.

It's embarrassing the way she criticises my Dad, who's not really such a bad old stick. He certainly couldn't be as nasty as she says. What can I do about Mum?

Ann, Doncaster."

Your mother may have gone through a bad spell during her marriage at one point, and she may be genuine in trying to protect you. But it really is unfair of her to try and influence you in this way.

You know better than anyone else whether you want to marry this boy or not. And, if you've been going out with him for some time and feel you are old enough to make up your own mind, you should stick by your decision. Your mother will eventually come round.

The letters we get show fascinating glimpses of character. Some writers try to be lighthearted and cynical. Some are near hysteria. Many, many of them end up with the same two sentences. "I'm so unhappy" and "Please help me". This is why we are so proud to be asked and are so concerned to make sure that we give the most helpful answers.

"*Dear Jeannie,*

My mother is fairly young and very attractive and she knows it, because all my friends compliment her. Just lately I've noticed a change in her whenever an old friend of the family visits.

Now I know for sure that she is carrying on with him, and she makes sheep's eyes at him behind my father's back.

She's become terribly short with me and treats me more like a rival—always trying to show me up as being young and inexperienced.

I think my father has a right to know what is going on, but I feel mean about going behind my mother's back.

Roberta, Hampstead."

Are you sure this isn't jealousy on your part? Or that you're not just imagining this because of the fact that your mother is so attractive, and that your friends—boys, perhaps?—seem to be paying her a lot of attention?

Just because someone pays her a compliment doesn't mean to say that a raging affair is going on.

Say nothing to your father at all, and if you really are getting nervy about it, you should have a word with your mother. But we suggest you leave it till you're sure. Even then, it's not your place to say anything.

"*Dear Johnny,*

I've got a wonderful, kind and thoughtful boyfriend—but he's so unromantic. The strange thing is, whenever he calls for me he always picks up my romantic magazines and novels, and I can't tear him away from them.

He shows his affection for me in nice, thoughtful little ways—but seems shy about being romantic.

Do you think he's reading these magazines to get some hints? Or is it a hint for me to make the first move?

Janie, Balham."

The way he shows his affection for you is, to him, the same as being romantic. We all like to imagine ourselves like someone else, and maybe when he reads these stories he can be a great lover.

Don't try to change him, if you're happy with him now. He'll get round to the romance when he feels it's the right time. By pushing him too much, you might just frighten him away.

TWO KINDS OF LOVE

YOU HAVEN'T A CLUE, CARO
I WAS DETERMINED TO BE A NURSE AND WAS PRACTISING BANDAGING ON MY NIECE, KIM
HM- LET'S SEE... WHERE DID I GO WRONG.?
YOU'RE USELESS!
MUMMY, WHY ISN'T CARO GETTING ANY MORE NEW CLOTHES FOR HER WEDDING?
SHE'S NOT GETTING MARRIED ANY MORE. SHE'S GOING TO BE A NURSE
AH! THAT'S WHY IT ALL WENT WONKY
CARO, YOU SHOULD BE MARRYING STEVE
OH, LEAVE ME ALONE- IT'S MY LIFE
I SHUT THE BOOK FIRMLY AND REMEMBERED THE DAY I HAD DECIDED TO BECOME A NURSE AND GIVE UP STEVE

I HAD BEEN SO LOOKING FORWARD TO MARRYING STEVE – HOW WONDERFULLY HAPPY WE HAD BOTH FELT...
...UNTIL THAT AWFUL DAY WHEN WE HAD BEEN SAILING HAPPILY AND A STORM HAD SUDDENLY STARTED
WATCH OUT, CARO!
HELP! I'M SLIPPING...
IT WAS THERE, LYING IN BED, THAT I BECAME OBSESSED WITH THE IDEA OF BEING A NURSE
HE HAD THEN GIVEN ME EVERY ENCOURAGEMENT
DOCTOR TURNER – DO YOU THINK I COULD BE A NURSE?
I DON'T SEE WHY NOT, CARO
WHY NOT BUY CARO SOME BOOKS ON NURSING?
BUT I STILL HAD TO TELL STEVE, AND I WAS DREADING IT...
STEVE, I...I WANT TO BE A NURSE
WHAT?... BUT WHAT ABOUT US?

I'M SORRY, STEVE... BUT I DO WANT TO BE A NURSE
SO, WE'RE THROUGH!
WELL, I'LL SEE YOU NEXT WEEK-BUT NOT AS A PATIENT!
GOOD~ WE'RE LOOKING FORWARD TO HAVING YOU
AND WITH THAT HE HAD LEFT ABRUPTLY
STEVE!...
CARO, YOU WEREN'T CUT OUT TO BE A NURSE~ YOU'RE NOT REALLY STRONG ENOUGH
BUT EVEN IF STEVE DIDN'T LIKE THE IDEA, DOCTOR TURNER DID
I'M SO PLEASED, CARO, I HOPE YOU'LL TRAIN WITH US
OH, YES PLEASE
I WANT TO BE A NURSE AND NOTHING WILL CHANGE MY MIND
I REPORTED THE NEXT WEEK STILL FIRED WITH ENTHUSIASM FOR WORK...
...OR WAS IT ENTHUSIASM TO SEE DOCTOR TURNER?
DOCTOR

HULLO!
OH, CARO- I HOPE YOU'RE GOING TO LIKE IT HERE
HE WAS SO GOOD-LOOKING
I CAN'T GET THIS AWFUL THING OFF
WHAT? OH, YES- HERE
CARO, STEVE CALLED YOU
I DON'T WANT TO SPEAK TO HIM
BUT I COULDN'T AVOID IT
CARO- I MUST TALK TO YOU...
I CAN'T- I MUST FLY. I'M LATE
BUT, CARO, YOU'RE NOT STRONG ENOUGH TO BE A NURSE
WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT IT? OF COURSE I AM!
OF COURSE I AM- THOUGH I DO HATE SOME OF THE CHORES

CARO, DOCTOR TURNER WANTS TO SEE YOU
YES, SISTER
I WONDER WHY?
CARO, JUST LATELY YOU'VE BEEN MAKING STUPID MISTAKES THAT COULD BE SERIOUS~THIS MUST STOP
I'M SORRY, DOCTOR
HE WAS SO CROSS, I FELT ABOUT TWO INCHES HIGH
AFTER THAT I WORKED HARDER AND HARDER, BUT I ALMOST BEGAN TO LOATHE IT ALL, AND FELT QUITE ILL FROM TIME TO TIME
I WONDER HOW MUCH LONGER I CAN GO ON?
YOU'RE DOING BETTER~ BUT YOU MUST TRY NOT TO BE SO SQUEAMISH AT TIMES

I JUST COULDN'T BEAR IT ANY MORE...
I HATE IT – I HATE IT ALL
STEVE WAS RIGHT – I WASN'T CUT OUT FOR THIS
I'M LEAVING – I DON'T WANT TO BE A NURSE
SHE WAS SWEET, BUT NOT THE DEDICATED TYPE. MORE THE MARRYING KIND
HULLO, STEVE? OH, YES, I'D LOVE TO.
HE'D ASKED ME TO RACE WITH HIM THAT SATURDAY AT THE REGATTA
I'LL BET YOU – ANYTHING YOU LIKE – THAT SHE BECOMES HIS CREW FOR LIFE
NO BETS. I'M WITH YOU ALL THE WAY
I REALISED JUST HOW MUCH I LOVED AND HAD MISSED STEVE. I WAS QUITE WILLING TO GIVE UP ONE DEDICATED CAREER – AND ENTER ANOTHER LIFETIME ONE.'
end

IS ELVIS GOING *HIGHBROW?*

Fame and money
just aren't enough
for Elvis anymore . . . .

. . . Now he wants
to understand
and to *know*.

"Books?" Elvis Presley said with a shrug of his shoulders . . . "I never touch 'em . . ." "I gave up reading when I left high school". He pushed the long hair back off his face, frowned and added: "I guess the only reading I ever do is looking at the funny papers— you know, the comic strips. 'Lil Abner's' my favourite . . ." Studio publicists sighed with dismay. Their new star was too outspoken for his own good. Imagine a star admitting he never read! What would the public think?

That was Elvis Presley, vintage of 1957, a hip-swinging, wildly-dressed young man who was too honest to indulge in Hollywood pretence.

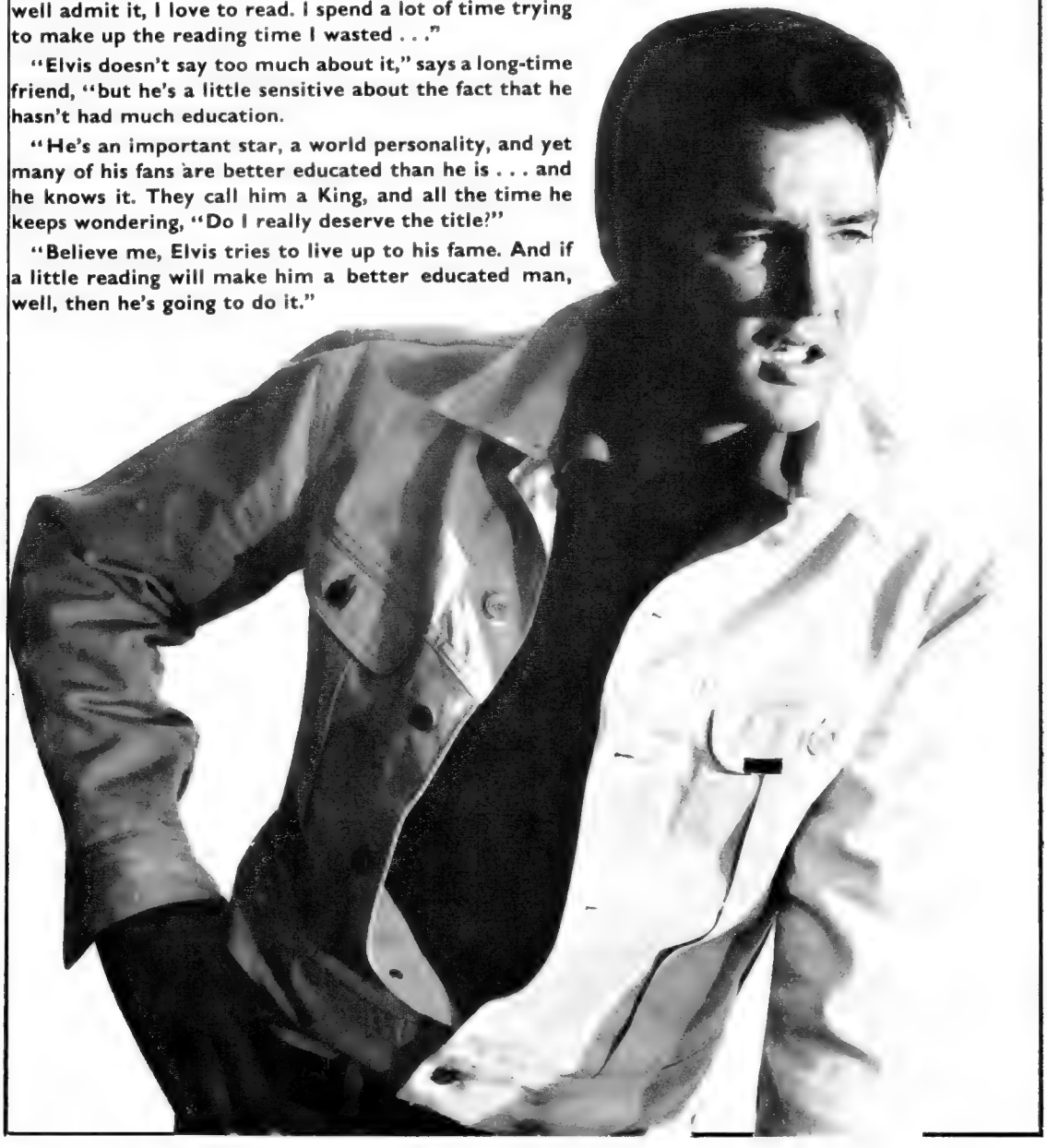
Elvis today is still honest ; he still despises pretence. But his views on matters such as clothes and reading have changed. The Presley of 1964 gazes right at you with those clear blue eyes and says, "Yes, I might as well admit it, I love to read. I spend a lot of time trying to make up the reading time I wasted . . ."

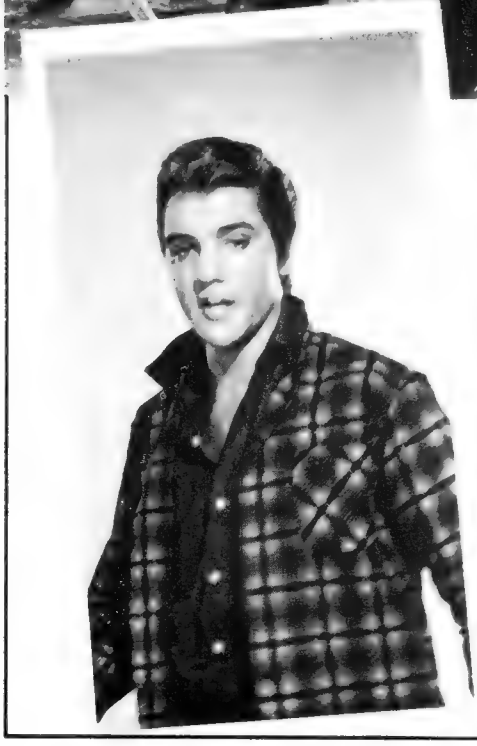
"Elvis doesn't say too much about it," says a long-time friend, "but he's a little sensitive about the fact that he hasn't had much education.

"He's an important star, a world personality, and yet many of his fans are better educated than he is . . . and he knows it. They call him a King, and all the time he keeps wondering, "Do I really deserve the title?"

"Believe me, Elvis tries to live up to his fame. And if a little reading will make him a better educated man, well, then he's going to do it."

"Elvis write a Book? Yes, if he had the time. He's had a pretty eventful life at that . . ."—Colonel Tom Parker.





Recently several huge packages were delivered to his home in Memphis. Elvis himself helped the delivery men unload them.

The packages contained all the volumes of Encyclopaedia Britannica, and were carefully placed in a specially built bookcase in Elvis's room.

"Elvis pores over that Encyclopaedia every chance he gets," confides one of his Memphis pals. "He sure ain't the guy he used to be . . . All he used to want to do was sing and dance and have a good time. Now he keeps getting serious streaks. He writes letters when once he would never think of it, he keeps all kinds of books and papers in his room, and, well, I'll bet he spends a good hour a day peering through his Encyclopaedias and those other books."

"My very favourite kind of reading," Elvis says quietly, "is sentimental poetry. I read some almost every night . . ."

"Elvis is a sentimental, sensitive boy," says his father, Vernon Presley. "He gets that from his mother. She always kind of liked those poems, too."

"Mama was a great one for improving yourself," Elvis explains. "She thought a good education was the most important thing in the world. She never talked about me going to college, though. We all thought I was lucky for just making it through high school . . . . But Mama was so proud when I graduated."

His face was sad as he added, "I wish now I'd been a better student . . ."

Elvis's teachers at L.C. Humes High School in Memphis recall him as "just an average pupil, but outstandingly obedient and well-mannered."

"I always thought he could have made top grades," says one of those teachers, Miss Susie Johnson, "but he didn't. It seems he just wasn't too sure of what he wanted out of life then . . ."

But now Elvis does know what he wants out of life. He wants to be a well-educated man.

But no matter how he strives towards his goal, he won't turn his back on his old pleasures. "Yes," he admits, "I still read 'Lil Abner' and like it better than ever. But that's the only comic strip I do read . . ."

Reporters have often asked Elvis if he'll write a book himself. When he got out of army he was constantly teased: "Going to write a book about your experiences, Presley?"

He'd smile right back and say: "Well, who knows . . . Later on, I might do just that."

"We were kidding Elvis, and he was joking right back," remembers one of the journalists. "We knew he wasn't capable of writing a book, and he did, too. Now it might be a different story."

Who knows? Perhaps one day, there'll be another beautifully bound book placed next to the treasured Encyclopaedia—a volume by none other than Elvis Aaron Presley . . .

A DAY IN THE LIFE OF A "LOO"

by A. Mirror

Five to nine—and they all tear in to fix themselves up before the boss gets in. If you knew the interesting and hilarious things I see each morning, you'd wish you were a mirror in an office "loo" too. I like sharing the secrets of the pretty misses that stand before me. Being quite a pretty—if I say so myself—feminine mirror, I like to keep my glass eyes on them.

Trouble is, most of these girls give me a headache when they stand looking right through me at themselves and wailing "Oh, my face! What a mess!" Of course they don't mean it, I mean, I feel like that myself sometimes when they turn the hot water taps on and steam me all up. If only they'd realise that my surface is just as sensitive as theirs. I still have a few scars that bear the traces of their rough wipings-over.

Still, we all have our off moments. Anyway, as I was saying, it's five to nine and I think I hear the patter of their galloping feet outside the door. Yes, and if I'm right, it'll be Penny in here first thinking she'll be out again in five minutes.

I WAS right. Here she comes, putting her make-up on the shelf, then, almost hesitantly, taking a furtive glance in the mirror, knowing that the windy walk to work hasn't done her much good. Then an unbelievable grimace from her—surely she can't look that bad! She even knocks me one as she rubs her fist over me . . . as if I was lying. Well, I can tell you—it's not all glamour propped up on the wall looking decorative!

"Oh, help! My face is so blotchy. Drat that wind!" And just like all good friends, in comes Maureen with the answer, "Hullo, Pen, you should have taken a taxi like me." Yes, very helpful. Penny turns, glares then returns her gaze to me. "Thanks, friend. And stop trying to barge in front—if you look so good!"

"Here, stop moaning. Try a touch of the old Pan-Stik and you'll look all smooth and creamy again." She's right, too. Whenever anyone has a blotch to hide they always use Max Factor's Pan-Stik.

"Oh, you angel—thanks. I left my own at home. This is a bit dark for me, but still . . ." Isn't that typical of these humans? They get help, then want everything to be perfect and suit them. I mean, different complexions need different shades, obviously. And no girl need despair if she sees the range of various shades of creamy Pan-Stik, from "Fair" for a natural skin to "Deep Olive" for a deeper skin. And another thing I've noticed when the girls are about to go out, is how they all make up with a Medium shade, then use the darkest of all, "Natural Tan", to give themselves "hollow cheeks"—and I have to admit that, beneath artificial lights, they do look pretty interesting. I was dying to try the stuff myself, but when I got a smear across MY surface, all I managed to achieve was a hazy outlook on the world.

"Move over—you've been here hours. And anyway, you're wanted on the 'phone, so shift." Oh these girls! They never learn, do they? It's such an old trick to get them away from me. If you could see the way they push and the sly methods they use just to get me to themselves. Well if I wasn't so modest I'd almost shatter with vanity.

Penny rushes out, trying to look as if she's been in for hours and Eve plonks herself in front of me. This girl does the whole operation at work.

Out comes all the war-paint. She has quite a collection. And many is the hour she spends when the rest have gone home, experimenting. Mind you, she doesn't earn as much as the others so I've often wondered how come she has more than them. If I strain myself a bit, I can get a reflection of the make—she's finicky is our Eve. Everything has to match. Apparently, Rimmel's her secret. You've heard people talk about the "Beauty On A Budget" make-up. Everything for 1s. 6d. and what a selection! No wonder she goes mad!

Well, what's up with her now? A startled expression comes over her face—now I know why. I hear the boss's heavy footsteps. Oops, and Eve with only one eye on too. How embarrassing! She slaps on the other eye-line quickly, doesn't wait for it to dry properly, smudges it, and tears out again.

Peace for about half-an-hour . . . Oh, I spoke too soon—here comes another one. No, it's just Eve again trying to collect everything to make up in her little mirror on the sly.

Of course, like everyone else, she realises that for perfect make-up results, she just has to look in a

wide mirror to give her the over-all picture. Maybe if everyone got in early they would have lots of time to make up nicely. I hate to say this, but there's nothing worse than a badly made-up girl who has had to rush.

As I said, peace for a while, with just the occasional peeps in to see that the hair looks all right. And to make sure of this, all the girls decided to club together and buy a huge container of lacquer to keep on my shelf for the quick tidy-up. They all seem to favour Boots Number Seven Satin Hair Spray—and the 7s. 6d. container has lasted them quite a while . . . considering all the girls use it—with all their different hair-textures.

I do wish they'd watch the spraying, though. They usually miss first go and I get the whole showering of it. I wouldn't mind this, but then I mist over . . . like now!

I'm sorry I spoke now. I do wish they'd be gentle! All right—so I don't like being sprayed with lacquer, but I like it even less being drowned by water from a soggy cloth! Goodness, it can't be lunch hour already, can it?

It is—and they've all gathered in front again. I only wish I could accommodate them all.

"Oh, my hair! Doesn't it look a mess!" That's the obvious cue for someone to say, "Oh nonsense—it's perfect." But being all very chummy girls, they're truthful. "Yes, it does rather, why don't you comb it occasionally?"

Actually they do help each other. Maureen, for instance, likes a bit of help when she wants a party-style, and Eve pins it and sprays it for her. "It's gone a gorgeous colour. What did you use on it?"

"Well, there's a fabulous set of colour tints for hair—that actually work! Poly Colour—and you don't have to shampoo first either. I think I'll do it a bit redder next week though."

I really don't know how I recognise them each week. Different hair styles, colours and such. Talking of colours, the other day a friend of one of the girls came up and while she was waiting she spent the time with me, naturally. Ooh, shudders, her colour-schemes—dreadful! Green eyeshadow with a pink lipstick and a BLUE dress! If you had to stare at girls so closely, the way I do you'd want to give long lectures on their make-ups. I mean, MY girls follow charts and stick to them. It's no good HOPING that things will match, or using the wrong colours, simply because you've run out of the proper one. It's just not good enough. If you can't match up—go without! Please—it's just awful to look at.

Some boys would be mighty surprised at the little secrets of their girl friends' prettiness. I had a little peek at their charts one day—well anyone with a feminine thought in her head, wouldn't resist having a good look. One was headed "Goya Golden Girl"—the make-up range for the new age . . . and such a range of colours. "PINK" girls should try "pink

from Peru", while darker types will look a dream in "Bronze Venus" or "Peach Topaz". I would have noticed a whole lot more, if they hadn't all dashed in two minutes before their lunch-break ended.

"I've got to meet someone this evening, and look at my face—I look so healthy!" Well, you could have shattered my glass! I've gathered now that it's not the thing to look healthy. You have to look pale and interesting, and Penny, who has the reddest cheeks, has found the answer. I saw some green powder scattered on my shelf—and I couldn't believe my eyes. But the whole office was raving about it.

"Absolutely fabulous, Eve," Penny was saying. "Goya make it. I put on a normal foundation, then pat over my nose and cheeks with it—and it takes away all the red."

"Well, you certainly look a ghostly creamy shade. I meant to ask you how you did it."

"Oh, I thought you'd believe I was just a natural beauty."

"Don't be ridiculous," laughs Eve, almost hysterical. It's a wonder that these girls are as friendly as they are.

"Do me a favour Eve." That's Maureen dashing in breathlessly. "Go and tell Mr. Smith I don't feel too well. I must make up my face so that I can leave dead on tonight. I've a date."

And I thought I'd be getting a bit of peace and quiet, but oh, no. She's done it again—I do wish someone would take that soggy cloth away and burn it. Ugh! Everything's dripping again.

I hear Eve leave—I can't see anything, till they deign to wipe me over. THANK YOU VERY MUCH. "Look what I just bought," says Maureen, looking as healthy as anyone. "The NEWEST Miner's shades. I bought 'Coffee Bar' for me—it's delicious, just like light coffee. And I went mad and even treated you to 'Honey Kick'—isn't it lovely and tanny!"

"You did go mad. How much do I owe you!"

"I'm treating you. I can afford to at 1s. 6d."

"Well, what have you got in here? Fake Lash—what's this! Never heard of it."

"Well, it's creamy mascara but it builds up on the lashes thickly and makes your eyes look heavy-lashed and gooey."

It sounds odd to me, but I suppose it's "with it" to be gooey-eyed.

"Look I must go—Smithy'll be after me."

Maureen continues her operations, removing the lot and replacing it with fresh make-up, but covering her lips with foundation cream so that she looks pale. She's a clever one. I hope no bosses read this—else they'll probably come in and remove me. Many's the insulting remarks I've heard made about mirrors, such as:

"This mirror must be bad. I don't look like that." If only you knew my dear!

Well, really, I can tell you—I've been removed a couple of times, too. Threatened with eviction — threatened to be smashed and all because a girl doesn't like what she sees. Oh yes—it's not all that easy sitting here, year in and year out.

A few more interruptions then comes the last one of all. A quick dash in to comb hair, powder over the shiny nose, a dash of lipstick, a spray over the hair—ouch—and then off they all go. The end of another busy day.

Now Ol' Miss Efficiency will come round, to clean the mess left behind . . . and generally fuss. Oh, well, perhaps I can catch forty winks till she comes again . . .

I spoke too soon—footsteps get closer, the door opens and (sigh) for the last time—thank goodness—slosh! Right over me again. Oh that soggy dishrag! I'll do something rash one of these days! It's enough to take the shine off any respectable mirror!

LITTLE RED WAISTCOAT

Knitting Noras get "needled" at any hour of the day. And so can you—in the lunch break at work, when you're listening to records at an informal party or even watching television. Today you can knit *and* be sociable.

Easy, gay patterns and thicker-than-thick wools which grow in a matter of minutes require only slight concentration. They have driven girls all over the country to take up their pins and knit.

Any girl who thinks knitting is for grannies is way off beam. The days when doddery old ladies sat by the fire clucking and clicking over complicated stitches is well and truly over.

Now, it's the smart, bright *girl* who brings out her polythene bag filled with brightly coloured wools and carries on with the good work whilst watching her favourite T.V. programme. Statistics show that the knit-while-you-view craze is at its peak.

Watching and knitting is just as easy as talking and knitting or reading and knitting. One girl we know must be a world beater. She can watch, read, talk and knit—all at the same time!

And what boy could resist the pussy-cat appeal of a bird decked in a soft, woolly waistcoat like this one?

Overleaf you will find an exclusive Boyfriend Annual pattern which gives you all the instructions you need to knit this waistcoat for yourself.

LADY'S JERKIN

MATERIALS:
7[8;9] 2 oz. balls **PATONS ARIEL TRIPLE** Knitting.
Oddment of Double Knitting Contrast for saddle stitching.
Two No. 7 and No. 5 needles. Four buttons. Three press studs.

MEASUREMENTS:
To fit 34[36;38] inch bust. Length, 23[23½;24] ins.

SIZES:
The figures in square brackets [;] refer to the medium and large sizes respectively.

ABBREVIATIONS:
K.-knit; P.-purl; K.B.-knit into back of stitch; st.-stitch; tog.-together; t.b.l.-through back of loops; inc.-increase by working into front and back of stitch; dec.-decrease by working 2 sts. together; beg.-beginning; alt.-alternate; rep.-repeat; ins.-inches; O.-No stitches.

TENSION:
4½ sts. and 5¾ rows to the square inch on No. 5 needles, measured over stocking stitch.

RIGHT FRONT

Using No. 7 needles, cast on 36[38;41] sts.
Proceed in continental stocking stitch as follows:—
1st row—K.B. all across.
2nd row—P.
Rep. 1st and 2nd rows twice more, then 1st row once, casting on 14 sts. at beg. of last row (50[52;55]sts.). Mark this point.
Next Row—P.
Proceed with garter stitch stripe as follows:—
1st row—K.B.14, P.1, K.B. to end.
2nd row—P.
Rep. 1st and 2nd rows twice more.
Change to No. 5 needles and work 4 rows more.
***Next row*—(On which a buttonhole is commenced) K.B.3, cast off 1 (one st. on needle after cast-off), K.B.5, cast-off 1, K.B.2, P.1, K.B. to end.
Next row—P. to last 9 sts., cast on 1, P.6, cast on 1, P.3.
Work 12 rows with garter stitch stripe.
Next row—K.B.14, *P.1, K.B.1, rep. from * to last 0[0;]1st., P.O.[0;1].**
Next row—P.
Work 2 rows in continental stocking stitch.
Omitting garter stitch stripe work a set of buttonholes as before on next 2 rows.
Work 4 rows in continental stocking stitch.
Next row—K.B.14, * P.1, K.B.1, rep. from * to last 0[0;1]st., P.O.[0;1].
Next row—P.
Work 40 rows with garter stitch stripe.
Work from ** to **.

Shape armhole as follows:—
1st row—Cast off 5[6;8], P. to end.
2nd row—K.B. to last 2 sts., K.2 tog.
3rd row—P.
4th row—K.B.3, cast off 1, K.B.5, cast off 1, K.B. to last 2 sts., K.2 tog.
5th row—P. to last 9 sts., cast on 1, P.6, cast on 1, P.3.
6th to 9th row—Rep. 2nd and 3rd rows twice.
10th row—K.B.14, * P.1, K.B.1, rep. from * to last 3[2;3] sts., P.1, K.2 tog. [K.2 tog; P.1, K.2 tog.].
11th row—P.
Shape front slope as follows:—
1st row—K.B.14, P.1, K.2 tog. t.b.l., K.B. to last 2 sts., K.2 tog., (armhole shaping is now complete).
2nd row—P.
3rd row—K.B.14, P.1, K.2 tog. t.b.l., K.B. to end.
4th row—P.

Rep. 3rd and 4th rows 9[9;7] times more, then dec. 1 st. at front edge as before on every 4th row from previous dec. until 26[27;28]sts. remain.
Continue on these sts. until work measures 7¼[7¾;8¼] ins. from beg. of armhole shaping, finishing at armhole edge.
Shape shoulder by casting off 6[7;7]sts. at beg. of next and following alt. row.
Work 1 row.
Cast off.

LEFT FRONT

Using No. 7 needles, cast on 36[38;41]sts.
Work 7 rows in continental stocking stitch casting on 14 sts. at end of last row (50[52;55]sts.). Mark this point.
Next row—P.
Proceed with garter stitch stripe as follows:—
1st row—K.B. to last 15sts., P.1, K.B. 14.
2nd row—P.
Rep. 1st and 2nd rows twice more.
Change to No. 5 needles and work 18 rows more.
Next row—P.O.[0;1], * K.B.1, P.1, rep. from * to last 14 sts., K.B.14.
Next row—P.
Omitting buttonholes, complete to match Right Front, reversing all shapings, *noting* that tog. will be worked in place of tog. t.b.l., at front edge.

BACK

Using No. 7 needles, cast on 81 [85;91]sts.
Work 14 rows in continental stocking stitch marking point at 7th row.
Change to No. 5 needles and continue in continental stocking stitch until work measures same as Right Front to armhole shaping, finishing at end of a P. row.
Shape armholes by casting off 5[6;8] sts. at beg. of next 2 rows. Dec. 1 st. at both ends of next and every alt. row until 59[61;63] sts. remain.
Continue on these sts. until work measures same as Right Front to shoulder shaping.
Shape shoulders by casting off 6[7:7]sts. at beg. of next 4 rows, 7[6;7]sts. at beg. of following 2 rows.
Inc. 1 st. at both ends of next 6 rows.
Cast off.

ARMBANDS

Using a fine back-stitch seam, join shoulders of Back and Fronts.
Using No. 7 needles with right side facing, knit up 100[105;110]sts. round armhole.
Commencing with a P. row, work 6 rows in continental stocking stitch.
Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

1. With wrong side of work facing, block the fabric by pinning out round edges.
2. *IMPORTANT NOTE*: Press fabric *very lightly* using a *cool* iron and *dry* cloth.
3. Using Double Knitting double, work saddle stitch up garter stitch and along rib stripes, covering the purl sts.
4. Using a fine back-stitch seam, join side seams and Armbands.
5. Fold work at marked point to wrong side and flat-stitch to form hem.
6. Fold 7 sts. at Fronts to inside of work, flat-stitch on wrong side to form Double Bands, join ends and catch buttonholes together.
7. Fold 6 rows at top of Back and flat-stitch on wrong side to form hem.
8. Fold Armbands to wrong side of work and flat-stitch into position.
9. Attach buttons.
10. Stitch 2 press studs at lower edges and 1 at centre of Front Bands.
11. Press seams.

HOW TO WASH ARIEL—Provided it is knitted to the correct tension, an Ariel handknit will withstand any amount of wash and wear. Wash in warm—not hot—water, taking care to support it so the weight of the water does not 'drag' the garment. Rinse thoroughly and dry flat—not stretched out to its full extent but slightly 'bunched up' so that it holds its original shape as it dries.
HOW TO PRESS ARIEL—Press with a cool iron. When pressing use a dry cloth. Never use a steam iron as this affects the texture of Ariel. *And no dry cleaning please.*

A SQUARE IN MOD'S CLOTHING
by Amanda Blair
She dressed like a mod,
spoke like a mod—
acted like a mod.
But something
bothered her...
...she couldn't help
longing to dress
up something like
a bit of a square.

"SAY! Watch where you're going!" Carole turned to find a boy brushing down his sleeve worriedly. She must have bumped into him, though she wasn't aware of it. She'd been deep in thought—about this very sort of thing, in fact.

The boy was a mod—a very good-looking mod, like they all were. In fact, he would have made a terribly nice doll to park in a corner of the room for decoration. His black hair was immaculate and there wasn't a crease on any of his clothes.

She had now committed the unforgivable crime of bumping into him and possibly crumpling his jacket! She sighed and made as if to move away.

But a firm hand caught her arm and she turned to find the same boy with an interested look in his eyes. "Well, I'm sorry I was so sharp. Didn't mean it."

"Oh . . . oh, that's all right," smiled Carole. He WAS a good-looking boy, with the bluest eyes and thickest lashes. She suddenly felt ashamed of banging into this work of art!

"Wouldn't like a coffee, by any chance?" He spoke carelessly. As she was alone and feeling very lonely, she agreed with a nod of her head.

When they sat down in the darkest corner of the club, he turned frankly to her and said, "I like you."

"Well, thanks," said Carole in some surprise.

"It's nice to find a girl who doesn't keep on chatting and giggling. Words aren't all that necessary, are they?"

"No." Carole shook her head and gazed in front at the young mod couples dancing moodily—and separately.

She, too, was a mod—and that was what worried her. Her friends didn't know about it. She was one of the crowd, indistinguishable and a mass-follower.

"Thanks very much—it's terribly nice of you," Carole broke into his thoughts and he had to tear his eyes away to answer nonchalantly. "What? Oh, that's all right. Waiting for someone?"

"No, I didn't have anything to do, so I thought I'd come down here. But it's not much fun if your friends aren't here. How about you?"

"Oh, I always stand about—I like looking at the people here. See what they're wearing. Have to keep up with the styles."

"Yes, of course, you do." Carole sighed a deep inward sigh and picked up her bag. "Well, thanks a lot for the coffee. I think I'd better go now."

"Oh . . . oh, well okay. Perhaps I'll see you down here again then?"

"Perhaps—goodbye." Carole moved quickly away. She would have liked to stay with that boy, but no—he wouldn't have thought of asking her to. He didn't want to sound as if he was chasing a girl.

She tried to pass through the crowds. Down here at the Cave it was difficult to see for the lights were dim, and each face looked exactly like any other. She apologised about five times, for bumping into people, before the wave of air hit her and she found herself in the street.

"What on earth made me come down here on my own?" she wondered. "That was a bit daft. It doesn't take much to get me depressed anyway, but doing this, well . . ."

She walked alone out of the Cave and into the street, slowly swinging her suede bag on its long handle.

What was the matter with her? She had lots of friends, she was no different to them—she looked like them, dressed like them and thought like them. But she wasn't happy—she thought too much, and that didn't do. Perhaps it was because she didn't have a steady boyfriend—still, that wasn't the fashion so why did it matter so much to her?

Oh, she went out with lots of boys—she was never

"She found herself wandering down to the 'Cave'..."

short of dates. But somehow, things never worked out as she imagined they would. Sometimes it didn't matter too much—sometimes she could go out with boys like Ken and have a good time.

KEN—such a good-looker, but so worried about appearances. At first she'd really believed he'd gone out with her because he liked her, but she didn't kid herself like that for long.

They couldn't possibly link arms or put their hands round each other's waists. Ken's jacket would just get creased and he wouldn't be able to go out like that!

All this Carole had been able to put up with—she quite liked the casual way of doing things. It saved people getting too involved. But there were times when she'd get a real urge to kick Ken and ruffle his hair and crook his tie. But whenever she got such an urge, the distant look in Ken's eyes would soon cool her down.

The other thing that depressed her about going out with such an immaculate boy was that it made her feel untidy. She had to admit it that she didn't know one mod girl who looked tidier than a mod boy.

By the time Carole had got to the end of her street, she was in a right old mood. And knowing the comments that would come from her sister, Pat, and Pat's boyfriend, Alan, didn't help much.

At first she'd been absolutely crazy about anything that was mod and dressed almost ridiculously—and put up with any sort of comment, by just muttering, "You're jealous because you're too old to do this. Squares!" But later she realised that you didn't have to dress ridiculously, and she'd shortened her almost angle-length baggy skirts.

"I'm only doing this because it's the fashion," said

Carole almost guiltily when her mother caught her shortening her skirts.

"Of course," her mother smiled, "did I say anything?" She didn't know how it was possible that someone could have two such opposite daughters as Carole and Pat. And, frankly, she was more worried about Carole.

"I don't like you going down to those dives . . . with those funny little types," her father said angrily one night when she came in late. Carole was furious.

"Don't call them 'types' and they're NOT dives! All

"He always looked in the mirror before even saying 'Good evening'!"

we do is sit around and drink coffee or dance. And that's all!"

"I can vouch for that, dad," broke in Pat.

"Oh, shut up!" Carole burst out. "You're jealous—just 'cos you can't do things like that! And, anyway, *I* think of other things apart from kissing and cuddling non-stop on the doorstep!"

"That's enough!" Her father wished he hadn't said anything now. "I didn't ask you Pat, did I?" Pat shrugged and left the room, feeling a little sorry that she'd got her sister into trouble. Then her father got up and left too. He went into the kitchen and told Mum what had happened. She laughed.

"I couldn't help imagining that . . . what's his name. Ken? Yes, Ken stooping so low as to get romantic. Whenever he calls round here, the first thing he does is go to the mirror before he even says 'Good Evening'."

"That's true enough, I suppose," said Dad shaking his head. "Well, I think I'll leave Carole up to you. I'm afraid I'm not 'with-it' enough."

Carole had sat there thumping the cushions furiously trying to control herself.

"I hate you Pat! I hate you—you smug, self-satisfied . . . square!" Then a minute later Pat had called out, "Have a good time, love—you know I didn't mean anything." And Carole had felt ashamed of herself . . .

SHE went to her room and then Pat came in. "Are you going out tonight? because Alan and I are going to a party tonight. Care to come along?"

"Oh . . . er, thanks, but I don't think I'd enjoy myself without a partner."

"There'll be lots of people there—and they're not all paired-off—do come, Carole."

"Okay then—why not? Thanks. Oh . . . what are you wearing?"

"I'm wearing my new black dress, but it doesn't matter—I think some'll turn up in slacks. No hurry, though—it doesn't start till about nine and it's only seven now. Jean's coming, too—to change. Mind if we use your room? It's so much bigger."

"No, of course not. I won't take long." Carole sat dejectedly on the bed. She liked Jean—in a way. But she was such a sophisticated girl that she always made Carole feel a bit of a kid.

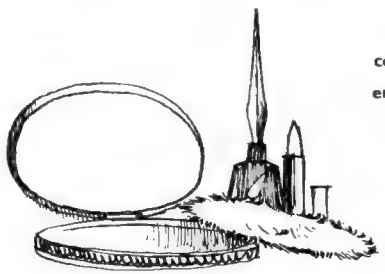
Well, there was no use feeling like that. She went to the wardrobe and looked through it. She mostly wore skirts and jumpers and she had nothing dressy except for a couple of shifts which were the tiniest bit out of fashion now. Still, what did she care?

CAROLE got up and went into the bathroom. She'd had a bath last night and couldn't be bothered to have one now so she just threw some cold water over her face.

The same old face—if only she was really beautiful. She wasn't ugly or plain, but she wasn't striking—only when she was with a square crowd.

Still, tonight she'd go mad and put on a bit of mascara and powder and lipstick. She heard the doorbell ring and heard her mother saying, "Hello, Jean—the girls are upstairs. Yes, carry on."

Jean's high-heeled footsteps sounded, then a quick,



"Carole couldn't help envying their make-up."

"Hi, Carole," and she'd disappeared into Pat's bedroom.

She went back into her own, slipped out of her day-clothes and put on her pink shift which had a roll-necked collar and long sleeves.

She powdered her face and put on her lipstick then combed her hair, and sat back to look at herself. She looked very nice and tidy, but no different from what she always looked like. Nobody would come up to her, whistle in admiration and let out a "Wow! You look fab!" But what did she care? Romance was for the birds. At least, sloppy romance was.

She was shaken back to reality by a knock on her door and Pat and Jean came in.

"Goodness!" exclaimed Jean, "You don't take long do you? You look very nice, anyway."

Jean was busy hanging out her dress—a vivid green tight one with long sleeves and almost no back. Pat's dress was equally sophisticated—a black tight one with a low front and no sleeves.

"You know, Pat, Carole frightens me," said Jean looking at Carole who looked up in surprise.

"Frightens you? What - our Carole?" Pat was just as surprised.

"Well, the way she always looks at what we're

wearing—it makes me feel kind of, well, old and really old-fashioned. She has a kind of supercilious expression on her face."

"Oh!" laughed Pat—relieved that it wasn't anything serious. "That's the uniform, isn't it, Carole?"

Carole nodded, smiling—and as they got on with their beauty treatments, she couldn't help thinking how clever they were to notice the looks. It was an unwritten law that the mods kept a sort of dignity, held their heads high and never giggled or did anything silly like that.

"Carole, be an angel and go in my room. There's the latest 'Top Models' lying on my bed, fetch it in please."

"Okay," said Carole and went into Pat's room which was still scented with Pat's favourite perfume.

She took it in and handed it to Pat. "There's the hairstyle I wanted to try for tonight." Pat flicked through the pages and stopped at a very elaborate piled-high one to show to Jean.

"Wow, that's gorgeous! Shall we have a go?"

"Mmm—I was trying it last night, only it's a bit difficult to do by yourself first time."

Carole stared a bit longingly at the two girls glamourising themselves . . .

AN hour later, they were ready. Two sophisticated squares and one modern mod. They waited till Alan called round, breathed a few "Wows!" and "Gorgeouses!" and they left in his old, broken-down car.

Carole was already beginning to wish she hadn't said she'd come. She'd never be able to enjoy their company. They just didn't share the same tastes.

Finally they arrived and from the boy who opened the door, Carole could tell what sort of a time she was about to have—foul!

But she was due for a surprise—for when she went into the darkened room, she saw straight away, standing by the window alone, a mod! A mod! She nearly went hysterical in her relief, and without waiting to be introduced even to the girl whose party it was, she made her way over to him.

But, of course, she had to spoil it by tripping and nearly knocking him flying.

"Can't you watch where you're going?" The sharp tone was very familiar to Carole—not because she was always bumping into people, but it was the way it was said. She remembered the occasion down at the Cave.

"No," she thought, "It couldn't possibly be . . . could it?"

It was—the same boy whose suit she'd creased that very day.

"Oh, it's you! We're always 'bumping' into each other, aren't we?" he said surprised, automatically brushing down his sleeve.

"Oh, let me," said Carole reaching out to do it for him, thinking she'd dirtied it—but he backed away hurriedly.

"Look—it really doesn't matter. I'm not THAT delicate." He took her arm and smiled at her. "Well, what're you doing here? I thought this was strictly for . . . for . . . " he broke off—he didn't like to say too much in case this girl was "one of the other kind"—and he didn't want to break off their brief friendship. He rather liked her . . . and Carole looked at him and decided she DID like him.

She settled comfortably near him saying, "I'm so glad someone like you is here, I thought they'd all be a bit . . . well, you know."

"Yes, I know. I was a bit bored actually—but I was hanging around because a few of my mates might come round later."

"Oh, fine—you don't mind if I stay here, do you?"

"Are you joking? Say, I like that dress—it's fab."

"It was such a relief to find Ray at the party."

"Oh, thanks!" Carole was delighted—a compliment like that was worth a million of Alan's.

THEN he smiled . . . "I don't even know your name."

"Carole. And yours?"

"Ray. Pleased to meet you Carole. Is that your sister over there?"

"Yes—the one with that boy. How did you guess?"

"You look alike. She's very pretty." Carole wasn't sure if she was supposed to take that as a compliment or not—but she was so surprised to be told she looked like Pat. She'd never imagined that. She couldn't dress up like that in a million years—some people had the flair and others didn't.

"What's bothering you, Carole?"

"Why—what do you mean?" she turned quickly on him. "Nothing's the matter. What makes you say that?"

"I know you've something on your mind. You puzzle me." Then he turned away and looked across the room with a smile. "There they are. What a relief they've come."

SUDDENLY Carole felt deflated, for across the room were coming his "mates"—a couple of boys with the most beautiful girls Carole had ever seen and mod with it! While Ray dashed over to greet them, she spied the door and slid out quickly for a quiet moment on her own. She felt like crying.

She didn't know what the matter was and could have kicked herself. Then she giggled. She had an awful habit of wishing she could kick other people and herself. She'd do it one day—and then there'd be trouble!

She pulled herself together and returned to the party. She was pleased when she noticed Ray looking round and knew it was for her—but she casually avoided him. And, as she knew it, a minute later he was by her side with a drink.

"Snob!"

"Mmm? Oh, hello—I thought I'd better not barge in with your friends."

"You're a friend too aren't you? Careful!" Again, his tone changed from a soft one to one of alertness. "Mind you don't spill that drink!"

"Oh, sorry." She'd nearly made him spill it. It seemed as if she was forever apologising to this boy. She wouldn't have minded if she had done something to have to apologise for—like breaking his heart!

She gulped it down to save any accidents, spluttered and felt a warm glow spread through her—she didn't know what she'd been drinking, but she had a guilty feeling it was what mum had told her not to touch. If it was taboo, then, she would have another and ordered him to get her one.

He looked, shrugged and went off—then he watched in almost stunned silence as she gulped that down, too. Oh, there was no holding her tonight—she would show them what having a good time meant!

She gazed up at Ray with glazed eyes and even through her haze saw an amused look in them. "What's so funny?" she demanded haughtily—well, as haughtily as one can demand when one's a bit merry!

"Nothing—is it safe for me to sit here?"

"Well. it's safe in that I won't bite—but I'd hate to rumple up your suit."

"There are times and places when rumpled suits don't matter."

"Really?" Carole was showing interest now. "Tell me when."

"Could be now—'cos no-one's looking." And before she knew it, he'd leaned forward and kissed her.

"Oh, don't do that! I don't want anyone to see us." She didn't mean to hint, but it came out like that. The boy pulled her to her feet and took her outside. And when the cool air hit her, Carole felt dizzy and tired so she put her head on his shoulder, and as he bent to kiss her again . . . she fell asleep!

But she was soon woken up—he was whispering, as he pulled her hair, "If I bore you, just say so."

She yawned, shook her head and leaned her head back on his shoulder—but she felt him stiffen.

This was it! "Is something wrong?"

"No . . . it's just that you'll fall over if you sleep on my shoulder—and, besides, my collar's got all your lipstick on it."

"Where?" she demanded indignantly and proceeded to prod at his collar with her finger.

He sighed and tried to tidy himself without offending her—but she was in just the right mood to be offended, so, even to her astounded amazement, she got hold of his tie and yanked really hard. It must have been hard 'cos he went a delicate shade of red and choked. "What . . . what the heck's the matter with you? Trying to kill me?"

"No—just trying to make you a bit more human!" And she put her hands up to crumple his hair.

This was too much—he was furious. He got hold of her hands and pushed her so hard away from him, that she bumped her head on the wall. Then she dissolved into tears. When she wiped her eyes, he'd gone . . .

SHE had to make her own way home—she couldn't bear to answer Pat's questions. She went to bed and tried to puzzle out her stupid behaviour. In a way she was relieved. She'd messed up one of those boys . . . but how ashamed she felt—he'd been so nice.

"Well, it had to come," she thought trying to reassure herself. "Anyway, I won't see him again." But

"She'd finally done it. Really yanked his tie!"

this sounded terrible to her. What would he think? He'd never forgive her—and they'd been getting on fine up till then.

She switched on her bedside lamp. What WAS the matter with her? She was a mod—she stuck up for the mods—she was proud to be one, yet somehow they annoyed her. They were so smug, the boys—so superior. Yes, that was it—she never felt good with them. Never felt really feminine. Almost as if she was in a uniform. Wasn't that what Pat had said? "It's the uniform." She was right . . . and suddenly Carole had an irresistible urge to dress up like Pat and be pampered, instead of just being accepted.

She had to do it now—now while she was in the mood. Or she'd never do it at all.

She got up, crept into Pat's room. She could hear her parents downstairs, they'd never even heard her come in. They were expecting her back late with Pat.

She opened Pat's wardrobe and searched through till she found what she was looking for. It was a black chiffon dress. The top was plain and sleeveless and the skirt just fell loosely into layers of chiffon that floated. It wasn't straight yet it wasn't full. It was Pat's special—and Carole handled it delicately. She slipped it on—but

there was something wrong. Plain, straight hair didn't go at all with this simple, sophisticated dress. She sat at the dressing-table, and twirled her hair despondently —then, remembering, went and found the book that Pat and Jean had copied their styles from . . .

After 15 minutes she'd got it into a stunning style. She gave it one last lacquering then concentrated on her face. On it all went—the works, and after a frantic search for Pat's old lashes, she was a treat to look at.

Suddenly she felt older, sophisticated—and beautiful! That was it! She'd never felt beautiful before at all—just nice and tidy, if she'd been going anywhere special. She slipped on a pair of Pat's high-heeled courts. Boy, was she lucky to have the same-sized sister, else she could never have done this!

Then she stopped. What WAS she doing it for? She had nowhere to go. She couldn't go back to the party—Pat didn't even know she was wearing her clothes. But she was going to go *somewhere* after all this trouble!

"Now she felt different. Sophisticated."

She went into her own bedroom, got her old suede coat and slipped out quietly again. She felt rather odd wearing her suede coat which had seen better days, and done up to the eyebrows—literally!—wandering about.

But she knew where she was headed—even if she'd tried to make believe she didn't. Her feet took her to the High Street and down to the Cave. It was packed with mods and she felt like an outsider. But she was determined—so she went to the cloakroom and left her coat. When she went in to mix with the others, they stared in disbelief. It was as if a policeman had walked in in his uniform in a den of thieves. But Carole held her head high and ordered a coffee.

Just as she turned, she felt a terrific thud and closed her eyes—knowing that the coffee had gone over Pat's special dress. She stayed like that for a while then howled, "Why don't you watch where you're going?" And frantically brushed at her dress. The boy who'd knocked it over reached out to help and clumped her one on the head, making her curls fall.

That was the limit—she gazed at the boy who'd done this terrible thing to her but all she saw was this little worried face. A pretty little face, a neat, immaculate face—a mod's face. And then she knew. She knew just how it felt to be a mod. To be proud of the clothes she wore. Now she understood what all the excitement was about when an outfit got rumpled.

SHE pushed her way out and collected her coat. Well, she'd got rid of that awful urge to dress up . . . and she had Pat to reckon with. Oh, boy—what a mess she'd made of everything! Why did she have to be different—and think!

She was much too engrossed in her own thoughts to hear footsteps following her and when a hand clutched her arm, her heart almost stopped beating with fright. It was dark and she was alone. She turned round ready to scream or something, but to her amazement saw Ray . . . Ray—the boy she'd almost wrecked at that party!

She didn't know whether to apologise or just run and hope he had no weapons on him. But he stared at her and just laughed and laughed and laughed.

"And what's so funny?" Carole said, exasperated.

"You . . ." he gasped between gulps of laughter. "You've exactly one and a half curls still up and a dozen hairpins, hanging all over the place."

"Oh . . . you . . . you rotten, mean . . .!"

"I'm sorry—but fair's fair. You messed me up and had a good laugh—now it's happened to you. NOW do you know how it feels?"

"Okay you win. I'm sorry—but someone had to see if you were real or just a dressed-up dummy."

"And . . .?" He smiled.

"You were real okay—I remember you kissed me."

"Fine. Then as long as that's settled, how about a last coffee before I take you home?"

"Mm—I'd love it, Ray."

"But first you're going to go back to the club and tidy up—I'm not asking you out like that!"

She was about to start protesting, when she stopped. She had to face it—why should a boy think of going out with a scruffy girl? She'd never think of going out with a scruffy boy. Why was it she was always attracted to the mod boys? Because they WERE so immaculate. And she'd felt wonderful, too, dressed up. She smiled and nodded.

"Okay—but the dress is filthy now."

"It won't show. Oh . . . by the way, I saw you come in—and you knocked those others for six, know that?"

"Oh, Ray . . . that was a lovely thing to say. Thanks so much."

"It's just the truth. I like my girls to look nice like that."

She was walking on a cloud now . . . she'd proved that SHE could look sophisticated when she wanted to—even if, basically, she had the heart of a mod.

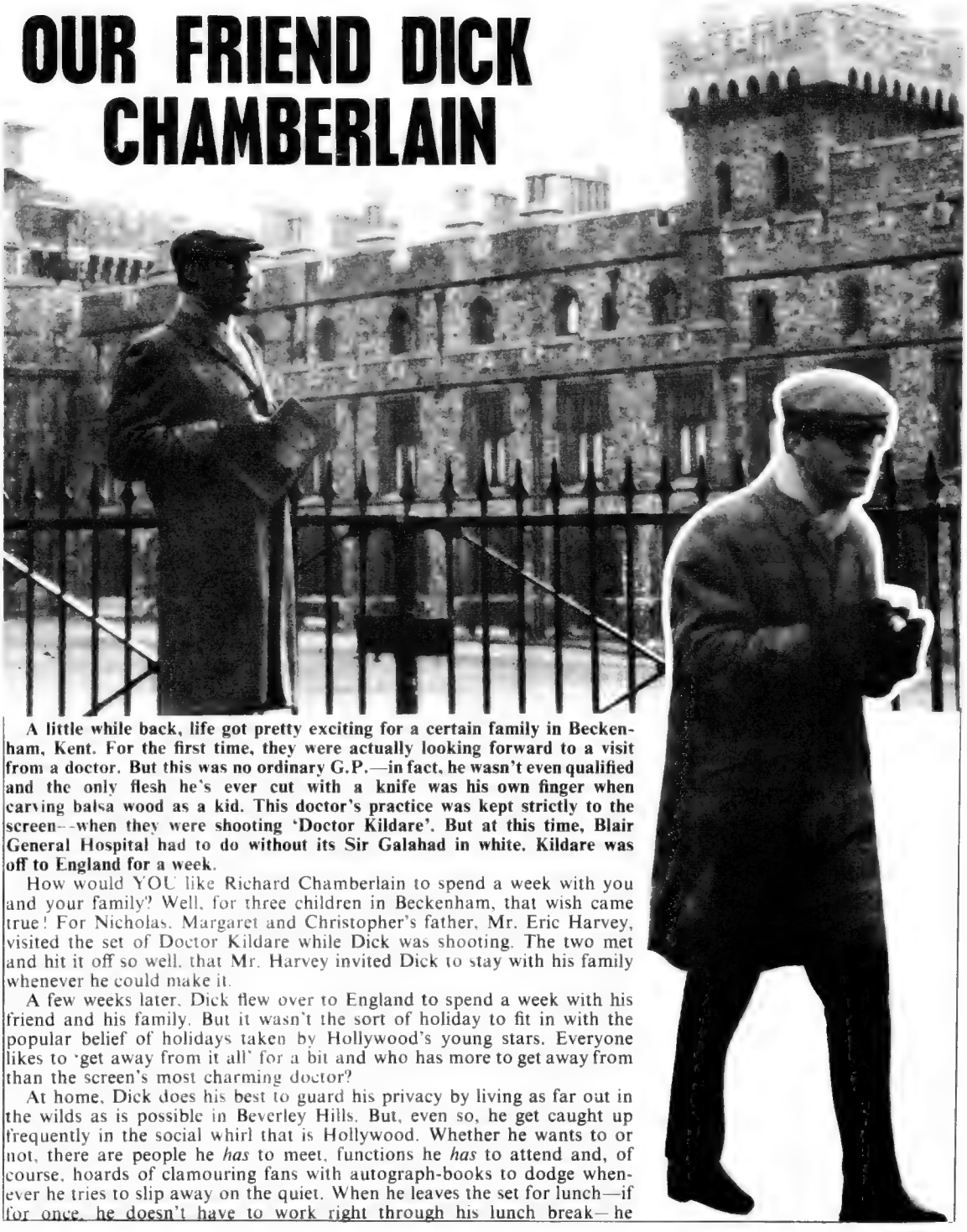
Later, in Pat's room, she apologised and tried to explain. Pat just laughed. "I was wondering what to do with that dress anyway. It's a bit old-fashioned now. Much too square!"

She left Carole sitting on the bed with a bewildered expression on her face—and she'd thought that it was SHE, Carole, who'd been the modern one, the up-to-date one. She couldn't understand it—she'd really thought this dress to be the height of fashion!

Still, it hadn't mattered. It had served it's purpose—Ray had liked it!

end

OUR FRIEND DICK CHAMBERLAIN



A little while back, life got pretty exciting for a certain family in Beckenham, Kent. For the first time, they were actually looking forward to a visit from a doctor. But this was no ordinary G.P.—in fact, he wasn't even qualified and the only flesh he's ever cut with a knife was his own finger when carving balsa wood as a kid. This doctor's practice was kept strictly to the screen—when they were shooting 'Doctor Kildare'. But at this time, Blair General Hospital had to do without its Sir Galahad in white. Kildare was off to England for a week.

How would YOU like Richard Chamberlain to spend a week with you and your family? Well, for three children in Beckenham, that wish came true! For Nicholas, Margaret and Christopher's father, Mr. Eric Harvey, visited the set of Doctor Kildare while Dick was shooting. The two met and hit it off so well, that Mr. Harvey invited Dick to stay with his family whenever he could make it.

A few weeks later, Dick flew over to England to spend a week with his friend and his family. But it wasn't the sort of holiday to fit in with the popular belief of holidays taken by Hollywood's young stars. Everyone likes to 'get away from it all' for a bit and who has more to get away from than the screen's most charming doctor?

At home, Dick does his best to guard his privacy by living as far out in the wilds as is possible in Beverley Hills. But, even so, he get caught up frequently in the social whirl that is Hollywood. Whether he wants to or not, there are people he *has* to meet, functions he *has* to attend and, of course, hoards of clamouring fans with autograph-books to dodge whenever he tries to slip away on the quiet. When he leaves the set for lunch—if for once, he doesn't have to work right through his lunch break—he

inevitably bumps into friends and acquaintances who 'con' him into accepting invites even if he would rather stay at home with a good book. And when he finally crawls into bed, more often than not someone rings up to try and drag him out of bed for some wild party.

So Hollywood life isn't all one big ball, if you like to be quiet and ordinary sometimes, to say what you like and not have to conform to the set Hollywood jargon. And when Dick sighs for some peace and quiet at times—although he loves his work—he's not always kidding! The time he spent in England recently was one of the few times he really did break right away from it all.

If Eric Harvey's wife, Cecil, had any worries at all about entertaining a celebrity used to the fast-moving Hollywood life, they didn't last long. Dick just wanted to be treated like one of the family and although the Harveys were all complete strangers—with the exception of Mr. Harvey, of course—after the first 24 hours, the whole family agreed that it seemed as if he had always been with them! Dick has always loved children and Mr. Harvey's three—Margaret 12, Christopher 11 and Nicholas 10—found a kindred spirit in Richard.

The first day, of course, was a bit awkward, with everyone treating Dick as being rather special, and himself bounding to his feet every few minutes opening doors and standing up every time a female came within a radius of one mile! But once they found Dick was just 'one of them' everyone relaxed and Dick got his ordinary holiday as he wanted. No problems anywhere.

That charming, easy-to-know manner so evident on the screen isn't all acting. In real life Dick

loves meeting people too, and it isn't all put on for Hollywood's benefit either. And his tastes are simple—no long string of night-clubs for the Harveys when entertaining this guy from Hollywood.

At the Harveys, social events were kept to a minimum. No VIPs to be polite to and no formal luncheons to keep a fixed smile on his face. Dick met only the Harvey's personal friends and tea-time was a comfortable affair, with everyone crowded around a large table.

But Dick saw more of England than the four walls of the Harveys' house in Kent. The family took him to Buckingham Palace, Windsor Castle and a few of the other usual sights. But Dick didn't want a sight-seeing sort of holiday. He just wanted a bit of peace for a change, where he could be Richard Chamberlain, not Doctor Kildare. Mostly he was quite happy to wander around London, unnoticed in his heavy disguise of tweed overcoat, cap and big glasses.

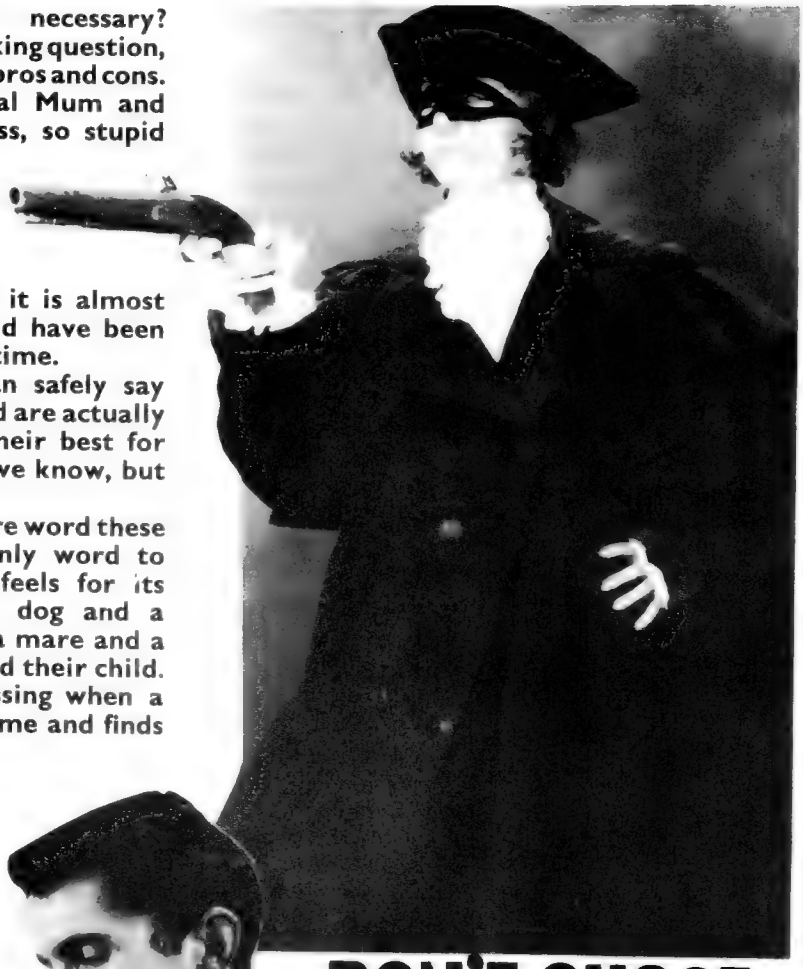
And when he was obliged to leave the Harveys after a week of lazy, layabout existence for the hot blaze of Hollywood, he left knowing that there was a place where he would be welcome, next time he wanted to 'get away from it all' again.

Are parents really necessary? This is a sore and vexing question, and there are many pros and cons. Sometimes the traditional Mum and Dad can be so thoughtless, so stupid and so near-sighted, that it is almost impossible that they could have been young themselves at one time.

But on balance you can safely say that they are necessary and are actually trying their best to do their best for you. It sounds incredible we know, but it's true.

Love is apt to be a square word these days, but it's still the only word to describe what a parent feels for its offspring—whether it's a dog and a puppy, a cow and a calf, a mare and a foal, or a Mum and Dad and their child.

It's the thing that's missing when a young girl has to leave home and finds herself living in digs.



DON'T SHOOT YOUR PARENTS

THEY'RE DOING THEIR BEST

We know one young girl who left home in the North of England at 17, and went to stay with her elder sister and her husband in London. She lasted about a year and then left to live with complete strangers.

Here's what she said:

"Within days I realised what I'd lost when I left my Mum and Dad. My sister and her husband thought they were some kind of substitute. And that's where the trouble started. They insisted on feeling responsible for me in spite of the fact that no-one wanted them to, including my Mum and Dad.

They tried to tell me when to come in, whereas my Mum and I had an understanding about that sort of thing.

But with my sister and her husband it was like a nightly interrogation. Where had I been? Who had I been with? What did I do?

It was too much. In the end I had to get out or fall out.

As it is relations are strained."

In that case you see a girl who put up with many more restrictions at home because it was *her* home as well, than she did with her sister and her brother-in-law.

That's one good thing about Mums and Dads. No matter how boring and dragging they can be, they have given you a home. And you'll never get that home feeling anywhere else.

One of the snags about Mums and Dads to some girls is that they're so square. They dislike all pop music except the stuff they were singing themselves twenty years ago.

They won't let you play records by the Beatles and, as for the Rolling Stones, you mustn't even mention the name.

Fair enough, true enough, but think about the other side of the coin. As another 17-year-old girl we know puts it:

"Frankly, if I took a gang home and found that my mother was doing the shake with my boyfriends, I'd be so embarrassed. Of course Mums and Dads are square. Everybody must get square at some time in their lives. I'd rather have my square old Dad the way he is—solid and dependable. He may be infuriating at times, but when he and Mum are away from home, or I am, I miss them."

When Mums and Dads are being drags almost beyond endurance, try hard to remember one thing. Often their cautions are based on experience that young people just haven't had the chance to acquire.

For example, the current beat craze has made many boys want to leave school and start up a beat group.

We know of a young group who were thinking of doing just this. And, worse, they were about to buy extremely expensive equipment on the H.P. But the Dad of one of the boys was a smart square.

He knew a well-known professional beat group leader, and one evening he managed to get this musician along to hear his son's group.

The professional was friendly, but he came straight to the point.

"Stay amateurs lads and you'll have a lot of fun. But, I'm sorry, you'll never make a top professional group. As amateurs you're quite good. As pros. you'd be mediocre."

The boys were terribly brought down at first, but later, they were glad that they hadn't bought all that expensive equipment.

And the boy finally thanked his square Dad for introducing him to the famous beat musician.

So put that gun down. With a little encouragement your parents could make it!

OF ALL THE JOBS I'D HAD SINCE I LEFT SCHOOL, I KNEW NOW I HAD FOUND THE MOST MARVELLOUS ONE EVER!
HE'S THE MOST KIND, THOUGHTFUL AND HANDSOME BOSS IN THE WORLD
FROM THE HEART
JUST GOT TIME TO DICTATE A LETTER BEFORE I POP OVER AND SEE JEAN'S MUM, SHIRLEY. SHE'S STILL A BIT POORLY
RIGHTO, MR. WAYNE
HE CARES SO MUCH ABOUT HIS STAFF. HE EVEN WORRIES WHEN THEIR RELATIONS AREN'T WELL
JUST BEFORE I LEAVE I'D LIKE YOUR OPINION ON SOMETHING, SHIRLEY
YES, MR. WAYNE?
YOU'RE A WOMAN— DO YOU THINK THIS WOULD CHEER YOU UP IF YOU WEREN'T WELL
WELL, WHAT IS IT?
OOOH, A BRACELET. IT'S BEAUTIFUL. IS THAT FOR JEAN'S MUM?
WELL, I THOUGHT IT MIGHT PERK HER UP A BIT
PERK HER UP A BIT! SHE OUGHT TO LIVE TO BE TWO HUNDRED NOW!

GOOD. I HOPE SHE LIKES IT. JEAN'S BEEN OFF HER WORK SO MUCH LATELY
HELLO LINDY— HOW'S MUMMY?
MUCH BETTER MR. WAYNE— THE DOCTOR'S WITH HER
I HEARD SHE WAS RECOVERING DOCTOR— IS IT TRUE?
I KNEW EVERYTHING THAT WENT ON WHEN MR. WAYNE CALLED ON JEAN'S MUM— FOR JEAN HAD HER EYE ON HIM, TOO. AND SHE MADE A SPECIAL POINT OF TELLING ME!
'MORNING, SHIRL— GOOD NEWS, JEAN'S MUM'S RECOVERING!
WELL, MAYBE NOW YOU'LL STOP WORRYING A BIT.
M'M'MN, IT'S TRUE ALL RIGHT. BUT IF SHE'S GOT ANY SENSE SHE'LL STAY ILL— ESPECIALLY WITH ALL THE PRESENTS YOU BRING TO CHEER HER UP!
I ONLY TRY TO HELP
WHY IS HE SO NICE? I ONLY WISH SOMETIMES I DIDN'T WORK FOR HIM—MAYBE THEN HE'D ASK ME OUT.
HE'S BEEN SO NICE TO MUM. WHY, YOU OUGHT TO SEE THE PRESENTS HE BRINGS HER WHEN HE COMES ROUND! AND THE BILLS HE'S PAID
YES, I KNOW. HE'S A WONDERFUL PERSON, JEAN
ANYWAY, AT LEAST IT HELPS WHEN I SEE HIM AT HOME. I DO THINK I CAN WANGLE A DATE WITH HIM YET!
OH, DO YOU?
I TRIED HARD NOT TO SOUND INTERESTED— BUT REALLY INSIDE I FELT TERRIBLE
WELL, IF IT ISN'T MY FAVOURITE BOSS! MR WAYNE YOU REALLY ARE MARVELLOUS!
SHE'S RECOVERING ALL RIGHT I'M PLEASED TO SAY
ALL THAT WORRIES ME IS THAT SHE MIGHT HAVE A RELAPSE
A RELAPSE? IS THAT POSSIBLE?
I DON'T KNOW. I GUESS IT ALL DEPENDS

WELL I'D LIKE YOU TO GIVE HER THIS FROM ME. IT MIGHT HELP
MR. WAYNE. HOW MARVELLOUS! BUT YOU REALLY SHOULDN'T
ABOUT YOUR OTHER PROBLEMS, JEAN. DO THEY LOOK LIKE BEING SOLVED YET?
OH THOSE. I DON'T REALLY KNOW. MUM WOULD KNOW
BUT YOU'VE GOT TO STOP WORRYING ABOUT THAT, MR. WAYNE — YOU'VE HELPED US ENOUGH AS IT IS!
I'M SERIOUS, MR WAYNE. WE'LL GET OUT OF THAT TROUBLE ALONE!
NOW I WONDER WHAT SHE'S TALKING ABOUT?
I HAD NO IDEA, BUT I DID KNOW THAT IN THE NEXT FEW DAYS MR. WAYNE STARTED ACTING SO STRANGE. HE CAME IN LOOKING SO PALE AND WHITE-SO UNLIKE HIM
AND EVERY TIME I GLANCED UP AT HIM HE WAS ALWAYS ANXIOUSLY WATCHING THE PHONE. IF I DIDN'T KNOW HIM BETTER I'D SAY HE WAS IN SOME SORT OF TROUBLE!
I'M NOT QUITE SURE, BUT I THINK ALL THIS HAS SOMETHING TO DO WITH JEAN AND HER MUM SOMEHOW...
I WAS CURIOUS, ESPECIALLY WHEN MR. WAYNE DID SOMETHING COMPLETELY OUT OF CHARACTER.....
BUT WHAT'S HE DOING WITH THE FIRM'S MONEY.....?
BUT WE NEVER BANK IT TILL FRIDAY— WHAT ON EARTH IS HE PLAYING AT?
EITHER HE'S GOING MAD OR I AM! BUT THERE'S SOMETHING VERY FISHY HERE!
ER..ER I'M OFF OUT FOR A LITTLE WHILE, SHIRLEY. I MAY NOT BE BACK TILL TOMORROW
RIGHTO, MR. WAYNE, BUT I DON'T QUITE....
BUT FROM THE WAY HE WAS LOOKING RIGHT PAST ME I DON'T THINK HE EVEN HEARD ME SPEAK
HE IS IN SOME SORT OF TROUBLE I JUST KNOW IT! BUT WHAT — AND HOW?

THEN I DID SOMETHING I'D NEVER DONE BEFORE—I WENT DOWN MR. WAYNE'S PRIVATE DESK
BUT THIS IS TERRIBLE—THEY'RE ALL UNPAID BILLS / EVEN ONE FROM THE JEWELLERS THREATENING TO TAKE HIM TO COURT
MY HEART SANK—HE WAS IN TROUBLE—BIG TROUBLE, AND I KNEW HOW HE MUST HAVE RUN UP THOSE BILLS—BY HELPING JEAN'S MUM OUT OF HER FINANCIAL TROUBLES
Roylie
SOMEONE HAD TO HELP HIM BUT I WAS THE ONLY ONE WHO KNEW WHAT WAS GOING ON. I WAITED TILL THE NEXT DAY BEFORE I DECIDED TO TELL SOMEONE
HE'S IN TROUBLE, RUPERT. I HAD TO TELL YOU!
TROUBLE? NONSENSE, JACK WAYNE'S AS STRAIGHT AS THEY COME.
I KNOW NOW THAT HE'S BEEN PAYING JEAN'S MUM'S BILLS FOR HER—BUT IN DOING SO HE'S GOT IN DEBT HIMSELF!
IT'S NOT FAIR THAT HE OUGHT TO GET INTO TROUBLE FOR HELPING OTHER PEOPLE WE MUST DO SOMETHING. WE MUST!
CAN YOU HELP?
I'LL TRY—I'LL START BY GIVING ALL I CAN AFFORD! AND IF YOU TELL THE OTHERS I'M SURE THEY'LL MUCK IN, TOO. EVERYONE THINKS THE WORLD OF HIM
AND HE WAS RIGHT—AS SOON AS I TOLD EVERYONE, THEY ALL OFFERED TO HELP. IT WAS WONDERFUL TO KNOW HOW MUCH EVERYONE THOUGHT OF HIM
I ONLY HOPE WE'RE NOT TOO LATE TO HELP!

AFTER I HAD COLLECTED ALL THEIR DONATIONS TOGETHER I MADE A POINT OF PAYING ONE SPECIAL ONE STRAIGHT-AWAY— THE ONE FOR THE BRACELET!
NO, I HAVEN'T COME TO BUY ANYTHING —— I WANT TO PAY FOR A BRACELET BOUGHT BY A MR. WAYNE
OH, THAT—HE'S A VERY LUCKY MAN. I WAS JUST ABOUT TO ISSUE A WRIT
STRAIGHT AFTER PAYING THAT BILL I TRIED TO GET IN TOUCH WITH JACK HIMSELF— I HAD NO IDEA WHAT HE PLANNED TO DO— AND HE HAD ALL THE FIRM'S MONEY WITH HIM STILL!
YES, SHIRLEY FROM THE OFFICE —— I'M COMING STRAIGHT OVER!
HE SOUNDED TERRIBLE OVER THE PHONE —— I RAN ALL THE WAY TO THE CAFE WHERE HE ARRANGED TO MEET ME
I...I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU MEAN, SHIRLEY
WELL YOU'RE BRIGHT, AREN'T YOU?
THIS IS WHAT I MEAN! YOU MUST BE MAD— WHY DIDN'T YOU TELL ANYONE? YOU KNEW WE'D HELP!
IT WAS MY OWN FAULT I.I.
ANYWAY, I WASN'T GOING TO STEAL IT— I WAS ABOUT TO TAKE IT BACK. IT'S JUST THAT NO ONE SEEMED TO CARE. WHEN I TOLD JEAN'S MUM ABOUT IT SHE DIDN'T EVEN SAY SHE WAS SORRY
WELL I CARE, JACK— AND SO DOES EVERYONE ELSE IN THE OFFICE. WE BELIEVE IN YOU!
IF YOU CARE THAT MUCH...
THEN I WILL COME BACK! AND I WANT YOU TO BE WITH ME ALL THE TIME, SHIRLEY. ALL THE TIME
I PROMISE, JACK. I PROMISE
The End
DE ARBO

WHAT IF CLIFF . . . ?

Would you still love Cliff—as a singer or as a film-star?

Would it make any difference?

Do you remember the time when Elvis was really the King? There was never any doubt that he would get to No. 1 in the charts with his records, and his films, like "Wild in the Country" and "Jailhouse Rock", had great box-office draws. It wasn't so long ago.

It wasn't so long ago either that Cliff was in the same position. Well, that was until the Beatles came along and put a stop to it. It seems now that Cliff is following in the footsteps of Elvis by concentrating more on the film side of his career than records.

To date, Cliff has made five films, "Serious Charge", "Expresso Bongo", "The Young Ones", "Summer Holiday" and "Wonderful Life". And there are more lined up for the future.

But IF it really came to the pinch where Cliff had to choose between singing and acting, it would definitely be singing he would stick to. Acting to him is just broadening his scopes.

While Cliff was away filming "Wonderful Life" in the Canaries, he had all of the trade papers and all the current disc releases sent to him, so that he could keep up with the pop scene, which he had left behind for a few weeks. Singing is the main love and life of Cliff, and anyone or anything to do with the business is immensely interesting to him.

The Mersey sound, since its arrival, has given all of the hit parade's "Old Regulars" a run for their money, and very few have retained their former selling powers. But, believe it or not, it was a long time ago that Cliff knew about the Beatles. Cliff was fore-

warned, but he couldn't forearm himself against those four lads from Liverpool.

At a party some time before the Beatles really hit the big time, Cliff, John, George, Ringo and Paul left the fun and went into the kitchen. But it wasn't food they were all cooking up—it was music!

Armed with guitars, they gave one another samples of their own particular styles of music. It was a sort of mutual admiration evening.

Cliff thinks the Beatles are great, and they think Cliff is also great, but their music is so basically different, that they would never want to step into each other's shoes —even if they could!

It wasn't as though Cliff was sitting on his laurels—being the biggest star in Britain, he wasn't. Each disc to him means a new challenge, and he never assumed that each release would get to No. 1. But IF it ever came to the pinch, it would definitely be the films that would have to be cut down.

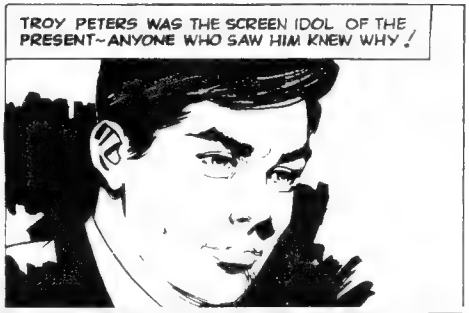
After all, he made his name firstly as a singer, and became an international figure through his singing before he took seriously to films.

If records mean so much to Cliff perhaps he should devote more of his time to doing more than a couple of tours a year and a summer season. It can only do good for him.

YOU CAN'T GET AWAY FROM IT ALL

He looked for a new identity

—and found a new love



BUT, LIKE ALL BIG STARS, THERE WERE SNAGS...
BUT I'M SICK TO DEATH OF PARTIES
TAKE IT EASY. THERE'LL BE PLENTY OF POLICE AROUND TO KEEP THE FANS QUIET. NOW LET'S GET READY

BY NOW, SLIPPING OUT THE BACK ENTRANCE WAS COMMONPLACE TO TROY
YOU SURE THERE ARE NO PEOPLE AROUND? I'M NOT IN THE MOOD TO SIGN AUTOGRAPHS
I DIDN'T NOTICE ANY. ARE YOU READY TO GO NOW?

FOR THE FANS, SUDDENLY THEIR LONG WAIT SEEMED WORTHWHILE
MAY I HAVE YOUR AUTOGRAPH PLEASE?
SURE
IT'S FABULOUS! I'VE REALLY SEEN HIM! I'VE REALLY SEEN HIM!

TROY KNEW HE HAD A DUTY TO HIS FANS, BUT SOMETIMES IT GOT EVEN HIM DOWN
OKAY, GIRLS? NOW I REALLY MUST BE OFF
PLEASE, PLEASE DON'T GO!

BUT THERE WERE TIMES WHEN THE FANS WEREN'T AROUND. THE TIMES WHEN TROY NEEDED THEM MOST
LOOK HOW THEY'VE LEFT ME!
THEY'LL BE BACK. DON'T WORRY ABOUT IT, TROY

I'LL FIND SOMEWHERE WHERE NO ONE'S HEARD OF TROY PETERS! I'LL HAVE A FEW WEEKS AWAY, THEN I'LL BE RARIN' TO GO AGAIN!
OKAY, TROY – FOR A FEW WEEKS I CONSIDER YOU VANISHED!
IT DIDN'T TAKE LONG TO PICK UP SOME CLOTHES AND A SUITCASE AND VANISH – AND TROY WAS DETERMINED TO VANISH!
EXCUSE ME, MISS. IS THERE A HOTEL AROUND THIS PLACE – ANYWHERE?
HOTEL? YOU MUST BE A STRANGER AROUND HERE – THERE'S A BOARDING HOUSE THAT ISN'T BAD, THOUGH
I'LL TAKE YOU THERE IF YOU LIKE...
THANKS, IT'S VERY KIND OF YOU. I HOPE I'M NOT TOO MUCH OF A BOTHER
YOU ON HOLIDAY HERE, TOO?
MMM. IT'S NOT BAD. PLENTY OF PEACE AND QUIET. DON'T LAUGH, I COME HERE TO FISH!
FISH? SOUNDS INTERESTING. I MIGHT TRY IT ONE MORNING
TRY HARD AND THEN MAYBE WE CAN DO IT TOGETHER!
THANKS FOR YOUR HELP, JOAN... I'LL SEE IF I CAN KEEP THAT DATE ON THE RIVER BANK
TERRIFIC! SEE YOU THEN – YOU DID SAY YOUR NAME WAS RAY WATSON, DIDN'T YOU?
RAY WATSON, IT WAS THE FIRST NAME TROY THOUGHT OF! AS FAR AS HE WAS CONCERNED, TROY PETERS WAS JUST A STAR WHOSE FANS HAD DESERTED HIM
WELL, WELL! IT DOES MAKE A CHANGE TO HAVE SOMEONE HANDSOME STAYING WITH US!
WELL, THANKS
BUT TROY SOON FOUND THAT EVEN BEING A STRANGER IN A SLEEPY COUNTRY VILLAGE HAS ITS SETBACKS...
YOU MUST MEET RAY WATSON, MRS. BARNES – HE'LL BE STAYING HERE FOR A FEW WEEKS
HELLO. VERY PLEASED TO MEET YOU
MR. WATSON? THAT'S FUNNY, I THOUGHT YOU REMINDED ME OF SOMEONE
MRS. BARNES IS A REPORTER. SHE'S QUITE A CELEBRITY, REALLY
RETIRED NOW, OF COURSE
OH, OH, THIS SOUNDS LIKE TROUBLE!
IT TOOK A BIT OF TIME TO GET AWAY FROM THE PREYING EYE OF MRS. BARNES, BUT FINALLY TROY MADE IT TO THE RIVER
HI!
I THOUGHT YOU WERE NEVER COMING
YOU KNOW, JOAN – I THINK WITH YOU AROUND I'M GOING TO ENJOY MY HOLIDAY MORE
WHAT'S THAT SUPPOSED TO BE – FLATTERY?

IT'S NOT EASY FOR A FAMOUS NAME TO JUST VANISH~ EVEN IF HIS POPULARITY WAS FALLING. BUT THE MORNING PAPER'S HEADLINES SHOCKED EVEN TROY'S MANAGER!

AND WHEN TROY SAW THE PAPERS HE WAS FURIOUS. THINGS HAD BEEN GOING SO WELL ...

AS A BIG NAME HE HAD NEVER FOUND THE FRIENDSHIP HE HAD WITH JOAN~ BUT NOW THINGS LOOKED LIKE BEING SPOILT!

TROY WAS DETERMINED TO FIND OUT WHO IT WAS WHO KNEW HIS REAL IDENTITY. HE WANTED A FEW MORE DAYS LIVING AN ORDINARY LIFE. HE WANTED A FEW MORE DAYS BEING JUST AN ORDINARY PERSON TO JOAN, AND NOT A STAR

ISN'T IT TERRIBLE? I'M SURE YOU REMIND ME OF SOMEONE BUT I JUST CAN'T REMEMBER WHO
YES, AND I SAW FATHER CHRISTMAS SLIDING DOWN THE CHIMNEY! I WONDER IF SHE'S THE ONE WHO KNOWS?

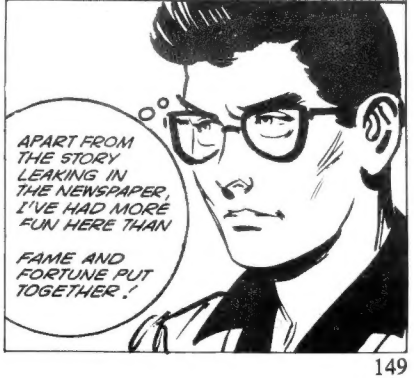
BUT THERE WERE OTHER POSSIBILITIES

IT SAYS TROY PETERS HAS VANISHED. WHAT DO YOU THINK, RAY? MAYBE IT'S A PUBLICITY STUNT, EH?
OR MAYBE YOU'RE THE ONE WHO'S GIVING ME AWAY?

YOU KNOW, TROY PETERS WAS ALWAYS MY FAVOURITE STAR. EVEN THOUGH PEOPLE SAY HE'S SLIPPING I'D DO ANYTHING TO SEE HIM BACK ON TOP AGAIN!

BEFORE TROY HAD A CHANCE TO ASK MARGARET WHETHER IT WAS HER ...

NOVELTY? TROY STOPPED AND THOUGHT. HE KNEW HE WAS VERY FOND OF JOAN, WAS THAT JUST A NOVELTY, TOO?



TROY KNEW THAT GIVEN THE CHANCE HE COULD FORGET ALL ABOUT EVER BEING TROY PETERS THE HAS-BEEN. IF ONLY HE COULD FIND OUT WHO KNEW HIS IDENTITY HE COULD ASK THEM TO FORGET AND HE COULD REMAIN RAY WATSON!

WHAT A BITE! IT MUST BE A WHOPPER!

WE'LL SOON FIND OUT

HA, HA! IS THAT THE BEST YOU CAN DO?

WELL, NOT BAD FOR A START, I SUPPOSE

BUT TROY'S EYES WEREN'T ON THE FISH~ THEY WERE STUDYING JOAN

I COULD STAY HERE FOREVER, JOAN. WE COULD BE HAPPY TOGETHER

DON'T BE SILLY, RAY. DON'T...

I-I'VE GOT TO BE GETTING BACK...

STILL THE NEWSPAPER CARRIED THE STORY OF TROY PETERS' DISAPPEARANCE, BUT SO FAR IT HADN'T BEEN REVEALED HE WAS RAY WATSON. TROY WAS ANXIOUS THAT NO-ONE SHOULD KNOW~FOR HE WANTED TO STAY RAY WATSON FOR EVER

GOT IT! NOW I KNOW WHO YOU REMIND ME OF...

MY SISTER'S HUSBAND ~ EXACTLY LIKE HIM!

SHE'S SERIOUS. IT CAN'T BE HER. BUT WHO?

THERE SEEMED ONLY ONE OTHER POSSIBILITY...

JOAN! I'D NEVER EVEN CONSIDERED HER.. BUT.. WHY?

JOAN WAS BY THE RIVER BANK...

WHY, JOAN, WHY? WHY WON'T YOU LET ME KEEP MY SECRET?

TRO..RAY, I MEAN

YES, YOU'RE RIGHT. IT IS ME WHO'S BEEN TELLING THE PAPERS. BUT IT'S BECAUSE I WANT TO SEE YOU BECOME A BIG STAR AGAIN, TROY. IT WON'T DO YOU ANY GOOD FALLING FOR ME

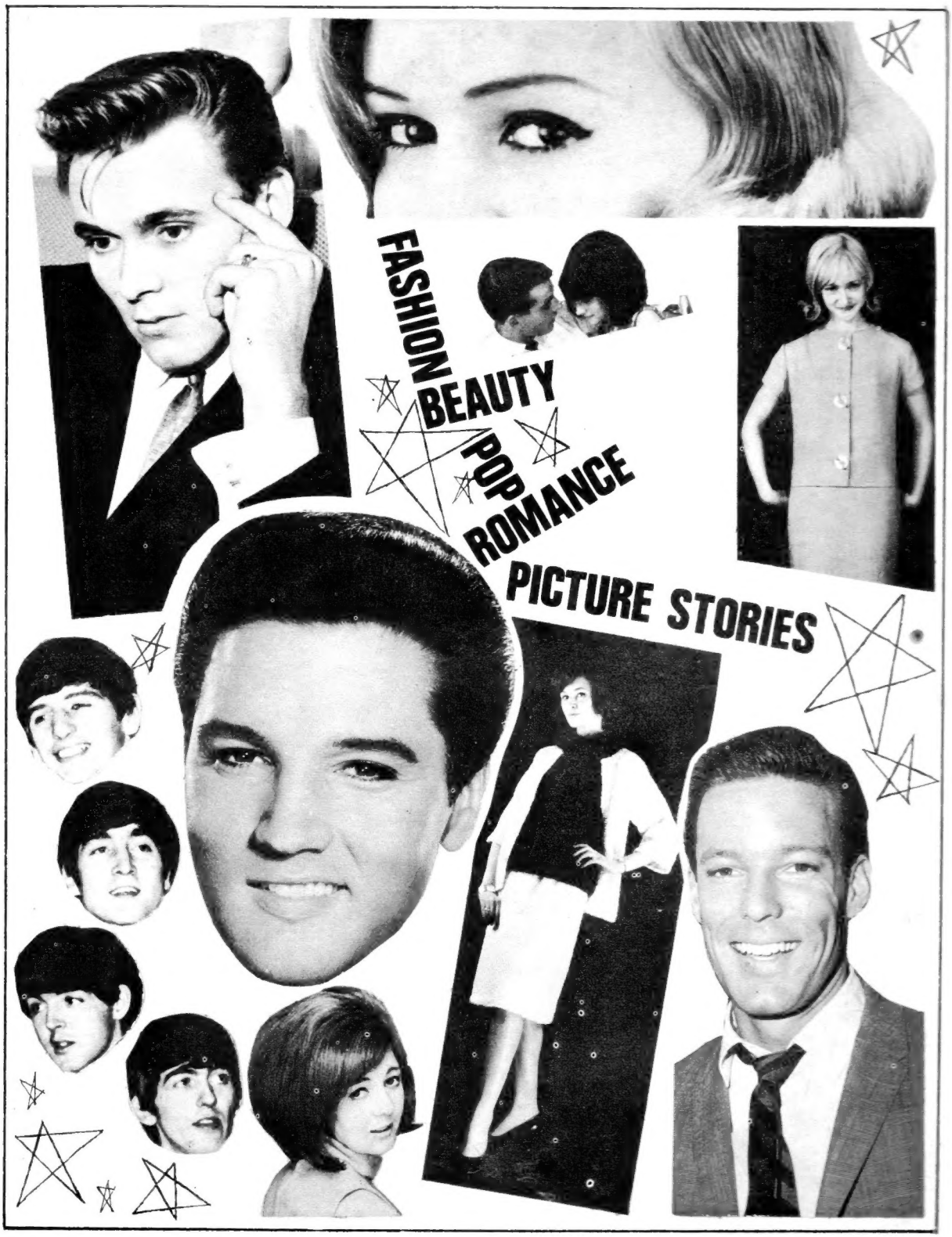
IS THAT THE REASON?

I DON'T WANT TO BE NEWS ANY MORE, JOAN. YOU'VE GOT TO REALISE THAT. I'VE GIVEN IT ALL UP. ALL I WANT IS QUIET ~ AND YOU

NO ONE EVER KNEW WHAT HAPPENED TO TROY PETERS. NOT EVEN THE NEWSPAPER THAT CLAIMED IT DID! NO ONE, THAT IS, EXCEPT A VERY HAPPY COUPLE CALLED MR. AND MRS. RAY WATSON!

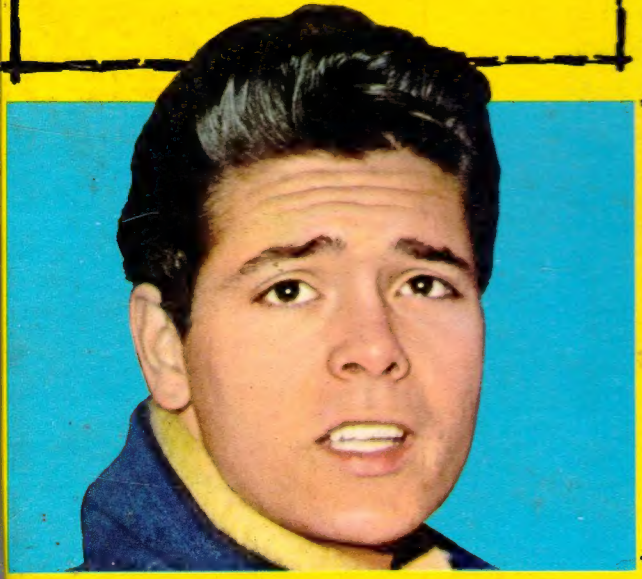
end

Published by the Proprietors City Magazines, Ltd., 167-170 Fleet Street, London, E.C.4 and Printed by Charles Birchall & Sons Ltd., Liverpool, 2


FASHION
BEAUTY
POP
ROMANCE
PICTURE STORIES

SEE THESE STARS AND MANY MORE IN FULL COLOUR!

pop!
pop! pop!
features and photos!



fashion!
beauty!
astrology!
romance!